

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Europe

In the writing of the German peace treaty every nation in Europe is aware that its future, its safety, its economic well-being, and the destiny of the Continent are involved. Sharp debates are raging about proposals for general European federation, or the Churchill plan for a Western bloc, or the scheme for economic reconstruction which the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations has under discussion.

The German settlement will also affect the future of nations outside Europe. As the Allies approach their task, they are setting the scenery, establishing the psychological atmosphere, and fixing the mood for the final treaty-making with Tokyo.

In drafting the satellite treaties, former Secretary of State Byrnes could count heavily upon periodic support from most states outside the orbit of Russian influence. He could demonstrate majorities again and again for his point of view. But now the smaller Allies are bringing pressure for the right to share directly in the formulation of the treaty with Germany.

It was possible on occasion to ignore the demands of the smaller Allies in the making of treaties for Germany's satellites. But it will be impossible to ignore such demands as Holland and Belgium put forth now. Close, friendly relations with the Low Countries is a tradition in British foreign policy. To alienate these Continental states by denying them concessions they deem essential to survival would cripple British influence in Europe.

What shall we do with Germany?

The smaller Allies are firmly opposed to the re-establishment of an industrially powerful Germany — an objective which seems to dominate the diplomatic thinking of both Washington and London.

What the French think is shown by the violence of their reaction against any plan to organize Europe around a regenerated German industrial state.

Experience and time appear to have tempered Russia's earlier ideas about a federal Germany. But it is still too early to conclude that she has abandoned her original aim of strongly centralized political and economic power within the new Reich. The great powers have to decide the degree to which a federal Germany shall be integrated. Shall it be fully integrated, as the Russian plan would have it, or shall the new Germany be an extremely loose-jointed affair, as the French insist?

The answer to that question may decide several other matters, such as Germany's eventual industrial strength, the question of making reparations payments from production, and the new Reich's relationship to the rest of Europe.

Winston Churchill's scheme for organizing a Western bloc against the Soviet Union and calling it a "United States of Europe" has run into strong opposition. Rejected by the alert French, who see in it a proposal to subordinate their security and bitter experience to the imperatives of Mr. Churchill's conception of power politics, it is equally outlawed by the British Labor Executive, which pronounces it a plan for drawing up sides for another war. Furthermore, Russia and every nation bordering Russia would shy away from it. This would subtract Poland, Czechoslovakia, and much of the Balkans.

Equally dubious is the proposal to organize merely the Western European nations in a group that would include a restored Germany. These nations, even including Holland, which depends upon a prosperous German hinterland for its own economic



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health, see in this scheme a new threat of eventual German domination.

Germany's poor relation

Despite inevitable squabbling over some aspects of the Austrian treaty, the Big Four should accomplish this part of their task with reasonable dispatch. Wartime agreements among Russia, the United States, and Great Britain paved the way for this treaty, when Austria's special status as an involuntary victim of German power was recognized. Austria's "liberation" was pledged, foreshadowing her reappearance on the European scene as an independent sovereignty. There is little excuse for dawdling over execution of these pledges.

The one dangerous issue, represented by new possibilities of an Austrian merger with the German nation, seems to have been settled more definitely than ever because of ill-advised suggestions put forth by Dr. Kurt Schumacher, leader of the German Social Democrats in the British zone, when he visited London last fall. The implications of his remark that the problem of *Anschluss* is still open have elicited a series of blasts from every Allied capital on the Continent. As a result, the Austrian treaty will carry a specific ban on any future move toward an Austro-German union.

It is well to remember that a similar provision was written into the peace treaties following World War I. The breakdown of that ban was one of the earliest moves of Hitler in his march to power in Europe. If the stricture against a new *Anschluss* is to stand the test of time, the Allies will have to help Austria achieve a sound economy.

Any attempt to aid Austrian economy will affect Italy, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Rumania. Austria's economic relations with Yugoslavia are a matter of transcendent importance to that country. So is the Allied agreement governing Danubian traffic.

Austria's strategic position makes her the key to the whole Balkan area from the west. How important this aspect of the Austrian problem is may be judged from the clause in the new Hungarian treaty, which authorizes Russia to maintain troops in Hungary, regardless of the ninety-day limit for withdrawal of occupational forces. The Russian Army proposes to maintain military communications with its forces in Austria until a final settlement is agreed upon. This implies, also, a line of Russian troops extending from Hungary back to the Russian frontier.

In the negotiation of the Austrian treaty, Russia accordingly holds a trump. A settlement which provides for evacuation of Austria by the four occupying powers becomes a matter of great urgency

for the British, the Americans, and the French. It means not only Russian retirement from Austria, but also the withdrawal of the Russian Army across the whole stretch of Southern Europe.

Nazi renaissance

Truculence, self-pity, a swelling sense of superiority, outspoken contempt for the victors, and growing determination to outwit them — these are characteristics of the present German mood. A report of the International Committee for Study of European Questions, compiled after months of investigation in Germany, warns bluntly that efforts to inculcate democratic principles have made little headway, that the tides of German nationalism are once more on the make, and that the underground network of a renascent Nazism is growing rapidly.

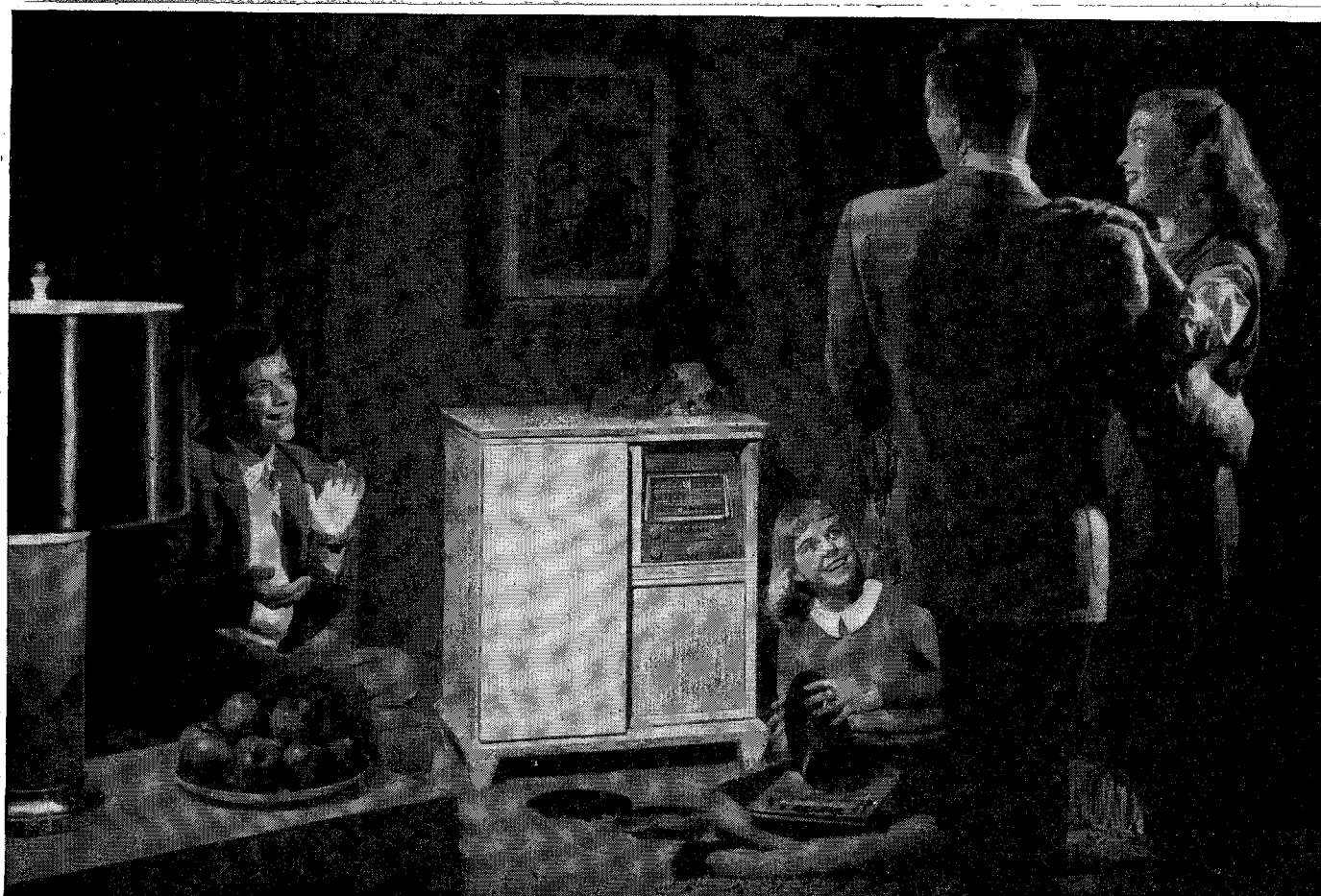
This movement is not limited to occupied Germany. It has spread across Europe and into Latin America, amply buttressed with financial resources and staffed by skilled Nazi agents. Veteran British and American correspondents bear out these facts.

Throughout Western Germany the ranks of the agitators for the doctrine of the *Herrenvolk* have been augmented by the return of young German prisoners of war, by amnestied officers, and by the impact of inflation upon the populace. The inflation provides an excellent talking point for agents of the underground cadres. Some 2,000,000,000 marks were printed by the British for the whole occupation period. Money in circulation was supposed to be limited to 219,000,000 marks, for the three Western zones; but the circulation has got out of hand.

The financial controls instituted to keep German economy in order are limited to a relatively small number of consumer items. As a result, manufactured articles which are not subject to controls are soaring in price. This situation is made worse by a system of "underground industry" set up by the resourceful Germans, which accounts, according to the *London Times*, for nearly 30 per cent of all production in Western Germany.

To evade Military Government restrictions, these industries — as well as most industries operating under official controls — keep two sets of books: one for the MG officials, the other carrying the real record of production. Defiance in the economic realm is further illustrated by the problem of absenteeism among workers, involving close to 25 per cent of the potential working force.

Coached by the Nazi underground, the farmers have left large areas of arable land fallow, and withhold their harvests. This increases the pressure of hunger in the industrial centers. It is partly



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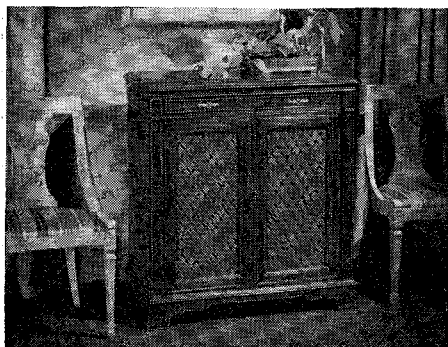
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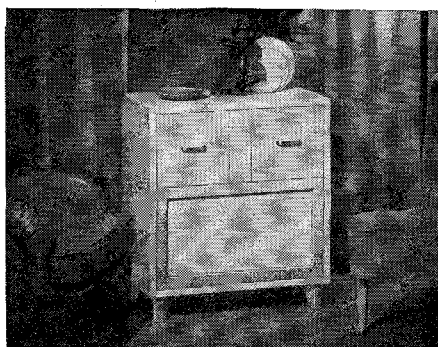
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responsible for food shortages, which are made up by imports from the United States. The aim is to make occupation unworkable and costly.

Abrupt shifts and reversals of policy which mark the course of the military governments in Western Germany also aid the Nazi revival. Last October, Prime Minister Ernest Bevin announced plans for the nationalization of basic German industries in the British zone: coal, steel, chemicals, and engineering. What has happened to that policy? Coal and steel are under Allied control, but their actual nationalization has not taken place. Chemical and engineering industries remain untouched.

The merger of the British and American zones in January appears to have dropped a new monkey wrench into Mr. Bevin's program. Dr. Schumacher has declared that the delays were attributable to the fact that the new Economic Executive Council, which would deal with problems of nationalization in the Anglo-American zone, has been loaded with stooges for the German industrial barons.

Last autumn the British announced a program for breaking up the large landed estates owned by the Junkers. The objectives were, first, to uproot Junker influence, and second, to speed up agricultural production in the British zone. Nothing has been done to implement this policy, and the Junkers continue to hold their properties under custodians appointed by the Military Government.

In January, a Military Government listing of plants for dismantling showed 444 in the British zone, 167 in the American zone, and 56 in the French zone — according to the *Manchester Guardian*. Only a fraction of this assignment has been carried out in the British zone. The Americans announce that theirs will be completed in July. France has done little, and the Russians, having exceeded all reasonable limits, are now compelled to rehabilitate a part of what they carried off.

Germany resists denazification

That the denazification program is a failure in Western Germany is now indisputable. It has broken down partly because of the sheer inability of the occupying forces to handle it, but chiefly because the majority of the German people themselves refuse to support it. Notorious supporters of Hitler, including men who helped to finance his rise to power, like Dr. Hugenberg of Stahlhelm fame, occupy key posts in German industry.

The attitude of the rank and file of German officials operating under the provincial regimes is illustrated by the reception given this winter to some 1500 prisoners of war returning from England. These young Germans had been carefully screened.

They were considered promising champions of the democratic idea by British authorities, and had been given long training and indoctrination.

Upon their arrival at a dispersal camp in Bavaria they were warned by German camp guards that their records were known, and that they would receive short shrift if they attempted to discuss democratic ideas in Bavaria. As a foretaste of what they might expect, many were badly beaten up by other Germans. This incident, which received much attention in the British press, obtained little across the Atlantic.

On January 1 there were still some 3,000,000 cases of alleged Nazism in the American zone. Charges had been filed against only 220,000. In innumerable instances, the judges and prosecutors of the German courts themselves have Nazi records. Daily bombardments of threatening letters from the Nazi underground moderate the zeal of court officials.

An identical epistolary method of pressure is employed against German-language editors and radio spokesmen. The hostility of the German press toward the British in their zone since January has startled even the conservative press in England.

Will Germany refuse to sign?

Coupled with the campaign of intimidation against officials holding provincial offices is the implicit threat conveyed by the Germans to the Allied deputies working on the peace treaty at London. The warning is that no central German government will sign a peace treaty, because those who sign will be assassinated. Here is a direct repetition of the tactics employed by the notorious Feme following World War I under the Weimar Republic. The proposal is to substitute a "statute" for a peace treaty imposed by the victors.

The majority of the Allied deputies have rejected this scheme as an obvious endeavor to set up an alibi useful to German nationalism in the future. This rebuff has not prevented Dr. Schumacher from demanding that the Allies "admit their war guilt," and from issuing still another warning that Germany will refuse to sign a treaty she dislikes.

German notables, lay and clerical, all representing the best German nationalist tradition, have begun to flit across the Atlantic to soften up American public opinion as a preliminary to the peacemaking. Simultaneously, a letter-writing campaign has been inaugurated — also addressed to American attention. This propaganda stresses the favorite theme of Hitler: solidarity for a coming war with Russia. Pre-Munich strategy, which proved so useful with Neville Chamberlain, has been streamlined. But it is the same strategy still.

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The Far East

WE ARE not getting out of China. The flurry of excitement when Secretary of State Marshall announced the end of the American mediation effort quickly died down. The Marines are being withdrawn, but the Navy remains at Tsingtao, where its striking power matches anything the Russians can put into Port Arthur. Both our Army and our Navy are continuing their training of Chinese armed forces. At very short notice, American aid to China can be stepped up again to the intensity of intervention.

What really counts now is the balance between the new Secretary of State and the Republicans, intensely partisan as individuals, who stand at his shoulder to make sure that he conducts a bipartisan or unpartisan policy to their satisfaction.

Senator Vandenberg ushered Mr. Secretary Marshall into the State Department by first saying that "he has always enjoyed the total confidence of Congress" and then coming out with his own interpretation of the situation in China, on which Marshall had made a long and careful statement.

In his January speech at Cleveland, Senator Vandenberg professed hope in the new, Kuomintang-tailored Chinese Constitution, though it only verbally legalizes the idea of other parties and creates no institutions that we would accept as representative if we were asked to approve them in certain other countries. He then suggested that "our Far Eastern policy might well now shift its emphasis. While still recommending unity, it might well encourage those who have so heroically set their feet upon this road, and discourage those who make the road precarious."

This Vandenberg emendation in fact goes much further than a "shift of emphasis." It amounts

to stringing along with those whom the Marshall statement called "the reactionaries in the Government [who] have evidently counted on substantial American support regardless of their actions." Do the Republicans form a solid majority behind Vandenberg on this issue, or will they split, with some of them backing Marshall?

Turning off the tap

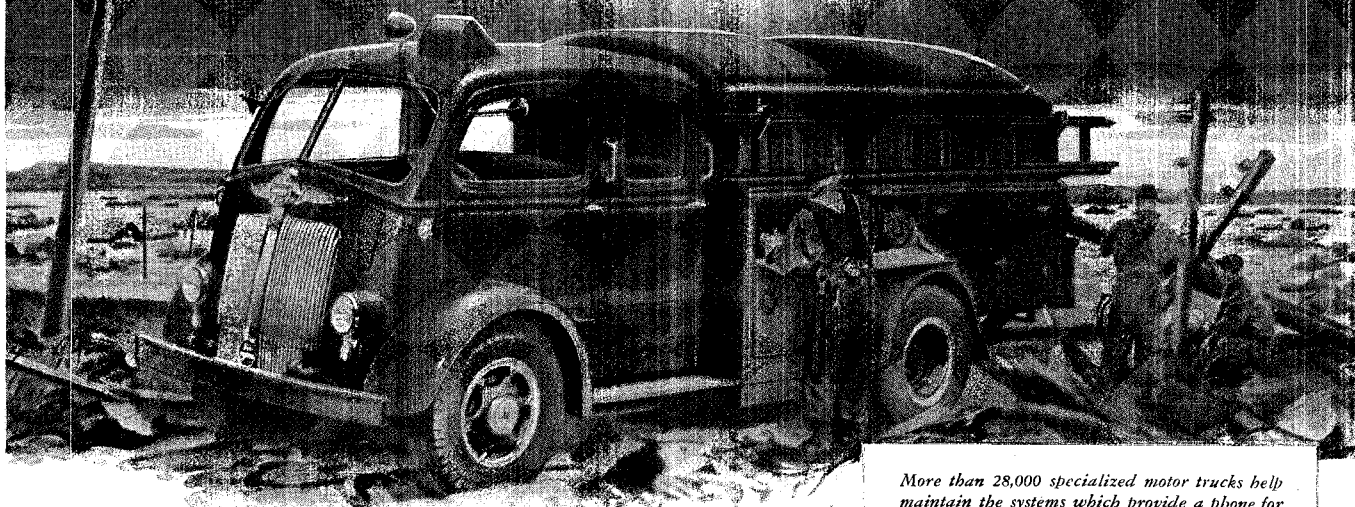
We have not yet failed to promote a coalition government in China, because we are now putting pressure on both sides. In the earlier months after the collapse of Japan, when the situation in Manchuria was not clear and the intentions of the Russians still less clear, our aid to the Kuomintang was much too headlong and indiscriminating. No guarantees of good faith were asked.

More recently, by diminishing aid to the Kuomintang and by withholding the half-billion-dollar Export-Import Bank loan, we have largely equalized the pressure. The method has been not to switch our policy suddenly, but to start turning off the tap, slowly diminishing the flow of aid to the Kuomintang. In exact proportion to the tapering off of our aid, the Kuomintang must cease to dictate and begin to negotiate.

When Marshall left China it was his intention to deposit the key to the situation in the hands of the moderates and liberals, whom he called "a splendid group of men, but who as yet lack the political power to exercise a controlling influence."

How are they to get the power? In China, there is no political power without armed power. As a State Department wag put it (first looking cautiously both ways along the corridor), "If Marshall thinks so much of the Chinese moderates, why doesn't he assign the Marines to act as their army?"

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That would put them up in the big time with both the Kuomintang and the Communists."

Actually, the Truman-Marshall policy has been to do something of the kind, by throwing what the GI in Asia calls a Chinese forward pass: that is, by cutting down the supplies of the extremists instead of arming the moderates. The move can be only tentative, for it implies a bid to the Russians for understanding and coöperation.

It cannot be successful unless there is reasonable assurance that the Russians will not crowd us by beginning to aid the Communists. In this connection it is significant that Marshall, when asked on his way home whether the Russians were aiding the Chinese Communists, replied bluntly that they were not. Our note suggesting that the Russians open Dairen to international traffic was also significant. It meant that although Marshall was leaving China, he was not abandoning it.

Korean transformation

With surprising smoothness, and with the Russians curbing their fondness for sarcastic remarks, an important transformation has taken place in Korea. General Hodge is to be credited with recovering the most awkward fumble made by the American side in the early phase of the occupation. He has eased Syngman Rhee out of the picture.

Syngman Rhee is one of those tragic figures that fall by the wayside in every nationalist revolutionary movement. He is the typical exiled leader who bravely kept the flag flying in a foreign country only to find, on returning at last to his own country, that the movement had adopted a new flag.

In all occupied countries and oppressively ruled colonies the nationalist leader who is forced into exile begins to be replaced, as a popular hero, by the underground leaders who arise within the country. Sun Yat-sen of China knew this. So did Masaryk and Beneš of Czechoslovakia. So too, in his strange, morose, and mystical way, did de Gaulle of France.

But when Syngman Rhee returned to Korea, the Americans made a serious mistake. While proclaiming the political field open to all democratic and representative leaders, they high-lighted Syngman Rhee by giving him luxurious quarters, lots of that motorcar prominence which makes a man a big shot in Asia, and armed guards.

This otiose treatment, combined with the tense hostility between Americans and Russians in the two halves of Korea, gave Syngman Rhee notions. Assuming the idea of the unification of Korea by agreement between America and Russia to be permanently dead, he had a vision of himself as the head of a

Southern Korean government which, backed by America, would assert a claim for the "recovery" of Northern Korea.

General Hodge is not a man who will swap any *quid* with the Russians without getting his full *pro quo* from them. But Syngman Rhee's idea of a crusade to recover a Korea irredenta in the North was, as American soldiers in Japan say of the Emperor, a white horse of a different color. He felt that he might do better for himself by returning to America and taking the stump; but he made the mistake of saying that General Hodge is "favoring leftists," and that the American Military Government is guilty of "efforts to build up and foster the Korean Communist Party."

General Hodge, on the other hand, backed by the State Department, has issued a warning "directed against rightist rather than leftist groups" and against the "ill-advised propaganda that if South Korea is given a separate government it can itself unite all of Korea and solve all of the international problems"—and that looks like the end of the political career of Syngman Rhee.

We put on the brakes

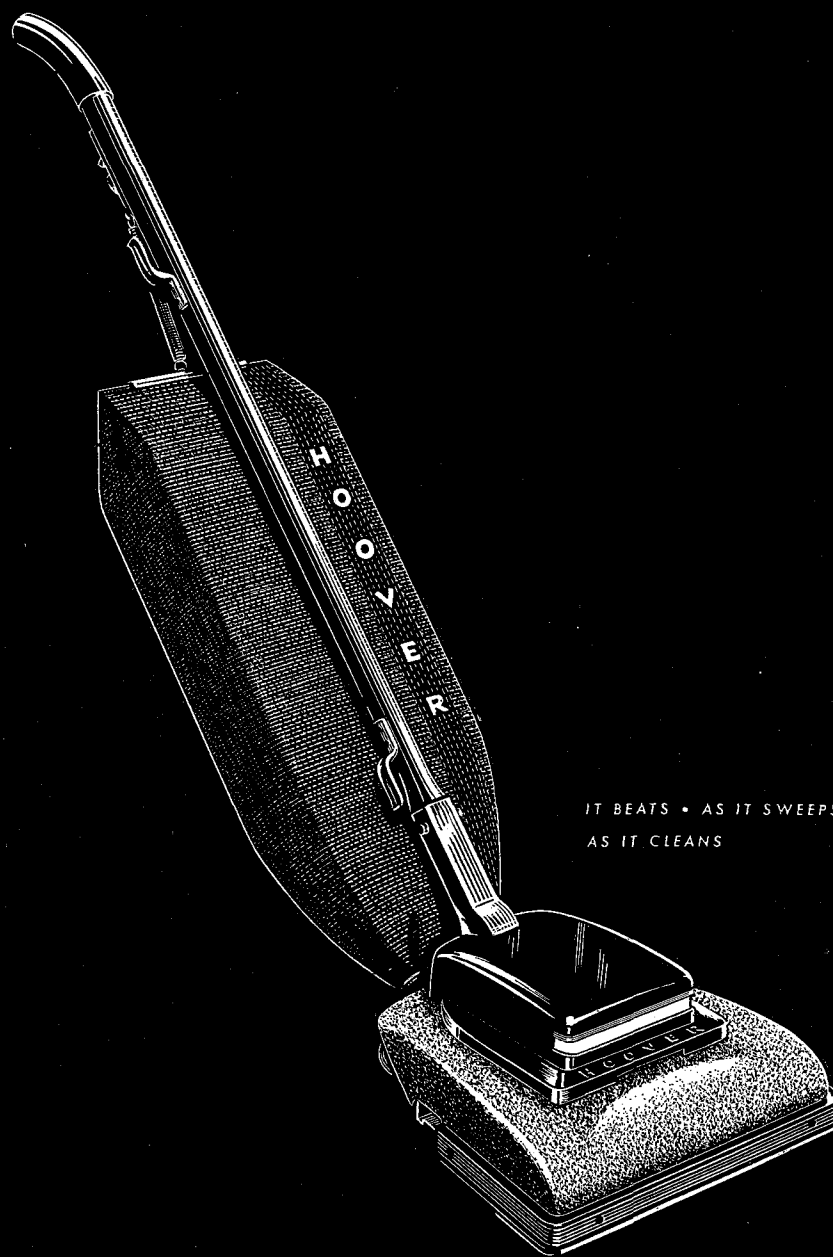
Farther south in Asia a political vortex is spinning which is caused by the differing interests of America, Britain, France, and Holland. The vortex itself represents the relative unity of the colonial liberation movement.

There are conservative Filipino business interests, as well as Communist-tinged Hukbalahaps, with a stake in making Philippine independence more real and self-government more democratic. In India the Moslem League and the National Congress, though bitter rivals, also have interests in common. In Indonesia and Indo-China, even more markedly, nationalism has become a wide popular movement.

America, once the hope of colonial peoples, now has the most conservative government of any large nation. We have developed a technique of trying to slow down the rate of change in the world by isolating and constricting the areas of change. It is this technique which provides the major element of uniformity in our policy toward Russia, toward the Russian satellites in Europe, and toward all countries in Asia, free or unfree.

Britain, no longer able to circumscribe the geographical areas of change, even in her own colonial empire, is attempting to make the process of change as orderly as possible by participating in it.

Since it is of the nature of colonial Asia that the minorities usually tend to be conservative, while the majorities range from liberal to radical, the



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British are able to manipulate with considerable success the paradox of a Labor Government participating in policies more liberal than those of the United States, but in alliance everywhere with local conservatives.

The trigger-happy French

In France the political center of gravity lies further to the left than in Britain. The Communists are stronger, and even the Catholic MRP is in some ways more liberal than the predominantly Non-conformist and Low-Church British Labor Party. Yet the French in Indo-China have indulged in a shooting spree that would crack not only India but Britain wide open if the British were to imitate it.

A writer in the Bulletin of the usually well-informed Foreign Policy Association suggests that "in striving for political rule over the world's second largest colonial empire, the French Communists . . . are in the fortunate position of having no difficulty with Moscow." According to this argument, "if the French were driven out of Indo-China, the resulting political vacuum would eventually be filled by the influence of China or of Britain and the United States. It is therefore advantageous to Moscow that the French should maintain their position."

Such reasoning, whether indulged in by Communists who believe that the hand is quicker than the eye, or by the commentator who believes that his eye is quicker than the Communist hand, is a symptom of the widely prevailing confusion over the nature of the colonial liberation movement.

There was once some justification for assuming that all movements subversive of the status quo, whether Communist, part-Communist, or non-Communist, could be stimulated by a switch in the Kremlin turned on by the Third International. The assumption no longer holds. The colonial liberation movement swelled to its present dimensions in the years between Pearl Harbor and the collapse of Japan, when Japan occupied colonial Asia and when Russian influence was at an all-time low. The Russians did not develop the liberation movement, and they cannot control it.

Russia stands by

The only advantage the Russians have in Asia is the fact that colonial nationalism exists; but a still more important political phenomenon is the ability of colonial nationalists to take advantage of any and every tension between Russia and the countries which still maintain some measure of control over colonial peoples.

This phenomenon spreads beyond the countries which can properly be called colonial. The Chinese

Communists are extracting every ounce of advantage from the fact that, while Russia is not aiding them, Russia does exist; and the existence of Russia clouds the thinking of Americans who fear Communism — and Russia. As for the Viet Nam nationalists in Indo-China, their reasoning is not governed by any supposed caution of Russia toward France, but largely by their confidence that France will not get sufficient aid from Britain and America.

The French policy of shoot first and settle later in Indo-China can only be explained by analysis of France's own society and the structure of French government. French colonial administration was always much more authoritarian than France itself. The colonial *fonctionnaire* was practically untouched by the ideas of the Resistance, in contrast with the younger men in the British service, who were quite widely tinged with Fabian Socialist thinking.

It was through forgetting nothing and learning nothing that the French lost Syria and Lebanon. The same Bourbon thinking threatens them with the loss of Indo-China, where the professional trigger men of the colonial police and colonial armed forces gambled on their ability to shoot nationalism full of holes in the interval between provisional government and permanent government at home in France.

The Dutch keep the lid on Indonesia

The problems of Holland and Indonesia fall in a special category, since Holland is in part a true colonial power, and in part only the imperial caretaker for powerful American and British consumers of such colonial raw materials as oil, tin, quinine, and rubber. Fighting in Indonesia, in spite of an armistice, has been quite as severe as fighting in Indo-China, but the curtain of censorship has been kept down much more effectively.

Both sides have tried to wedge into better positions. The Dutch have especially concentrated their efforts on creating incidents which would enable them to get into positions dominating oil fields and refineries. There has been some savagery. The Dutch have bombed and machine-gunned villages from the air. They have also intercepted British and Chinese vessels, perhaps in order to increase the economic stringency in ports and areas held by the Indonesians.

The Indonesian leaders have rallied their followers with fighting statements, but in the main they have concentrated on situations leading to negotiations. It is to their advantage to negotiate, negotiate, and negotiate again, because the more negotiation is publicized in Holland, the less likely it is that the Dutch will continue at fighting pitch.

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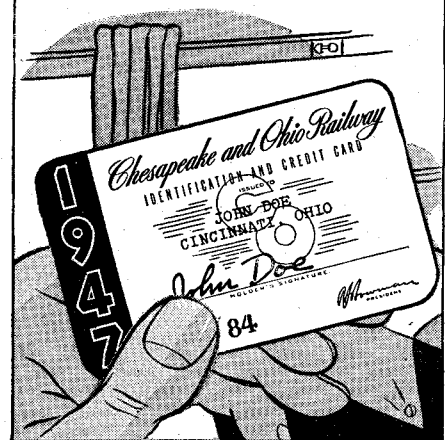
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

MR. STIMSON'S account of why we used the atom bomb set the Capital agog. The consensus is that the account is partial. The war was so immense, the warmaking organization so lacking in cohesion, that it is doubtful whether any one man knows all. Of living persons, Mr. Stimson probably comes closest to over-all knowledge. What disturbs Washington most is that he leaves an impression which will be exploited by a future generation of Japanese: that the atom bomb knocked Japan out of the war.

This was an impression that Secretary of State Byrnes had been most anxious to correct. Out of Japan on the heels of V-J Day came many assertions that it was the atom bomb that made Japan surrender. Mr. Stimson says it was "the controlling factor." But on August 29, 1945, such a statement out of Japanese mouths was dubbed Japanese propaganda. Mr. Byrnes took pains at his press conference of that day to assert that the Japanese were beaten before the bomb fell on Hiroshima, and knew it. He cited Russian proof.

Molotov had told the Potsdam conferees in July that Japan had invoked Russian mediation. But peace feelers had been coming out of Japan since the previous Christmas. For this purpose the Japanese successively used the Turkish Ambassador in Tokyo, Switzerland, Sweden, and the Vatican.

None of the overtures was explored. There was a fear that the Japanese were playing the same kind of phony peace offensive that Hitler tried early in 1940. Moreover, in the summer of 1945 the State Department was virtually paralyzed. So the riposte to the Japanese inquiries was military action.

Who owns the records?

The Stimson paper is part of the Stimson autobiography *cum* diary now in preparation. Another

diary that has aroused much speculation is the record (said to be 900 volumes) that Henry Morgenthau carted away from the Treasury.

Mr. Morgenthau's activity in this respect was always a matter for amused comment in Washington. He had all telephone messages recorded, all incoming and outgoing mail copied, all conversations taken down by stenographers. His callers, faced with the ubiquitous notebook, adopted one of two courses. Sometimes they talked to history, making speeches for the Morgenthau record. Sometimes they refused to take positions on any matter under discussion lest they be faced with their own words later. It was no easy matter to try to do day-to-day business with Mr. Morgenthau.

The humorlessness of Mr. Morgenthau, no less than his industry, now has a public interest. Mr. Roosevelt had a strong vein of flippancy among his familiars. But it seems to have escaped Mr. Morgenthau. Everything that Mr. Roosevelt said in Mr. Morgenthau's presence was committed to paper as soon as the Secretary got home.

As serious contributions, these items now make strange reading. In the early gold-pricing days, for instance, Mr. Morgenthau records that the President put up the rate by 21 cents, because 21, being a multiple of 7, was a lucky number. An official who was present on this occasion swears that Mr. Roosevelt winked at him across Mr. Morgenthau's solemn shoulder. The imp in Mr. Roosevelt may be lost to history.

Unification for defense

Inquirers are assured that the Army and Navy are now at one on the reorganization. But it is doubtful whether unanimity prevails. The diehards are to be found among the naval aviators. They believe



Atlantic Monthly and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

AWARDS **FOR ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"**

In the next two years many men and women will have their first try at writing fiction. Some of them will have returned to college from the services; some of them will be in business; some will be venturing forth as free-lances. The *Atlantic* feels that special encouragement should be held out to all writers of promise who have not yet established themselves. Throughout 1947 we will, therefore, reserve space in each issue for *Atlantic* "Firsts" — stories by new writers.

Atlantic "Firsts" will be paid for at our top fee. And at six-month intervals the *Atlantic* editors, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will make two awards, the first of \$1500, the second of \$750, to the authors of those "Firsts" which we have published and which in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors are the most promising. It should be understood that these stories will be judged as stories, and that MGM, like the *Atlantic*, is primarily interested in discovering and advancing the work of new writers. Neither one-act plays nor scenarios will be eligible for these awards. But if there are film possibilities in the prize winners, MGM will have the option to buy any of them at \$5000 each.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run between 2000 and 20,000 words. The prize winners will be selected from the "Firsts" published in each six-month calendar period, January to June, and July to December, and the judgment of the editors will be final. The words "*Atlantic First*" must appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts

that the creation of a separate Department of Air will lead in time to the absorption of naval aviation. Yet naval aviation appears to be fully protected in the reorganization. It provides for Navy retention of land-based as well as ship-based craft, though, of course, it gives autonomy to the Army Air Forces.

Whether the Navy, air arm can be adjusted to the other elements in the reorganization will be one of the first questions before the Secretary of National Defense. On the staff level there should be no difficulty, for the Joint Chiefs of Staff are to be retained, though all the war commanders, Navy as well as Army, objected to this committee system when they were interviewed in wartime by a special service committee on unification.

A central intelligence system

The House Committee on the Armed Services already has anticipated one of the vital items in the Army-Navy reorganization. This is the proposal for a central intelligence authority. Such a body is already in existence under Lieutenant General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, but only on executive order. The Committee wants an Act of Congress to place the group beyond the reach of whim or economy axe.

The suggestion shows an awareness of the changed requirements of our national defense. In the early days of the war we had to depend in great measure upon intelligence reports supplied by the British. Gradually we evolved a system of our own, though there was no coordination.

As it stands today the central intelligence service is enabled to draw upon the groups existing in War, Navy, and State. However, it is engaging in independent operations of its own. Quite properly the House Committee deprecates this activity. It thinks that the central organ should restrict itself to the evaluation of intelligence collected by others. This is British practice. At the top in London there is a joint intelligence committee, which is served by groups inside the armed services and the Foreign Office.

The theory is that the raw material of intelligence may be, in Kipling's words, a "trap for fools" unless the reports are carefully examined for meaning. A story is current that it was these committee experts who figured out the meaning of the activity at Peenemunde which had come to them from British Army Intelligence. They deduced from the facts of the activity that here was the central rocket installation. It was thereupon destroyed, and England was saved from a hail of rockets.

The Committee also recommends that General Vandenberg be replaced by a civilian. It is felt that,

aside from the importance of civilian control, the civilian mind is better at the helm. Actually several Cabinet heads were in agreement with this thesis when General Vandenberg was appointed. The trouble was to find a man who had the necessary sense of monastic dedication. At one time it was thought that Allen W. Dulles, who distinguished himself with the OSS during the war, would be chosen. But his name was rejected on the irrelevant grounds that he is the brother of John Foster Dulles.

Holding what line?

The much advertised prospect of a business recession finds no support in the White House. But Presidential optimism has been based upon holding the line in rents and depressing the line in prices. As to prices, there have been a number of cuts, with Ford's the most spectacular. This move demonstrated a return to the traditional competition associated with the automobile industry, at a time when the old complaint against administered prices in industry is being heard again.

In Washington, Ford's action was welcomed as a move to spike any general demand for wage increases on grounds of advancing living costs. Another round of wage increases is thought of as the last straw in an inflationary spiral. If industry could get a breathing spell so as to recapture volume and the pre-war rate of productivity, then there might be a chance of giving higher wages within the existing price structure. It was with an eye on the general picture that President Truman refused to be party to a 10 per cent rent hike.

Our foreign trade

A good deal of what is going on in Congress is explained by the need to let off hot air before settling down to business. The State Department doesn't seem worried about this mumbling against the reciprocal trade treaties. The theory is that after the legislators have made a bow to their constituents, there may be a bargain with Congress which would put the Tariff Commission in a position to look over the treaties and make recommendations.

No one feels, in spite of the uneasiness abroad, that there will be any delay in calling the international conference to set up an international trade organization, or that any brake will be put on it. This would be a kind of world Foreign Trade Commission, the equivalent on commercial policy of the United Nations. All policy pertaining to commercial arrangements would be cleared through this organization. It will be here, it is hoped, that American tariff adjustments will be swapped for the abandonment of exclusive deals between nations, such as those existing under the British system of Imperial Preference.

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WASHINGTON (continued)

Last year less than 14 billion dollars of goods and services were transferred to foreign countries. Only half that sum was received in foreign goods and services. How was payment made? There was, of course, no payment at all for UNRRA consignments and donations such as parcels abroad, and no debt thereby incurred.

Some countries, especially in Latin America, drew on the dollar reserves they had piled up in the United States as a result of our purchases during the war. Others, like Britain and France, relied on American loans.

A different situation prevails this year. There is much less giving, and other countries are using up their loan and owned dollars. Our exports, in other words, can be sustained in the immediate future only by the extension of credits. Here is where the Export-Import Bank and the World Bank must figure. The experts feel that we have been wasting a lot of time in putting these agencies to work on the needed scale, and that the delay has become a real problem. For without credits, reconstruction abroad will be retarded.

If we can't maintain and improve our export trade, our swollen agricultural surplus will back up on the American market, and the bottom is likely to fall out of our farm prices. This means depression.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The President is rapidly moving into a good strategic position in respect to Congress. He is said to feel that he can work better with the Republican 80th than with the Democratic 79th. The latter was faction-ridden. His thorns came as much from his own party as from the opposition. Having delivered himself of his own position on the questions of the day, he is sitting back, waiting for the Republicans to give him the answers. His messages have been influential, and he has a veto power which he has given no sign of relinquishing.

On foreign relations the President will keep the driver's seat through the appointment of General Marshall as Secretary of State. It has been said, of course, that the Republicans will try to steer Marshall, but the theory takes no account either of Marshall's independence or of his standing with the American people. He is not a man to push around.

Portal-to-portal pay is the nightmare of Washington no less than of Wall Street. Many bills before Congress have been aimed at removing it. One suggestion goes to the extreme of proposing a joint resolution of Congress saying plainly that the Supreme Court misinterpreted the intent of Congress in the Fair Labor Standards Act. This would be a humiliating situation. But bitterness is growing against the latter-day habit of the Bench of invading the legislative domain of Congress.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Latin America

In a general election of state and city officers in January, Brazilian Communists won the governorship of São Paulo State and a majority of the Rio de Janeiro municipal council. In wealth, population, and industrial advance, São Paulo State bulks in the Brazilian economy with something like the combined weight of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and New England in the United States. And Rio de Janeiro is the national capital. The Communists upped their national vote from less than 10 per cent of the total vote cast, to better than 16 per cent.

Obviously, even though Brazilian domestic administration and foreign policy are still a long way from being controlled by the Communists, such gains raise two questions: What accounts for this sudden Communist success? And what effect will the party's gain in numbers and "power position" have on Brazilian-American relations and on inter-American relations?

The Communist picture in Brazil began developing initial outlines under the fifteen-year dictatorship of President Getulio Vargas. In 1935, after an attempted military coup against the government, in which a few members of the diminutive Brazilian Communist Party participated, Vargas jailed the party's leaders and drove it underground. From then on, for almost ten years, he posed in much the same way that Mussolini, Hitler, Franco, and other fascist dictators did, as having "saved the Republic" from the overthrow of order and Christian civilization. By this means he won favor with reactionary, clerical, and "big money" elements.

The Communist Party in its underground operations used the decade hardly less effectively, building up its hold on disaffected groups through the appeal of protest and martyrdom. Early in 1945, Vargas was forced by rising public demand to agree to the elec-

tion of a new President and a Constituent Assembly. He unexpectedly released the Communist leaders from prison and granted the party full liberty of political action.

Three-way election

The campaign got under way with two parties improvised on the remnants of Brazilian pre-Vargas democracy: the Social Democrats, who nominated War Minister Eurico Gaspar Dutra for the presidency, and the National Democratic Union, whose candidate was Air Brigadier Eduardo Gomes.

About as many differences divided the parties as separated John W. Davis Democrats from Coolidge Republicans in the American presidential campaign of 1924. And the Communists, coming up from under ground into a Brazil where every voter below the top wealth groups groaned from the privations of war shortages and runaway currency inflation, won thousands of adherents daily with a campaign of intensive precinct organization.

Within a matter of months, reactionaries in both the conventional parties grew fearful that if a three-way election could not be headed off, the Communists might actually win the presidency. Vargas tried to head it off with rigged demands from his political stooges that the presidential elections be postponed and only a Constituent Assembly be chosen. Vargas then could have guided the making of the new constitution, and had his successor — or himself — elected under it.

But, surprisingly, the most united support for continuing the dictator in office came from the Communists. They could accomplish more toward controlling Brazil's future by winning a fighting big minority in the Constituent Assembly than by coming out a weak third in the presidential contest.

To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the former editor of Liberty said on this subject:

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LATIN AMERICA (continued)

Embarrassments from this Communist patronage had, indeed, quite as much to do with the ousting of Vargas in October, 1945, in a sudden palace revolution, as did the grumbings of the political groups yearning to vote in a new president. The strong-armed military men and Brazilian big-business politicians who arranged the ousting were taking no chances that the only working majority that could be mustered in the Constituent Assembly might be a Communist-Vargas coalition.

Ostensibly, their coup gained its objectives. Presidential elections were held on schedule in December. Dutra, the more static candidate, won the presidency by a narrow margin. The Communists were held down to a tenth of the popular vote and a relatively harmless tenth of the Assembly seats.

But Vargas, though he was triumphantly elected senator both from São Paulo and from his own state of Rio Grande do Sul, nursed grudges. For the better part of the year he struggled for a political combination which would wreck the two conventional parties that ousted him, and at the same time would break his ties with the Communists. He thought he had found it when he began organizing a new Brazilian Labor Party.

Vargas wins votes for the Communists

As the campaign for the January state and municipal elections began to warm up, Vargas gave his *Laboristas* their official indoctrination. "The old liberal, capitalist democracy," he declaimed in a speech in November, "is in rapid decline. . . . I was the victim of [its] agents, who seek to maintain our country as a simple colony. . . . This kind of democracy is like an old tree with dry leaves which the people one day will shake in a hurricane of anger. . . . The other way is socialist democracy, the democracy of the workers. For this I will fight on behalf of the people."

This turned out to be almost exactly the same talk that the Communists were giving on domestic issues. So, although the *Laborista* movement, with the remnants of the Vargas political machine to aid it, gained converts fast enough, many thousands of converts to the Vargas program moved into the Communist organization and voted its tickets on the theory that "the Party" would be more likely to fill the prescriptions.

Communist-Vargas coalition?

It remains to be seen what effect the Communists will have on the administration of domestic affairs. President Dutra and his top advisers are fanatically anti-Communist. So, ostensibly, is an overwhelming majority in Congress. The top politicians in the administration would be capable of resorting to authoritarian measures to suppress the Communist Party if they thought they could get away with it.

But here developments depend largely on whether Vargas and his laborites "go along" with the Com-

munists in a temporary common front to embarrass the administration. The number of Vargas stooges in Congress might make it difficult for President Dutra to enlist a majority even in a "crusade" against Communism.

And the advantages of a coalition between the Vargas forces and the Communists in a program of better food and job distribution and enforced price reductions, pledged by both *Laboristas* and Communists, are obvious. The Dutra regime is wide open to attack for having done practically nothing in more than a year to alleviate these headaches.

Down with "Yanqui imperialism"!

Meanwhile the Vargas following and the Communists see eye to eye on policy toward the United States. Brazil is the South American republic with the oldest and strongest traditions of friendship and sympathetic understanding with the United States. It is also, for strategic reasons, the ace-in-the-hole of United States hemisphere defense plans. Brazilian foreign policy, since World War I, has been based on close cooperation with Washington.

For these reasons — and probably because hemisphere defense plans today particularly contemplate defense against Soviet Russia — Communist propaganda has spent even more energy in Brazil trying to undermine United States influence and associate it with "imperialism" than it has in other Latin American republics.

Immediately after Germany's surrender, the Communists launched a boisterous campaign for the return to Brazil of the military bases of the Allies on the "Bulge." And after the bases were returned in accordance with prior agreement and hemisphere policy, they noisily claimed the credit for forcing "Yanqui imperialism" to disgorge.

Vargas has a parallel grudge against the United States. He persuaded himself, when forced out of office, that the ousting was due to a speech made by United States Ambassador Adolf Berle, Jr., seeking to hold him to his presidential election pledges, and that the speech constituted "imperialist" intervention in Brazilian internal affairs.

This congenial marriage of the Communist foreign policy line and the Vargas grudge consequently bodes no good for Brazilian-American relations or for all-American defense projects based on Brazil as a key defensive area.

Divide and conquer

Another effect to be expected of Communist advance in Brazil is that it will increase the strength of Communism almost everywhere in Latin America. It can hardly fail to stimulate efforts toward party

organization, even in republics where they must be carried on underground. In countries like Chile, where the Communists won places in the Cabinet last fall by casting the decisive vote in a presidential election, and Cuba, where they control the labor movement, increased party enrollments and stronger agitation for political power are bound to follow.

In countries enjoying relatively free elections, strategies like those used in Brazil, for easing the Communists into minority victories by dividing the votes of the opposition, are likely to be adopted. And wherever Communist power in domestic politics grows, with it will grow the propaganda aimed at weakening the influence of the United States in hemisphere affairs and thereby weakening the "inter-American system."

A factor favoring these developments is that, with one or two exceptions, Latin American governments and political leaders have offered no solution except Communism to the economic misery of the underprivileged. In Argentina, the Perón government has met the challenge, temporarily at least, by trying to substitute fascist totalitarianism for the leftist brand.

Venezuela knows the answer

Only in Venezuela, and to an undetermined extent under the Apristas in Peru, have serious efforts been made to block Communism's growth by initiating economic reforms through democratic processes. As a result, Venezuela is the only country in South America where Communist strength has manifestly declined in the past half decade. In Mexico it appears to have declined also. But since the first of the year, in a series of municipal disturbances, the government has been facing serious violence from the rightist Acción Nacional.

Communist capture of Latin America is by no means certain. Latin American capacity to hold the party together with European Communist discipline remains to be proved. So does the capacity of Latin American Communist leaders for the responsibilities of government.

A large fraction, possibly an overwhelming majority, of Communist gains in the neighbor republics represents "economic protest" psychology rather than orthodox Marxism. So it is not impossible that the hordes now flocking to Communist standards below Panama will transfer their support to slick rightist totalitarian agitators.

Certainly in the urban and urban-influenced regions, the Latin American masses have been made aware, by their war experiences, of the economic oppression they endure. They are beginning to want governments which do something about it.

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"The Zionist Illusion"

Sir:

I can foresee your office being flooded with indignant letters following your publication of W. T. Stace's article, "The Zionist Illusion," in the February *Atlantic*. Allow me to help readjust the balance with my appreciative compliments to you for printing, and to Professor Stace for writing, this fine essay.

It is gratifying to see some vestige of the old Platonic tradition surviving in your pages, a tradition of philosophic interest in political affairs. At the same time it is depressing, in so far as we are reminded how few and far between are such as Professor Stace. On those rare occasions now when a philosopher chooses to comment on public matters, it is his habit, I fear, to regard this intervention as something quite separate from his profession, to assume the role of man on the street, with all that character's geniality and bias, and to devalue thereby the great worth of his special training.

The view of the philosopher as contemplative eremite is a common one, even — so it appears — among philosophers themselves. In this connection I recall my own self-questioning of the value of training in that discipline and the answer forthcoming from Dr. David Bowers, a colleague of Professor Stace, whose early and sudden death was a great shock to his associates and students. A philosopher's job, he said in effect, is not so much to concoct a "philosophy of life" as to be able to hold up an idea and look at it as though it were an object in his hand. To have a clear view of the idea-object, it is incumbent upon him to exert every effort to cut down the obscuring shrubbery of prejudice, self-interest, and muddled thinking; and happily this is just what Professor Stace has undertaken to do.

In this confused and confusing time, we have all the more need for good philosophers whose essential equipment includes an ability for disinterested thought, and it is disconcerting to see that no sig-

nificant space has been assigned them in the offices of our national or international government. Even more disturbing is it to realize that too many philosophers themselves equate disinterestedness with lack of interest, or have entered an area where they are urgently needed but have left behind the tools of their trade. It will be a happy, if unexpected, day when we regard them, and they regard themselves, with proper humbleness in the face of their responsibilities, not as ornamental hermits, but as judges whose law is truth and whose court is the world.

THOMAS BARBOUR, II
Boston, Mass.

"A Scientist Rebels"

Sir:

"A Scientist Rebels," by Norbert Wiener, in the January *Atlantic*, unfortunately takes into consideration only the ethical aspect of preparation for a scientific war. Most Americans are in agreement with his condemnation of further preparation from a theoretical standpoint. But the ethical question is only one half of the problem; practical considerations also demand attention.

The United States today finds itself the chief defender of what may be called the Western heritage. The conditions of our defense are those prevailing under an international anarchy in which our nation is neither inherently invincible nor able to ensure peace through intentional or unconscious disarmament. If we are to protect our heritage, we must possess the means (armed might) of protection. Possession of these means does not mean intent to use them aggressively, but lack of them ensures the eventual destruction of Western culture by default. And if we do default, it would really have been simpler not to have opposed the Nazis at all, thus saving ourselves involvement in the late war.

Professor Wiener's stand is valid, it seems to us, under only one set of circumstances: that of an established world order which would give armed

might solely to the central organization, leaving only police forces in the hands of individual nations. Until the establishment of a world order, we have no choice except to bow to the decree of reality and go along with "irresponsible militarists" as the necessary concomitant of international disorder. If this looked-for world order never develops, then we shall be forced to forget ethical niceties in the doubtful struggle for survival, and to develop weapons that we hope against hope will be only a threat. Whether this struggle will end in the destruction of what we hold dear is uncertain, but we are offered no alternative other than abject surrender.

J. B. RISSE, Midshipman, U.S.N.
G. W. HAMILTON, Midshipman, U.S.N.
G. G. STEWART, Midshipman, U.S.N.
U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

Sir:

As one who agrees with Professor Wiener, I have been trying to propound his point of view, which, unfortunately, is not shared by many prominent and influential scientists. In this respect the importation of Nazi scientists to develop war implements is a shameful reflection on the characters of many of our so-called militarists and top scientists.

It is to be hoped that you will continue to expose the deleterious influences which are guiding this country along strange paths.

IVOR B. YASSIN
New York City

Sir:

Professor Wiener is shocked by the indiscriminate and evil use his discoveries might have in the hands of cunning men; and he says he will henceforth censor his ideas. He also says that science will die without the free exchange of ideas. I submit he must withhold all his discoveries and form a secret society with other scientists; for unless he can foresee the future, how can he tell what seemingly innocent discovery will not fill a void in a cunning mind and be used for evil? It seems to me the censor would have to be super-intelligent to understand the implications in new knowledge, no matter how trivial.

I share the indignation he has for people who use his writings for the development of war weapons, but I cannot see how he will ever arrive at a satisfactory arbitrary censorship. The censorship must be complete or it will be ineffective.

C. L. McHAINESS
Seattle, Wash.

"Last Chance"

Sir:

Bravo! ad infinitum, for "Last Chance," by Joseph and Stewart Alsop, in the January issue of the *Atlantic*.

ALFRED BAZAN
Detroit, Mich.

Sir:

The Alsop brothers have given an excellent picture of our national dilemma, but what makes them think that they can get anywhere with our conservatives is beyond me.



EDWARD WEEKS

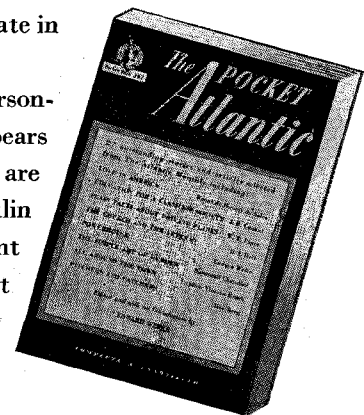
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Atlantic Repartee

An appeal of this kind, even a threat, is like ordering your grandmother to stop sitting by the fire and go to work. And I rather expect the Alsops to get the same answer from the conservatives as they'd get from grandma.

What the Alsops seem unwilling or unable to face is the pure, orthodox strength of the economic religion held by their old folks.

If they had the desire to penetrate to the very innermost soul of their conservatives, and then if they further dared to report in plain language what they found there, they probably wouldn't be working very long for their present Republican employers.

Let me give my own worthless but at least uninhibited opinion of what lies at the heart of the conservative's economic religion. Whether he admits it or not, whether he even knows it or not, here is the formula that he faithfully follows:—

Smash labor, rig the markets, make money as long as it can be made; when the profits stop, smash labor again; and so on, repeating as often as required.

That is rough talk. But I have been reading my daily papers regularly and that is the way things look to me. That is the conservative's whole philosophy of life; it is engraved on his very soul. He points to American history to prove that—somehow—his formula has built the richest country in the world. Rich, that is, according to his personal standards, but pretty damned shabby according to some others.

The true conservative holds his faith so close that he is not even embarrassed by the misery caused by such "adjustments" as the crash of 1929. Such things are neatly encompassed in the cycles of his God-given belief. Thus, it would be literally sacrilege to tamper with the mystic workings of such a proved formula.

If you dared to tell such a conservative that it is possible for the country to be in an excellent state of economic health, sound and happy, even if the capitalists are making hardly any profits at all (in their view)—not stacking it up hand over fist as they were in 1929 and 1946—he'd scream "Heresy!" at you.

Just let the Alsop brothers tell me whether this is true or not. And if it is true, it will be interesting to see to whom they may appeal after their present "Last Chance" plea to the conservatives has gone by the board.

HOWARD HAYES
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Horse Sense — Reins or Knees?

• The following correspondence comes from "Horse Sense," by Clyde Brion Davis, which appeared in the November *Atlantic*.

Sir:

While reading the Repartee section of the January issue of your fine magazine, I happened upon the

letter about cutting horses, from Mr. Joe G. Russell of Texas. Since he seems a little misinformed about the merits of such horses, I think it my duty to correct some of his statements, before people come to think of these very intelligent animals as a bunch of "Triggers and Besses," which they are not.

I was born on a ranch in Uvalde County, Texas, and have spent some twenty years around horses, including cutting, branding, racing, and show. But I have never seen or heard of a cutting horse that was not bridled or hackamored before the rider would take to his task. Cattle that have been rounded up after six months of freedom are not the docile creatures they become later on. This applies especially to the cows that have calved. I would not venture out among them without some controlling factor on my horse; and among all the men that I have worked with, I have yet to see it done. It just isn't safe.

Perhaps it is done in rodeos, but even there I have failed to notice it, and I have participated in a number of them. With everything else I agree, but that "Look, Ma, no hands!" is beyond credence.

WALTER L. HELM
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sir:

For the information of Joe G. Russell, the *east* Texas ranchero from Austin who defends the intelligence of the cutting horse, any cow pony worth his buffalo grass is guided by knee pressure and not by reins. And, in the opinion of one who did practically all his riding *west* of the Pecos, any man who would go into a roundup without a bridle is either an idiot or a movie actor.

CLYDE BRION DAVIS
Lakeville, Conn.

I Personally —

Sir:

Robert Young's article, "A Strange Alliance for Monopoly," in your December issue has reached me. My congratulations to you on a great stroke. I don't know whether you got Robert Young to do the writing or he got you to give him space. But it is a stirring story, opening an immense task for the union of public opinion, a free press, and a man of unique intelligence and courage. Young's writing is not too clear; and to one not wholly familiar with banking jargon some of the nice turns get lost—you ought to serve as watchdog for those places, and help to keep Young in touch with his wider public.

I have a particular interest in this incident—which may have very wide consequences—namely, that it should show critics of our press that a "capitalist" press can do a fine job in giving a "capitalist" economy a public spanking. Thank you—and more of it!

WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING
*Alford Professor Emeritus
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.*

Sir:

Has reviewer James H. Powers ever been in the Northwest? If not, perhaps that is the explanation of the statement in his review of Eric Sevareid's *Not So Wild a Dream*, in the December *Atlantic*, about "an adolescent boy's journey through the wastes of Canada to the Great Slave Lake and Hudson Bay."

If Sevareid and his friend had tried to go to Hudson Bay by way of Great Slave Lake they would probably be still trying. Great Slave Lake drains through the Mackenzie River system to Beaufort Sea and the Arctic Ocean!

Living in Wahpeton, right on the bank of the Red River, which was part of Sevareid's route, I am naturally interested in his itinerary. After reaching Lake Winnipeg, Mr. Sevareid and his companion paddled to Hudson Bay by inland waterways parallel to the Nelson River. That river, connecting Lake Winnipeg and Hudson Bay, is too tough for any canoe. Veteran canoeists of the region said the trip could not be done by any waterway — but these youths did it. I've heard that recent settlements and explorations make such a journey easier.

Agreeing with your reviewer as to the high quality of Mr. Sevareid's book, I contest only his placement of large bodies of water.

NANCY LANDER
Wahpeton, N.D.

Sir:

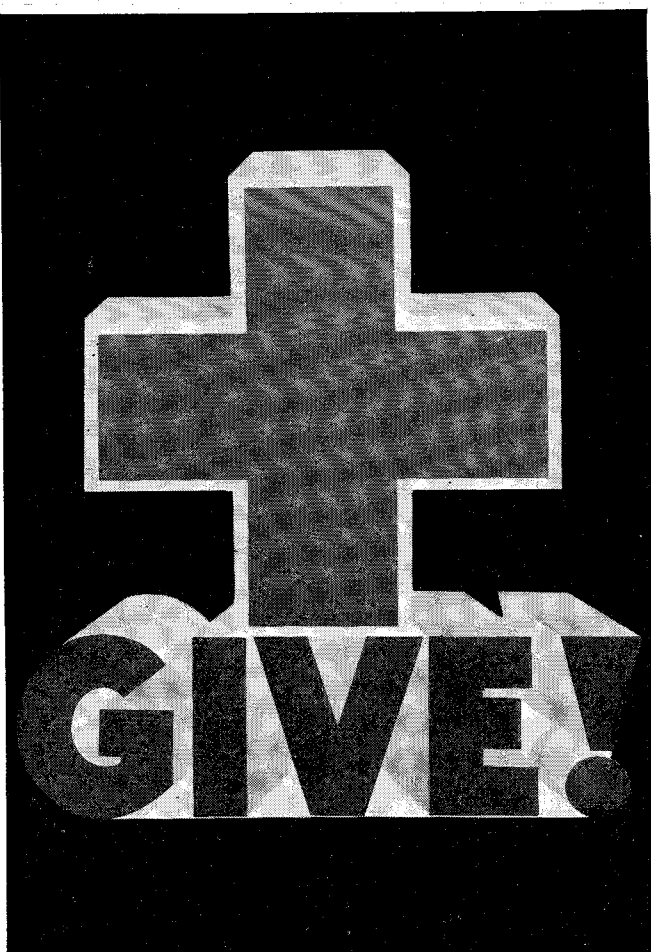
I, the father of a son and two daughters and potentially the father-in-law of three others, not yet tapped by fate, have read Harry Levin's essay, "Life Without Father," in the January *Atlantic*. He got away well ahead of me and turned several corners before I finally caught up.

He is interesting but I am uneasy. If I do sit upon a shaking throne and am in some danger from my offspring, perhaps a formal abdication is indicated. My son is a Harvard student lately of the infantry, and doubtless familiar with Levin's theme. When, during Christmas vacation, he corrected my occasional lapse in grammar and the pronunciation of a word which I persist in abusing, I might have guessed that tracer bullets were framing their target. However, abdication is not simple. In the absence of a servant and with no close acquaintance among God's vicars, I may not indulge the happy tantrums which were the prerogative of the elder Day. Fatherhood is not shed like a coat. It is bred in the bone and expresses itself in devious as well as direct ways.

My letters to the children, now all away from home, give scope for a vicious tendency to put my best foot forward, along with the sometimes enclosed check. In them there is the ever present urge to polish up any and all of my conquests in omniscience, and these keep popping up in a surprising way, as all fathers know.

Perhaps the intimations of mortality which fitfully appear after fifty are among the more promising signs for this world beridden with fathers. I shall await their fruition resignedly and censor my mail to the children.

ROBERT C. SMITH
Moorestown, N.J.



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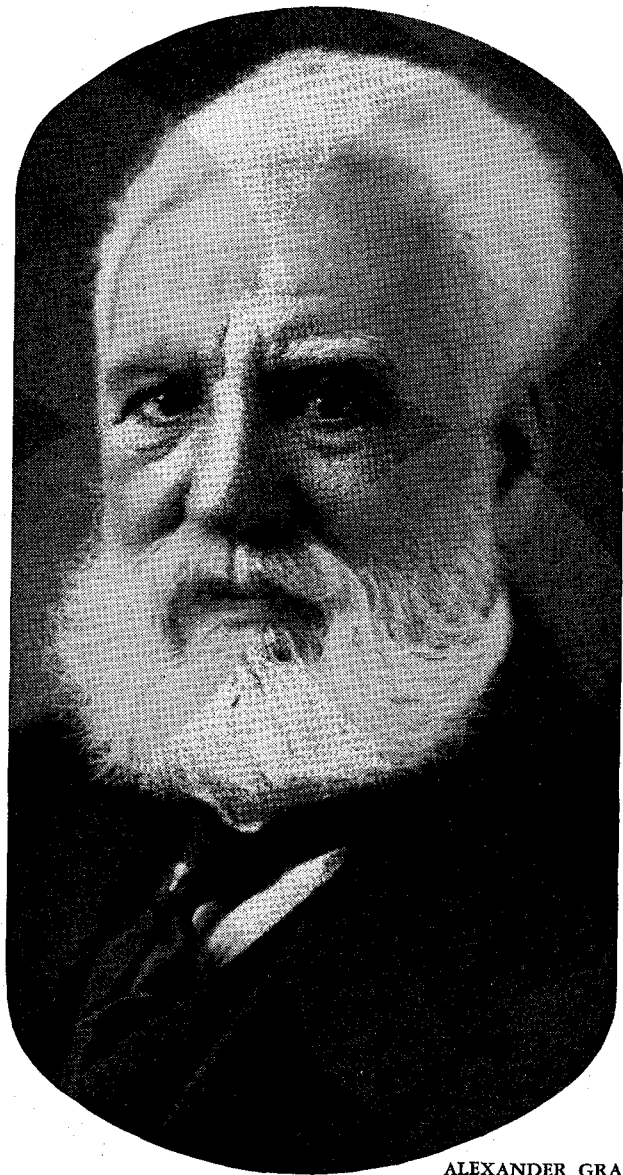
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CAN AMERICAN LABOR DEFEAT THE COMMUNISTS?

by MERLYN S. PITZELE

HISTORY confers high honor upon the radical in the American labor movement. Indeed, he founded it. His active discontent with exploitation, his quest for social justice, and his familiarity with the European working-class organizations which were expressions of the radical tradition led directly to the establishment of American unions.

Having created the unions, he applied himself to keeping them dynamic. Like all other institutions, labor organizations develop strong tendencies to settle down into well-worn grooves. Under the direction of men to whom labor leadership is nothing more than a reasonably soft job and a measure of personal power, the process of stagnation is accelerated. Over the years, the most potent foe of such swivel-chair officials has been the radical who has had a vision of unionism as a movement — something which had to play its role in the evolution of new social and economic forms, something which had to move toward a goal. The radical has ever been the yeast in the labor leaven; and frequently it was only his competition or criticism which got the union business agent out of his swivel chair and into battle for the interests of his constituents. To many union officials, the greatest threat to their own security, was represented by some Cassius who wore a red necktie.

The radical composite which exerted so con-

siderable an influence on American labor organizations was a polyglot mixture of motivations and ideologies. It was made up of types which ranged from the conscious seekers after power, who used a radical program only for the purpose of attracting support, to those driven by the desire for martyrdom to sacrifice themselves unsparingly in the service of some theory. The policies which they supported varied just as widely, from reformism of the mildest sort to flaming, revolutionary nihilism.

The labor movement was a magnet to which they were all drawn as steel filings because, bitterly as they might contest other doctrine among themselves, they accepted as their original premise the Marxian assertion that real human progress could be incubated only within the working class. Increasing their attraction to the labor movement was the incontestable empirical evidence that unionism *per se*, even the narrowest kind of bread-and-butter unionism, was by its nature anti-capitalistic. It challenged the absolutism of private property by seeking to curb the right of ownership to offer employment on its own terms. At a later day, when government became the adversary of the absolutism of capital, the radical concerned with abetting social change did not have to rely solely on the labor movement for a career consistent with his principles.

Naturally enough under the circumstances, the only indigenous radicalism developed, which survives as such in America, is trade-unionism. It stayed indigenous because the American worker never had his opportunity-consciousness converted into class-consciousness. It stayed radical because it never called a truce in its war with the status quo. Al-

Now in his middle thirties, MERLYN S. PITZELE, after graduate work at Chicago and Wisconsin, has at various times represented both the AFL and the CIO. He is today the Labor Editor of *Business Week*, a member of the New York State Board of Mediation, and a member of the National Board of Directors of the American Civil Liberties Union.

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though its aspirations may seem modest when compared with those of its counterparts in other lands, which look to some form of the coöperative commonwealth or workers' state as their objective, the drive for "more, always more" which is the object of American unionism is fundamentally more radical, though unconsciously so, than the realizable goals which can be precisely blueprinted.

To attain "more, always more" our unionism has employed clubs, shotguns, and dynamite. It is the hardest-hitting, most violent unionism in all the world. Its fighting character has been shaped by the American frontier tradition, by the opposition of employers, and by the necessity of operating as a minority group in a hostile environment where every battle could easily turn into a fight for naked survival. The European mind has real difficulty in understanding that blood will be shed for the trifling object of putting a few more cents per hour into the pay envelope, that ten workers will be killed in a contest with a steel company over simple union recognition, that over a million workers will be on strike at the same time, causing a creeping paralysis to spread over the economy, *without these strikers being the advance guard of revolution*. To the radical whose mind runs in the European pattern, it looks very much as if someone is missing a great opportunity.

2

OVER the years, the radical has worked assiduously to gain control of the American labor movement, to shape it into something conforming to his idea of what a labor movement should be, to use it as a force which would carry him to power. He has been uniformly unsuccessful. The labor movement has remained firmly in the hands of those whose philosophy was originally formulated by Sam Gompers; those who, though not impervious to radical thinking, have rejected all the blueprints for a new society; those who are business unionists working for the unattainable "more, always more." But while labor leadership on the highest level has eluded capture by radicals, it has not always been unthreatened. And the threat of such capture has never been greater than it is at the present time.

Today, more than a dozen national unions and a much larger but indeterminate number of local unions in America are under Communist control. Not only have the Communists achieved a position in the labor movement which no "outsiders" have ever come close to reaching before, but by virtue of the strategic location of Communist-held unions in our economy — in communications industries, transportation, manufacturing, and metal mining — they make up a power bloc within the nation which has much wider implications than their numbers may suggest.

Now the Socialist, the Anarchist, and others on the left will, with considerable cogency, object to calling Communists radicals. It can be demonstrated to any reasonable man that the only determinant of Communist policy is Russia's interests. No example exists of American Communist criticism of the Soviet Union. No example exists of American Communist policy or activity which, upon full analysis, is not revealed as being designed to help the Stalin regime. This ranges from the Communist Party's position on what to do about the atom bomb, to ruthless suppression of strikes during the period when American industry was helping produce arms for the Red Army. Non-Communists and anti-Communists may find themselves in sympathy with what Communists do in Harlem, but the Communist leadership gets these things done only because they make some contribution to Russia's interests.

Thus it may be persuasively argued that the Communists are nothing more than foreign agents, and the radical's objection to having them dropped into his category is easily understandable. But the fact remains that the foreign government for which they operate has its interests best served in this period of history by having its agents espouse radicalism. And in America those agents, by being zealous, shrewd, and unscrupulous, have achieved a near-monopoly over the traditional symbols and accoutrement of radicalism.

The Communist Party, which was founded here on its present basis following the Bolshevik revolution in Russia, did not start serious trade-union work until 1920. Its effort to build cadres in the unions and capture organizational control coincided with a period of decline in union membership which lasted from the end of the First World War to 1933. From 1920 to 1929, years of expanding prosperity, the American worker reached by the established trade-unions showed less and less appetite for what unionism could offer. He was particularly deaf to appeals for support of left-wing candidates for union office and support of radical programs. Up until John L. Lewis started the CIO in 1935, the success of the Communists in the labor movement was nothing momentous.

Finding little to harvest in the established unions, the Communists set out to organize a labor movement of their own, called the Trade Union Unity League. Internal fights over whether they should or should not launch a dual movement to the American Federation of Labor almost wrecked the Party. Similar fights over policy and tactics have splintered into ineffectuality every other radical group that has functioned in America. But the Communists were different, and their difference is the main reason for their success.

A doctrinal fight in the Socialist Party, for example, would be decided by majority vote. The losing faction could either stay in or get out and start a new party, always claiming that the new

organization was the genuine Socialist article. The losers who stayed in the original party would be subjected to only the loosest sort of discipline. Believing in democratic decision, like all the other radical groups except the Communists, the Socialist Party would allow the dissenters from the official line to keep agitating for their point of view. Thus the Socialists were in constant turmoil. Not only did they have to compete with heretical groups which they themselves had spawned, but their membership was divided into factions which gave considerably more attention to quibbling among themselves than to "reaching the masses," which is every radical group's target.

3

AFTER skirting once on the edge of such disaster, the Communist Party insured itself against ever having to face that hazard again. It was able to do so because of its Moscow connection. Being the official representative in America of a Moscow-created and controlled organization called the Third International—to distinguish it from the Second (Socialist) International—it provided that its doctrinal disputes would, in effect, be resolved by Moscow authorities and not by the membership. The Moscow connection being the Party's most important capital asset, it could exercise an iron discipline over its members by removing Moscow recognition from any faction which deviated from the official line. Any brand of communism which had no connection with Russia, the going concern, was fated for the desuetude which has been the destiny of all other radical parties in America.

The Communist Party calls its method of making decisions at the top, exclusive level of leadership "democratic centralism," and it ruthlessly expels anyone who challenges those decisions. Members accept this totalitarian thought-control because they have accepted the previous premise which underlies the whole Communist rationale, that the end justifies the means. It can be demonstrated beyond cavil that "bourgeois democratic practices" will run a movement into the ground—look at the Socialists. *Ergo*, intellectual freedom is sacrificed for effectiveness—look at Russia.

Such a structure and philosophy give the Communist Party a cohesion and a single-mindedness which equip it with strength out of all proportion to its numerical support. But even this was not enough to achieve great successes on the labor front in the free and easy twenties. The Trade Union Unity League unions which the Communists organized made a lot of noise—because the Communists have always been expert propagandists—but failed to take root. It was not until the Great Depression that the Communists really found their opportunity to plant themselves deep on the labor front.

With a political, propaganda, and organizational apparatus which no other group in America could come close to equaling, the Communists went to work among the unemployed. They had no competition worthy of the name. Their success in organizing the unemployed for higher relief standards, anti-landlord activities, better medical care, improved conditions and increased wages on CWA and WPA jobs was truly phenomenal. The "Hoover-villes" in most American cities were miniature soviets. The Communists recruited on an unprecedented scale among the Negroes, the foreign-born, the veterans, and jobless industrial workers of all types. A proliferation of organizations which they founded and guided as transmission belts to Communist Party membership spoke for and acerbated every form of discontent on every social and occupational level in a period when discontent was the national temper.

The leadership of the Party, which knew very well what it was about, had two tactical objectives. They were out to demonstrate to the masses that capitalism was the great enemy, and they were out to sharpen the economic crisis into a revolutionary situation. These were the tactics which they hoped would contribute to the grand strategy of bringing the Communist Party to state power in America.

In this period, when the Communist Party could stand on the claim of being the only organization with an unrelenting interest in the plight of the unemployed and when Russophilia became the vogue among liberals and intellectuals, the Party attracted some of its most able talent. When John L. Lewis, in 1936, proclaimed his intention of organizing the unorganized, many of whom had been reached by one or another Communist front organization during an all too recent experience with unemployment, the Party was a formidable national organization which anyone thinking of a broad-scale campaign on the labor front could not ignore.

Thus, for obvious mutual advantages, it was possible for Lewis—who hated everything for which the Communist Party stood and who had drumheaded every radical out of his own United Mine Workers—to operate in close conjunction with the Communists, who fully reciprocated his hatred. The advantages of the alliance to Lewis were obvious. He would have the support of a disciplined, fanatical organization with widespread labor contacts and with an intellectual front of considerable influence. He would get a reservoir of volunteers experienced in labor agitation who would gladly face grave personal danger to carry the gospel of industrial unionism to the proletariat. No other instrument existed, in fact, for getting the message of the CIO into many company towns which had been closed to union organizers for a generation. These were the bastions of the open shop, where not even a lodge of the Odd Fellows or a branch of the Slavic fraternal benefit societies

had been allowed a hall to meet in lest the meetings lead to union talk. Only the Communists, operating in these locales as a conspiratorial underground, had channels of communication into them from a central headquarters. They were in a unique position to provide the CIO with entree into areas it had to penetrate if it was to succeed. There can be no doubt that at all times Mr. Lewis believed he could head off or subordinate any Communist combine that might arise.

The advantage of the alliance to the Communists was equally apparent. Social clashes were inevitable and the Party could contribute to their intensity. There were jobs—and patronage is no less important to the Communist Party than to any other political organization—and disguises for loyal members who could be trusted to see their loyalty to the CIO as second to their loyalty to the Party. But most of all, labor organizations were going to be built and the Communists had a golden opportunity to get in on the ground floor.

When the Communist deals were made, seasoned opponents of the Party like David Dubinsky of the Socialist-oriented International Ladies Garment Workers Union were appalled at what had happened. Every letterhead organization the Communists controlled in an occupational or industrial field was given a CIO charter and, in most cases, money with which to finance organizing campaigns. Harry Bridges was made CIO director for the whole West Coast. The national office, particularly the strategic publicity and legal departments, was larded with Communists. And, as a not unusual example of what was being done out in the field, in the vital Calumet steel district a clear majority of a large organizing crew were hired through Party contacts.

Dubinsky tried to point out to Lewis the danger of being so surrounded. But Lewis, stalking his own intoxicating vision, brushed him off with a rhetorical question. "Who gets the bird, Dave," Lewis asked archly, "the hunter or the dog?" Two years ago in a reminiscent mood, Lewis reminded Dubinsky of the exchange. "You were right then, Dave," he said; and unable to admit so monumental an error without some classical allusion, he concluded the confession with a quotation from Mrs. Shelley.

From their accepted entree into a "respectable" organizing campaign in 1936, the Communists have built their own movement within the labor movement. After long investigation undertaken last year, the Research Institute of America concluded that sixteen national unions, all CIO, had consistently followed the Party line. The most important of them operate in maritime trades, metal mining and manufacturing, white-collar crafts, communication, transport, and government employment.

Strong Communist cells, many of which control important local branches, and which are striving to extend their control, operate in every single national

CIO organization and in many AFL bodies as well. They are especially important in the entertainment trades across the country, in Hollywood, and in such traditionally conservative trades as painters, machinists, food service, and building service on the East and West Coasts. Local unions of AFL teachers and CIO newspapermen are in some places completely Communist-managed, and to a large degree, because they maintain an independence of their unions' national offices, are autonomous Communist labor organizations.

Highly ostentatious efforts which have been made by the CIO top leadership to disassociate their organization in the public mind from Communism have been notably unsuccessful in rooting the Party members out of their positions of control in the constituent unions. This includes the recent and well-publicized attempt to hold the CIO state and city central labor bodies from providing support for all Communist causes. It has put a checkrein on endorsements of this or that Communist-sponsored organization, but it has not pried Communists from power in the unions they control.

4

THERE are many reasons which explain why the Communists have reached their present eminence in the labor movement. First, and most important perhaps, is the fact that they have run for office and presented their programs not as Communists but as militant trade-unionists. It is clear to everyone, including the Communist Party, that if the American rank-and-file worker is aware that he is making a choice between a Communist and a non-Communist, he will choose the non-Communist almost every time. The Communists, therefore, with very few exceptions, have operated under some form of disguise. They have frequently presented themselves as progressives, anti-fascists, anti-militarists, patriots, international coöperators, and, always, as simple direct-actionists whose only loyalty is to the workers. Their disguise has been made most effective by their opponents in and out of the labor movement and by opponents of trade-unionism.

During the 1937 steel strike, for example, anti-union elements widely charged that the strike was a Communist operation. It was not, although some Communists were involved in it. The leaders of that strike were categorized as "reds." They were not. On that occasion, and on many similar occasions before and since, promiscuous red-baiting has served the Communist purpose admirably. Workers, who know full well that Philip Murray is not a Communist, are made to feel that all red-baiting is unfounded and is motivated solely by anti-union sentiments, when they hear the Murrays charged with Communist affiliations. There have been so many phony cries of "Wolf! Wolf!" when there was no wolf, that union members, who must them-

selves do most of the job on Communists if it is ever to be done, have an understandable difficulty in getting excited about it. Thus, between assuming a protective coloration of their own and by having everything new or forceful in the labor movement blanketed as "red," the Communists acquire the invaluable asset of near-immunity from identification.

With it they work like beavers. They distinguish themselves as laborers in the union vineyard. They never miss a meeting, never fail to speak on a question, never shirk an unpleasant or onerous task, never exhibit timidity on a picket line or in a conference with management. In short, they appear to be the most active, most interested people in the union. When they are in opposition to the union officialdom, they use every process of democracy to embarrass, weaken, and discredit the leadership. When they are in control, they use every device of totalitarianism to suppress all vestiges of opposition. The fully Communist-run unions are the most undemocratic in the labor movement. They have taught the old-line union bosses many a new trick.

Only in extraordinary periods of crisis do substantially more than 10 per cent of union members have a sufficiently active interest in union affairs to appear regularly at meetings. In such circumstances, a small Communist fraction, expert in parliamentary procedure, highly disciplined, aware of where it is going, can exercise tremendous and disproportionate influence. Many a union meeting has made vital policy decisions late at night after most of the people who attended have been worn out by protracted debate and gone home. And the decisions have been the decisions the Communists wanted because their group stayed on, deferring adjournment by one device or another for the very purpose of thinning the house until they could dominate it.

This is the problem that Roger Baldwin, executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union, was concerned with when he suggested that one of the ways for handling Communists in the labor movement might be for unions to make a rule to end all meetings by nine o'clock and to decide all policy questions and elections by referendum vote of the entire membership.

That would certainly cramp the Communists' style, but it would hardly be enough to confine them to the limited place in the labor movement to which workers would themselves relegate them if these workers had the facts. The first requisite for fighting Communism, therefore, is facts. As long as the Communist Party is a legal organization in the United States, those who feel that it must be combated have no stronger weapon than information. What is called for first is an end of indiscriminate red-baiting, especially in the series of Congressional committees which have sought to make political capital out of calling everybody

with whose views they have disagreed a Communist. Such haphazard and vicious name-calling, raised to the level of persecution by the sponsorship of government, has hurt two non-Communists for every Communist it has affected. But more to the point, it has discredited and debased, in the eyes of decent people in and out of the labor movement, the very necessary work of identifying Communists. Not much can be done, presumably, about non-governmental committees and organizations which make a profitable business of confusing genuine liberals and Communists. But they can be exposed for what they are, rackets for the most part, collecting contributions and dues from innocents on whose fears they play. Such organizations only make harder the job of honest, and persuasive, Communist identification.

5

WHAT is needed is a careful, continuing piece of research by a non-political institution, the high accuracy and objectivity of which is beyond question. During the war, Harold D. Lasswell of Yale, and a skilled staff of political and propaganda analysts, devised foolproof techniques for identifying every Nazi and Nazi sympathizer who was active in the United States. The Lasswell techniques, or their equivalents, can be adapted to Communist identification. Let Harvard, Yale, the University of Chicago, or some other such institution where substantial sums are expended on research into labor problems take up the work of following and identifying Communists and Communist activity. It may, indeed, prove to be the most important labor problem of all.

Give the anti-Communists within the labor movement — of whom there are a large but mostly futile number — an arsenal of provable facts with which to work, and the job of fighting Communists can be put on an effective basis.

What is called for next is a democratization of the unions in which the Communist leadership suppresses all opposition. In safeguarding the rights of individual members to democratic dissent, to free elections, and to true majority rule, it will be impossible to distinguish — and hardly desirable — between unions totalitarianized by Communists and unions throttled by other types of bosses. Public policy must guarantee the full rights of citizenship in and out of labor unions. The American Civil Liberties Union, sensitive to the rights of individuals and to the rights of the organizations which individuals join for their mutual benefit, has carefully drafted a bill which would amend the Wagner Act to provide for union democracy. The passage of that measure, or one which would achieve the same purpose, would be a powerful blow to the Communist forces. For, while the Communists use the freedoms of democracy to

win control of unions, nothing threatens their retention of that control so much as the democratic practices which they immediately seek to extirpate once they have the power.

It is possible to list a large number of internal union changes which would react against the Communists. Some unions, for example, have a constitutional provision barring Communists, along with fascists and Ku Klux Klansmen, from holding office. But in many cases this has been a legalism impossible to implement because inconclusive and distorted data—all that may be available—are widely recognized as being inadequate proof.

Whatever fundamental internal union changes are developed to aid the fight against Communists will have to come from within the labor movement and can be little influenced from the outside. Make the battle equal and let each man be tagged for what he is, and the outcome will not long remain in doubt.

There is one very great contribution which employers can make to the elimination of Communist influence in the unions with which they deal. It will require a basic change in their attitude toward unionism. They have long looked with disfavor—and that disfavor has been easily communicated to their work force—upon the employee who has seemed to take a too active interest in unionism. This has encouraged the natural apathy in most workers toward internal union affairs. The worker has paid his dues, heeded his union's strike calls, followed its orders, but stayed away from monthly meetings. His employer, consciously or unconsciously, has abetted this indifference. That same employer often fails to see his own inconsistency when he later complains that

the union with which he deals is run by a minority of his employees who are likely to be Communists. Employers must recognize the connection between the Communist problem and their hostile attitude toward any active unionist. When they do, they can help a great deal toward getting the wider member participation in union affairs which is necessary if trade-unionism in the United States is to reflect the anti-Communist sentiments of the overwhelming mass of American workers.

If the growing tide of Communist power in the labor movement is to be turned and if it is not to become renascent, the public has two great responsibilities. It must first see that the unions are not broken by hasty, ill-considered, or dubiously motivated legislation passed in a mood of hysteria engendered by strikes. Breaking established union institutions would drive the American labor movement underground and deliver it lock, stock, and barrel to the Communist Party. Only the Communists have the competence for running conspiratorial organizations in America today, and when the labor movement did come up again from underground, it would be brought up by them as a full-fledged revolutionary vanguard prepared to fight for state power.

Finally, most important of all, there exists the public obligation, which no citizen can escape, to prevent another depression. With their present resources, give the Communists national unemployment on anything like the scale of the early thirties and they will use it to seize more than part of the labor movement. Nothing that could happen in this country or in the world would better serve their power drive or the interests of their masters in Moscow.



CAN BRITAIN WORK IT OUT?

by FRANCIS and KATHARINE DRAKE

Husband and wife, who form one of the most effective writing teams in the *Atlantic*, FRANCIS AND KATHARINE DRAKE were born and bred in England and came to this country directly after the First World War. They are both naturalized citizens of long standing. Mr. Drake had served for four years in the RAF, and on his recovery from wounds was assigned to this country as an instructor. He fell in love with New York on sight, and after his demobilization returned to Manhattan for successful ventures, first in investment banking and later in industrial production. In 1932 he married Katharine Zimmerman, who had been the Dramatic Editor of the New York *World-Telegram*. Then they began writing together a notable series of articles on aviation for the *Atlantic*, a first novel, *Big Flight*, and, as war approached, papers on long-range bombing which were certainly prophetic. They have paid two visits to Britain since V-E Day, and in November and December, 1946, made intensive tours of British industry, gathering source material for this remarkable survey. — THE EDITOR

I

WHILE the rest of the world, with varying interest, is watching the impact of Labor and Planned Economy on England, John Bull himself, in a frayed shirt and multi-mended socks, is anxiously eyeing the clock. It was wound up last year with American dollars: \$3,750,000,000 voted by this country to help the war-mauled British to their feet. These dollars are running out frighteningly fast — 60 a second, 5 million a day. By autumn, half the Loan will be gone, but Britain is still much less than halfway to her goal.

Today, in fact, Britain is rather in the position of a crippled horse, forcing the pace along a treadmill that is moving remorselessly in the opposite direction. Although she is covering ground twice as fast as before the war, to win her race with the clock she must speed up almost twice as fast again. Unless she can do this, she will be unable to pay even her food bills when the Loan runs out. Will she succeed? That is a question of towering importance not merely to Britain but to every nation hopeful of keeping the world in democratic balance.

Food is Britain's Problem No. 1. She has plenty of others — a vast debt at home, crushing obligations abroad, the upkeep of 1½ million men in uniform, a defaced homeland still to be repaired, expanding experiments with Nationalization — but warding off starvation, that is her greatest worry and the first job of the American Loan. It is alleged from time to time that she is using our dollars as a trade weapon against us — that we may emerge from post-war headaches to find John Bull complacently astride the fattest markets. There is no reason to suppose that Britain would recoil instinctively from such a thought. But to accuse her of it at the present time is on a par with accusing a drowning man of trying to keep his pants dry.

The Loan (together with a smaller one from Canada) represents Great Britain's lifeline. This is the way the money is being spent: —

Food and drink	47%
Raw materials	15%
Manufactured goods	9%
Other items (primarily oil)	29%

To make the Loan last longer, the British are continuing to live on an austerity diet, a regime of skimping monotony that would raise goose flesh in an ordinary American home. They are being urged to superhuman effort on this basic ration per week: 1 quart of milk, 1 egg, 2 ounces of butter, 20 cents' worth of meat (the equivalent of two small lamb chops), 2½ ounces of tea, 2 ounces of cheese, 1 ounce of cooking fat, 3 ounces of bacon, 8 ounces of sugar, and 2 pounds, 10 ounces of bread. Outmaneuvering the ration is a next to impossible feat for the common man. If a family keeps chickens, it must forfeit its egg ration in exchange for feed. If it keeps enough chickens, the Government collects the eggs.

Hobbled by the fat famine, British cooking has deteriorated to an all-time low. Not even that bulldog tenacity which from the Norman Conquest down has looked askance at Variations on the Boiling Theme can relish the stupefying lengths of boiling imposed on it today. For seven lean years families have faced each other across unending vistas of boiled mutton, boiled beef, boiled fish, boiled potatoes, boiled cabbage, boiled and insufferable Brussels sprouts, boiled fruit, boiled pudding. In the shortage of sugar and seasoning, nothing has taste. Gray, stodgy war bread stuns the stomach like a dip from a cement mixer. A fresh orange, a lemon, a fresh anything, is almost beyond price. A whole young generation has been bred without a working knowl-

edge of a cookie jar, a homemade cake, a fistful of salted peanuts.

There are a thousand other ways in which it would be bliss to spend part of the Loan. Every house screams for paint and plaster, for wallpaper, for repairs. If a ceiling falls down — and they are constantly falling — it stays down for six months and then only plasterboard, without the plaster, is permitted. Every chair calls for new covers, every bathroom for towels, every bed for linen. The fact that even Sir Stafford Cripps is poking toes through tattered sheets at night, that even Buckingham Palace is minus curtains in the upper windows, is no longer news. In all walks of life, people are out at the knees, the elbows, the seats of their pants. On top of licking the spoon, the British have had to learn how to patch, mend, turn, make over, haunt second-hand shops, to renovate clothing that few Americans would keep to wash the dog. They have learned how to dry dishes on scraps of old shirts and tablecloths, to cover chairs with pieced potato sacks, to extend the lives of tens of thousands of dilapidated underclothes with worn-out sheets and pillow slips.

A London family, approached at random, good-naturedly provided the following sartorial footnote: *wife* in coat and skirt jigsawed out of her deceased father's Sunday suit, her shoes, which pinched, bought from a neighbor who had bought them second-hand from someone who had bought them new in Switzerland; *husband*, in a suit acquired secondhand at an Odds-and-Ends sale, "a bit of luck, really, because he'd used up all his own coupons getting the boys reprothesable for school"; *daughter* (aged 24) in underclothes made from a set of old chintz slip covers, in shapeless Utility stockings warranted to sink even the streamlined Dietrich legs; *daughter* (aged 20) also slip-covered, but in nylon stockings, "taken in a bit at the toes," prized handout from a homeward-bound American two sizes larger.

To furnish food, the Government has lopped off every nonessential import barring two: (a) Tobacco, (b) Movies. It is a nice point to decide whether to make austerity complete or whether the curtailment of these small dissipations might not indeed turn out to be the straw that cracked the camel's back.

Isolated reminders of Britain's superb workmanship — a heavy silk dressing gown, a pigskin bag, a tea set far removed from coarse Utility ware — will find their way occasionally into West End shop-windows and stay there for a week or two, magnificent against a background of dingy consumer goods. The tag reads plainly: "For Export Only"; and the passing stares, while wistful, are seldom surly. The people know how necessary it is to eat. With 80 per cent of densely populated England under cultivation, using more tractors proportionately than any other country in the world, Britain has already pushed her food production to the limit — a limit that maintains only one half the austerity ration.

American visitors going down for the third time in a morass of Brussels sprouts let fly impetuously

with: "Why do you stand for it? Surely some decent food and a few rounds of clothing aren't going to bust the country?"

The British are standing for it because they must. They have no choice between present living standards and bankruptcy. A quarter of all their assets were wiped out by the war: factories, machinery, houses, half of their shipping, half of their foreign stocks and bonds — a total of 30 billion dollars. These losses are over the dam, but their foreign responsibilities are a continuing burden. If they abandoned these, it would free about 1½ billion dollars annually to relieve pressure on the home front. But to pull out of Palestine and India might precipitate civil war between Arab and Jew, Hindu and Moslem, bring death to millions in India through famine, and extend an open invitation to Russia. If Britain withdrew from the Rhineland, who would feed her zone in Germany?

With such a setup, Britain's hope of solvency lies in the amount of raw material she can ram into the industrial hopper at home and sell abroad for hard cash. Only *goods* can help to meet the food bills when the Loan runs out; only *time* can get the goods rolling. Time is what our dollars are giving her — not much, perhaps not enough, but at least some time.

2

THE real heart of England's trouble is not the Right, the Left, Imperialism, Conservatism, Communism, or any other ism. It is arithmetic. Statistics are tiresome, but in the following external balance sheet, familiar as their own family budgets to British men and women, is the key to their predicament: —

OUTGO, 1946

Imported food and raw materials.	\$5,200,000,000
Military forces abroad.....	1,200,000,000
Help to Germany, Italy, etc.....	500,000,000

TOTAL OUTGO ABROAD..... \$6,900,000,000

INCOME, 1946

Shipping, etc.....	\$ 600,000,000
Interest on foreign investments..	400,000,000
Exports.....	3,800,000,000

TOTAL INCOME FROM ABROAD \$4,800,000,000

TOTAL DEFICIT FOR 1946.... \$2,100,000,000

This statement is the activating force behind Britain's policy today. It explains why she dare not import more and better food, why she cannot improve the clothing ration, why she is building ships night and day to boost her shipping income to its pre-war level, why she wants a self-supporting Germany.

In her struggle toward recovery, Britain's most harrowing shortage is manpower. Her war casualties, killed and disabled, numbered 600,000. The six-year diversion of most of her youth into some kind of war service has added the handicap of inexperience on nearly all skilled trades, slowing down output. Con-

trols, including rationing and Civil Service, channel 2.1 million into white-collar work. Conscription, the necessity for keeping up the biggest peacetime army in history, cuts off 1.5 million more. From a remaining manpower of 18 million, 11.5 million must be diverted to supply the armed forces and to keep the island going via farming, shops, transportation, utilities, essential trades, and so forth, leaving only 6.5 million available for manufacturing industries.

None of these manpower shortages can be laid on the doorstep of the Labor Government. It is arguable, however, that in these critically numbered days some of the ideological plans for mass benefit now being pressed are out of step with the speediest stride back to recovery. New branches of constantly expanding Government service demand more and more clerks to cope with more and more lists and forms. The 40-hour week and higher wage scale demanded by the Trades Union Congress — now almost a Government Department — must boost the cost and narrow the profit of every single export. It can hardly be called the short cut to a 70 per cent production increase when so little labor is available.

It is a further fact that a recent public opinion poll revealed that 40 per cent of the population between the ages of 20 and 30 wanted to emigrate. This is an all-time high. The present lack of shipping rules out any substantial amount of emigration, but it is not a rosy outlook for any country to be threatened with the loss of 40 per cent of Tomorrow's mainstay, of its youngest and strongest blood.

This shortage of manpower coupled to the urgent need for output leaves the signpost pointing in just one direction — machine power; and it is plain, beginning with the mechanization of the mines, that the planning experts of the Labor Government are bearing this in mind. Much of Britain's total machinery was destroyed or worn out during the war, much of it is obsolete, leaving a woeful shortage, but the problem goes deeper even than that. The British are undeniably inventive but their machine-mindedness has never exerted itself conspicuously in the direction of mass production. Topflight craftsmen, they have excelled in turning out hand-finished products of incomparable quality, time and price no object, for which, prior to World War II, there had always been a sufficiency of well-heeled customers. Oddly enough, British management and British labor have been equally squeamish about the machine — management because it has feared the collapse of prices, labor because it has feared the collapse of employment, of its traditionally plentiful if poorly paid jobs.

In a land where the vast majority of homes are without telephones, refrigerators, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, where not one family in seven owns a car, not one in 10,000 has steam heating, and where much of the haulage is still done with horse and cart, a certain preoccupation with mass-producing machines seems a bit overdue. By American standards

of comfort and laborsaving, Britain has been a land of makeshifts: quaint for a visit, exasperating for a prolonged stay. That England can no longer afford to live without modernization is perhaps best appreciated by a quick look at her coal industry.

It would be hard to unearth a more congenital example of unimaginative thinking than the example of Britain fooling around with her richest natural resource. Aptly described by Herbert Morrison as the "key to survival," coal provides practically all the power for British industry and all the heat for homes. Hacking away by hand at their filthy, back-breaking jobs, each man producing only one sixth of the daily output of his machine-aided counterpart in this country, generations of British miners have patiently heaved millions of unnecessary tons of coal to the surface in order not to distract the nation from the time-honored custom of wasting it. Out of England's annual production of 180 million tons of coal, over one quarter is wasted in houses and plants by antiquated methods of use. The export value of the wasted coal would be roughly 375 million dollars a year. Before the war she exported millions of tons annually. Today she has not nearly enough for her own desperate need.

The nation has gravely explained away the waste as an investment in national health. Huddled before open fires, scratching their chilblains, twinging with rheumatism, sneezing convulsively, for decades the English have loyally maintained that steam heat is "unhealthy" or "only necessary in a climate like *yours*." They have worn "longies," drunk gallons of tea, installed tiny electric heaters, hugged stone hot-water bottles, turned and twisted in every direction to avoid being evenly warm. Prodding them with news that an open fire utilizes only 15 per cent of the potential value of coal against 60 per cent for central heating, that it thus wastes three tons out of every four, has been like prodding a leopard.

In a single block, as many as 1500 chimney pots cradle the foetus of the notorious London fog, which, along with chilblains, the British have accepted politely as an unalterable Act of God. Tens of millions of dollars have been jettisoned by pea-soupers in business losses, in extra illumination, even in soap, because they did not choose to convert. Now that it would be expedient to try, now that they are so short of coal that the supply of power to factories and houses is being perpetually interrupted, they cannot afford the labor or the material to do so.

Many a British industry, from plumbing on, is still a prisoner of the past. The automobile industry is Britain's third largest, but the automobile itself has always been out of reach of British workmen. This is not to say that Britain can achieve only the more aristocratic designs like Daimlers and Bentleys. She has demonstrated that she can make cheaper cars too, and it is no fault of the industry if their appearance often suggests a clientele of Singer mid-gets. Successive Governments — Conservative, Liberal, and Labor alike — have gone doggedly down

the years, depriving the industry of its opportunities and the poor man of his car, by plastering the finished product with fanatical taxation. Taxes are seven times the American rate, and are based on horsepower, with the result that 90 per cent of British cars are 12 h.p. (and under) cockleshells, too cramped for comfort, too puny for utility, and so diversified as to engine size that the industry can reap the benefit neither of standardization nor of mass production. On top of this there is a tax of 16 cents for gasoline, bringing the cost per gallon to 46 cents. Produced under corresponding conditions, our Fords and Chevrolets would have to sell in the United States for about \$3000 apiece, and gasoline for 90 cents a gallon. Yet so abiding is the tradition that it is not seemly for cars and lower classes to intermix that the sportsman sliding by in his \$16,000 Rolls-Royce and the laborer ogling it from the sidewalk have been equally enchanted by the splendor of achievement. Few have pondered the mass benefit of translating the cost of one super-deluxe model into twelve standard assembly-line jobs.

Constitutionally allergic to change, Britain is now facing the necessity for an overwhelming change-over from quality craftsmanship to assembly-line quantity, in keeping with the Government's program for "low-cost, laborsaving production." Furthermore she is obliged to about-face just at a time when she is out of breath, overtired, and perspiring in her race with the clock. Not to change is to invite suicide. To change is to invite nerve-racking delays, for mechanization of even one such industry as coal cannot be accomplished overnight. Factories cannot be revamped, machinery assembled, new methods learned without the attendant setbacks of trial and error. Summed up, therefore, it is very doubtful whether machine power will have had much of a chance to boost production before the Loan runs out.

3

THE job of retooling British production to meet the present situation is of necessity up to management, to a group of men who have always been their own bosses. As a class, these men have been primarily interested in the furthering of traditional patterns of production, and in finance and salesmanship. They created world markets brilliantly and they hung onto them until the war blocked them off. Today, it is no longer a matter of resuming business at the same old stand, for the same old prices. Dominions and Colonies, and many of Britain's most profitable customers, have moved towards self-support by setting up factories of their own. Britain can only regain this part of her foreign trade if she can undersell the competition of these new plants. Eighty-eight per cent of her exports are manufactured, and underselling is doubly difficult. First she has to absorb the cost of raw materials, which have risen sharply, and of fetching them home before she converts them

into goods. On top of that she now has to absorb the cost of higher wages and shorter hours.

To organize the effort on a national basis, the Government has plunged headlong into a Planned Economy. The instruments of this policy are Controls and Nationalization. Controls are so detailed and require so much paper work that their surface effect is very much like that of Nationalization. But there is a difference, and a vital one. Controls can be revoked and, on or off, they leave the private manager nominally in command. Nationalization is irrevocable, and under it the manager becomes a servant of the state.

Such a revolution in managerial status on top of a revolution in production methods would seem to require a program of ten or twenty years, with gradual transfer of authority. Judging by present developments, the Labor Government is jumping in with both feet. To date, it has either completed or initiated the nationalization of the Airlines, the Bank of England, Mines, Medicine, Cables and Wireless, Rail and Road Transport, and Oil, with Electricity, Gas, Water, and Steel coming up. In addition it has substantially nationalized the working control of Land and Agriculture by Enabling Bills.

The speed of these actions is creating a growing feeling of apprehension, a feeling that the Government may be leaping first and looking later. A case in point was the Bill for the Nationalization of Medicine, hustled through without consulting the British Medical Association. It was promptly repudiated by the doctors, leaving the Government with a billion-dollar scheme and nobody to implement it. The feeling of apprehension is reflected in a question raised recently in the House of Commons, and commonly echoed throughout England: "Are we not risking the chance of doing *anything* effective by attempting to do too much?"

The division of view on Government action does not concern any challenge of the end goal — greater production. On that issue all parties are agreed. The difference hinges on the respective merits of public and private ownership in obtaining this production. Government leaders claim that public ownership will enormously stimulate the production drive, but they are short on explanations of exactly how or why this should be so. Sir Stafford Cripps defines the formula as "an integration of partnership between the Government, as the over-all planners, and the employers and employees as the executive of the plan."

It is not clear why a Government which includes in its Cabinet not a single industrialist should inspire better planning than a class of men who, whatever their shortcomings, have spent their lives among the problems of production. Nor is it clear why a system in which Government authority must be exercised through a number of Boards and Commissions should work better or faster than a simple directive between boss and employee. The red-tape regime undergone by our own country during the

war seems to indicate rather the reverse. With the best men and the best will in the world, Boards and Commissions cannot avoid running into the difficulties implicit in management by Government. An urgent retooling expenditure, for instance, may have to be referred to the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Supply, the Bank of England, the Treasury, and, if it is major enough, to the Cabinet. It is likely to find itself, at every step, in competition with other Commissions campaigning for appropriations and priorities.

Private management is already protesting that it is not possible to raise production under such conditions. It complains that the planning is unrealistic and unimaginative, that administration is inexpert, and that it is one thing to charge a Commission with "providing an efficient, adequate, economical and properly integrated System of Transport" (or of anything) and quite another thing to get it. Although daring and initiative are obviously needed to galvanize Britain's recovery, it has still to be demonstrated whether these two qualities can combust spontaneously in the hearts of men who have had their plants taken from them, who can never again own shares in them, whose status is no longer boss but servant. Whether Nationalization is right or wrong, the crux of Britain's whole experiment is *the quality of management supplied by the state*.

If the professional managements decide to withdraw rather than work under such conditions, it is not clear where new ones with comparable experience are to be found. The Government does not anticipate any such move, but it is not impossible, particularly in view of its policy of deferring to the Trades Union Congress, whose members put it into power. The T.U.C.'s first consideration, complains management, is not so much to achieve output as to make employers civil servants in a Government controlled by Labor. Management feels that Nationalization is being driven through primarily to extend this control, that the Government is being used to enforce the closed shop, and that appointment of Block Captains to deliver the Government vote at the next election is unprecedented in free-voting Britain.

Uncertain when or where the lightning will strike next, management — in the steel industry, for example — is hesitant to risk capital expansion on programs which it may or may not be able to see through to the end. The Government counters by saying: "It is thought that only about 20 per cent of industry will be publicly owned, while the remaining 80 per cent will be left to private ownership." It is a singular coincidence, replies management, that the nationalized industries are the very ones that form the bases of economic power and thus control all the remaining industries.

A house that is divided against itself cannot stand. More than deprivation, a growing disunity between Government and Industry must reduce almost to a vanishing point Great Britain's chances of reaching

her production goal. Even with working harmony, the chances of reaching it before the Loan runs out are none too good. If she cannot better them, she will find herself face to face with collapse. If she cannot feed herself, she cannot succor others. With no alternative but starvation, it is hard to see how she will be able to avoid making a move of world consequence, by scratching from her Balance Sheet these two vital items: Military forces abroad, \$1,200,000,000, and Help to Germany, Italy, etc., \$500,000,000. If Great Britain is driven to do this, the democratic world will find itself confronting a question mark of very grave significance.

As far as Britain is concerned, such a move, combined with a moderate rise in exports, would at last enable her to keep herself afloat economically. But it would be a sorry day if the British, working their hearts out to be free from debt, were to find that in their preoccupation they had lost a deeper freedom, one that had always been their best-loved, most fiercely guarded heritage. The Planned State is being put together in Britain by men of honest purpose and ideals. But Planned States have been put together before by well-intentioned men, only to be hijacked, prostituted, concluded in chaos and in a nation's shame. When the minority voice is silenced, the road to serfdom is opening up ahead. Already in Britain it is becoming a condition of employment to belong only to unions affiliated with the T.U.C. No approved union, no job. Already there have been attempts to limit the jurisdiction of the courts, to deny the individual full rights over his house and land, to deprive him of the rewards of initiative. Doing what one is told to do is not so many steps away from thinking what one is told to think.

Outwardly, the people of England are carrying on much as before, short though they are of almost everything but patience. The people may be shabby, but they still keep their island neat and pretty as a park. Crimson-robed judges still dispense the same incorruptible justice. Housewives still share their rations and fight their everlasting battles of making do. Men still put their shilling on the dogs, stop for a pint of mild-and-bitter, for an argument about the Test Match.

Inwardly, there is a slow, growing uneasiness. The people, so patiently working for better days, are less patiently watching the growing invasions of their individual freedom, so scrupulously respected by every previous British Government. Something more than rationing is worrying the British people. During a recent attempt to strong-arm the nurses of a big London hospital into a closed-shop union, the nurses protested and were roughly dismissed. Instantly headlines blazed. Editorials crackled. A long, menacing growl arose across the nation. The Government backed down, the growl subsided. But for a moment there had been prescience that the vast irrevocable powers of Nationalization, if misdirected, could lead, over the dead body of John Bull, to One Party, One Leader — to Despotism.

CHILD HEPHAESTUS

by MARY GRANT

ACCORDING to Greek myth, the god Hephaestus was hurled from Heaven for taking sides once in a quarrel between his parents, Hera and Zeus. He fell near the island of Lemnos. There the sea nymph Thetis cared for him in her caves, where, as Homer says, for nine years he practiced his art of making jewelry — “brooches, and twisted bracelets, and cups, and necklaces.”

THE boy Hephaestus stood and stared
When Thetis left him: a sleek cave,
With wrinkled walls that smelled of sea
And echoed low and murmuringly
As if the pulse of waves had gone,
Years past, into the listening stone.
Soft air was there. By some god's grace
The sea stood back from that charmed place
In swaying curtains; but the sun,
Aslant through green translucencies,
Made shimmerings on the walls, and laid
On the smooth floor, with rushes spread,
A spotted leopard-skin of light.

His trembling ceased a breathing-space,
For, wonder to his widening eyes,
In a deep corner, charcoal-red
Briskly a little fire curled bright,
With bellows, a small sooty pot
For solder, and a bench, a chest
Fashioned of silver. Crisply wrought,
At each bossed corner reared the head
Of horned sea-beast, with fluted crest.
Dolphins, with flirt of tail and fin,
Were graved along its sides in bands;
It stood wide open, and therein
Lay chisels sized to a boy's hands,

Hammers, and twists of golden wire,
With files and burins, and a cup
Of sliding jewels, tilted up —
Sheets of fine silver, beaten thin.

His trembling slowly passed away;
In gazing, he almost forgot
Echoes of hard Olympian laughter,
His mother's scorn-chilled eyes, the frown
That shook the tangled thunders down,
And one swift searing bolt sped after;
For, on a jutting ledge of stone,
In a smooth seashell vase, a spray
Of deep blue seaflowers drooped. Like gems
Their oval petals gleamed; their stems
All misty-textured, glistening shone;
Their fragrance was an odor chill
Gardens of Zeus had never known . . .
He seized the slender pliers — bent
Gold arcs in deft accomplishment;
A light-looped bracelet swiftly grew,
Set with gold grains, with drops of blue —
The air was very bright and still —
And curious fish swam near to press
Round sucking mouths that seemed to stare
Against that magic curve of glass,
In awe at the small Workman there.

And a grave Nereid's slant-eyed child,
Peering where waters swayed and dripped,
Shook back her tousled locks, and slipped
To tell great Thetis. Thetis smiled.

DISARMAMENT

Where Do We Go from Here?

by THOMAS K. FINLETTER

1

DISARMAMENT is at the top of the agenda of the nations. What they do about it will fix the pattern of the world for decades and may decide the future of Western society. Even the German peace treaty, the other big question of the moment, is less important.

The Security Council of the United Nations has before it two proposals for disarmament: one, the Atomic Energy Commission's report on how to eliminate atomic weapons; the other, a broader Russian-sponsored resolution for the reduction of armaments of every type. The preliminary skirmishing is over, and now the powers must face up to a great issue. Will they put away their weapons and make a peaceful world, or will they do the opposite — put up the flag for the Arms Race, the sweepstakes of all time, whose finish is so easily foretold?

Disarmament is an attractive word. Everybody is for it — as a general proposition. But like most attractive words it hides pitfalls. Disarmament can become a slogan behind which we shall compromise futilely and do nothing about the crucial business of stopping war. Or it can lead us into a military policy about as sensible as leading with one's chin against Joe Louis.

One thing seems reasonably clear from United States and British official statements. We are not going to lead with our chin. We will not disarm unilaterally; we will not give up the know-how of the atomic bomb, or scrap any other weapon, unless a foolproof system of security is set up which will *compel* other nations to stay just as disarmed as we are. We will not repeat the mistake of the Washington Disarmament Conference of 1921–1922, where, as former Secretary Byrnes put it, we scrapped battleships and the Japanese scrapped blueprints.

Again and again this principle has been stated by American and British statesmen. In the Atomic Declaration of November, 1945, the United States, Canada, and Britain announced, in the stately

language of diplomacy, that before they would do any disarming they would insist on “effective safeguards by way of inspection and other means to protect complying states against the hazards of violations and evasions.” This principle has been repeated and amplified in official documents and public statements of President Truman, Secretary Byrnes, Senators Connally and Vandenberg, Mr. Austin, and British leaders. There is no doubt what we mean — or at least what we have said. No unilateral disarmament, no relying on promises, not an iota of disarmament except as part of an enforceable world system which will compel everybody else to keep equally disarmed; and, if we do not get that system, armament to the limit so that (we hope) no one will dare attack us. On the face of the record, those who fear we shall again fall for a fuzzy idealism by which we disarm in a jungle world may be reassured.

So far the discussions of the powers have been entirely on the weapons to be given up. There has been almost no talk of the foolproof security system. The discussions have gone through three stages.

Stage one started with the Atomic Declaration of November, 1945, in which Canada, Britain, and the United States agreed that if they got this enforceable security system, they would give up atomic weapons and “all other major weapons adaptable to mass destruction.” A month later Russia agreed to the same terms at a Big Three meeting in Moscow. This “mass destruction” idea dominated all early thinking on the subject. No one ever defined the term. But the principle was clear. It was to get rid of weapons which kill civilians wholesale. It surely included the bacteriological and chemical weapons the scientists were talking about, as well as atomic weapons. It probably would include — when and if one got around to talking specifics — rockets, two-ton high-explosive blockbusters, incendiary bombs, the aeroplanes which would carry these things, and possibly some lesser weapons.

Obviously the protection-of-civilians principle could not last long. It is not on a much higher level than the save-money-for-the-taxpayers idea that appears from time to time in the disarmament discussions. The notion of making rules for the next war —

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and above all, of making rules whose purpose is to protect the stay-at-homes — is not one which can stand close examination. It has largely disappeared from United States and British thinking since the second phase began with Mr. Baruch's June 14, 1946, speech to the Atomic Energy Commission.

Mr. Baruch's speech hit at the heart of the problem. Freely translated, this speech (1) rejected the idea of making rules for the next war, (2) announced that the purpose of all this talk was to get rid of war itself, and (3) said that disarmament must be regarded not as an end in itself, but as the means of stopping war. Mr. Baruch accepted the by then orthodox policy that there should be no disarmament without a foolproof security system; but he did not go into details about this system except to say that no plan would be any good in which the wrongdoer could protect himself against punishment by possessing a right of veto. This part of Mr. Baruch's proposals was blown up in the press out of all relation to its importance. Of course getting rid of the Big Power veto on enforcement would have to be a part of any enforceable security system, but it would be only one element, and not even the most contentious element, of such a system.

Mr. Baruch also announced his ideas on tactics with his famous phrase: "When a man learns to say A, he can, if he chooses, learn the rest of the alphabet, too." Disarmament should be gradual, he said. First get rid of atomic bombs; then, if that works, do away with bacteriological weapons. Then, if that also works, take up rockets; and so on.

This weapon-by-weapon approach is the most debatable part of the Baruch plan. Can you have an enforceable system of security which is applicable to one weapon only? How can a plan to eliminate one weapon be enforced if the nations (including potential treaty breakers) keep all their other arms? These questions have not been answered; indeed, they have not been discussed. For, in the midst of the talks about controlling atomic weapons, the Russians startled their colleagues by proposing a general disarmament plan applicable to all weapons.

Mr. Molotov introduced his general disarmament resolution on October 29, 1946. This resolution shifted the whole emphasis of the disarmament talks. The Russian proposal was inconsistent with, and in a sense antagonistic to, the one-weapon-at-a-time tactics of Mr. Baruch. The United States, nevertheless, had to go along with it. We could not put ourselves in the position of opposing disarmament. Mr. Austin promptly accepted the Russian resolution, in principle, on behalf of the United States. So now both the United States approach, limited to atomic weapons as the first step, and the Soviet approach, dealing with all weapons, are before the Security Council.

Where do we go from here? Let us look at the issues.

Since the keystone of United States and British

policy is the foolproof security system — the "effective safeguards by way of inspection and other means to protect complying states against the hazards of violations and evasions" — it is clear that sometime or other we shall have to define that system. What are its ingredients? Will the other powers accept them? Will we ourselves accept them?

Axiom number one is that there is nothing in between a system based on good faith — on the bare promises of the nation-states — and a system based on force. We may set up the most elaborate inspection system that can be devised; but it can be nothing more than an intelligence service to let us know when some nation is breaking the rules. An inspection system does not enforce anything. A system that is based only on finding out when a violation takes place is not by itself a foolproof security plan.

Nor does it become foolproof by adding controls which are inadequate. Giving the United Nations actual possession of the mines and factories capable of making atomic bombs would not make the system foolproof. That would merely make it known when an offending state seized these mines and factories. Nor would the system be made workable by giving the United Nations a small military force which could be defied by the military force of an offending state. A primary political principle must be accepted: an enforceable security system must be one based on a military or policing force which is strong enough in relation to the forces of any nation-state to be able, as a practical matter, to enforce the rules which the nations agree on, despite the resistance of any national army. If we agree to give up the atomic know-how or any other weapon for anything less than that, we shall be disarming unilaterally, in exchange for mere promises and an illusion of security. We shall again be giving up weapons. Potential aggressors will give up blueprints.

Next question: where is this military or policing power to come from? Can it be derived from an understanding by the powers that they should use their *national* forces to suppress any power which would seek to use its national army to prevent the enforcement of the treaty of disarmament?

We really must have learned by now that this will not work. This is the "collective security" method, the principle being that "peace-loving states" will use their military force collectively to suppress "aggressor states." It is the notion of making war to stop war. It was the League of Nations method, and surely the experience of the League should make us realize that something is fundamentally wrong with it. The League failed again and again; in Manchuria, in Ethiopia, in the Rhineland, and in World War II.

The reason — if a reason is needed in the face of such overwhelming evidence — is simple. It is that democracies go to war only when public opinion is aroused to the sticking point. And public opinion in democracies cannot be counted on to become

aroused at precisely the right time. Would the United States have gone to war to prevent Mussolini's taking over the Ethiopians? Would it have gone to war to prevent Hitler's reoccupation of the Rhineland? Did it go to war to stop Japanese aggression in Manchuria? Looking to the future, would the United States go to war if a report were made to the Security Council that some power is refusing admittance of United Nations inspectors to some suspected area, or even if it is reported that the power in question is making prohibited weapons?

If we give up any weapons in reliance on collective security, or the hope that all the peace-loving nations will agree to fight whenever there is a violation of the disarmament treaty, we shall be disarming unilaterally. Again we shall be giving up arms while the other fellow gives up blueprints.

Where then is the superior law-enforcement force of a foolproof security system to come from? There is only one other possibility, and that is the United Nations. We are driven to the conclusion that we shall not get our foolproof system of security except by giving UN a military or policing force strong enough to prevent any power from resisting UN's enforcement of the treaty of disarmament.

This incontrovertible fact — recognized in the UN Charter provisions for a UN military force to be created "as soon as possible" and for a UN Military Staff Committee — is however not the end of the problem. For, unless there is a disarmament of the powers as well as the armament of UN, UN will not have a force which will be strong enough to overcome the defiance of a lawbreaking state. We cannot build up a supermilitary force in UN and let the powers keep their military establishments. That again would provide for the making of war to stop war, and would be unworkable.

It is for this reason that the UN Charter calls for the disarmament of the powers and for the supervision of this disarmament by UN's Military Staff Committee. It is for this reason that the powers have pursued the problem of disarmament so vigorously. Another fundamental principle of our foolproof security system now appears. It is that this law-enforcement force of UN must be small. It must rely on relative power rather than on absolute power. Only by applying this principle can the doubts of those who fear the domination of a superstate be allayed. With a small force based on relative power — UN lightly armed, the nation-states substantially disarmed — there is no danger of setting up a new oppression to take the place of the present oppression of nationalism. More important still, only in this way can we have a sure and enforceable system of security. Such a small UN force, with no national army capable of opposing it, could enforce the treaty of disarmament in the orderly manner of the rule of law, the way in which domestic peace and order are maintained within each nation-state, the only way in which any system of enforcement can be foolproof.

Will the powers, and in particular the United States, ever agree to such a system of security?

One thing seems certain. We will never get this system by concentrating first on disarmament. It is on the armament of the United Nations that we must concentrate if we are to get anywhere.

This has not been the policy so far. Meetings of the Military Staff Committee of UN have been going on in New York for some time for the purpose of working out plans to give UN its military force. They have got exactly nowhere. The attention of the powers has been centered almost exclusively on disarmament.

There is a reason for this. While we have talked much about the enforceable security system, we have not even begun to accept its implications. For if disarmament is an attractive idea, which will not lose votes, the idea of reversing the traditions, faiths, and myths of centuries, and of giving power — real power, not just the structure of power — to a world organization such as the United Nations, is something else. To talk disarmament is to talk in orthodox terms; for disarmament is consistent with the maintenance of the present nation-state structure of the world and with keeping war as the final arbiter in international relations. On the other hand, to talk about arming UN is to broach the creation of a new world sovereignty; for power is the primary ingredient of statehood. The impulse is strong to edge into this new and untried terrain cautiously; indeed there is a considerable impulse not to edge into it at all.

It is natural therefore that in their first explorations the emphasis of the governments should be on the giving up of weapons. But we must be careful not to let this emphasis lead us into giving up our key principle — the foolproof security system. And we may be driven into just that if we do not soon shift the emphasis from the negative of disarmament to the positive armament of UN.

One may protest that we should do both simultaneously. If the true principle is to create a condition in which UN, with relatively small armament, has a preponderant power over that of any nation-state, why not wrap the whole thing up in one package and put it into effect on a specific date? Why not prepare a treaty which will fix the amount of disarmament of the national establishments which is necessary, the amount of armament of UN which is required, fix a closing date when both are to take place, and thus create the system at one stroke?

2

SUCH would be the way to do things if the powers were determined, now, to do the job. But they are not. A single-package treaty of this kind is, at present writing, beyond anything which has been talked of by the statesmen. Rarely are innovations in government made in such big jumps. There is only one example of such a daring way of doing things

in the recent peacetime history of the West — the formation of our own Federal Union. The men who wrote our Constitution did not edge into their objective by easy stages. They did not propose gradualist changes in the Articles of Confederation. They wrapped up their program in one revolutionary document — the Constitution — and put it up to the people of their sovereign states to take or leave.

But the men of 1787 knew what they wanted, and were determined to get it. Now, neither the United States nor Russia is sure that it wants disarmament — with all its implications. Until they make up their minds, all they can do is to approach the end gingerly, working step by step toward the goal as public opinion in the United States and a favorable attitude in the Politburo develop and finally (one hopes) become positive forces demanding that the world live in peace.

But we must look out for the pitfalls as we follow our gradualist course. If, in our devotion to gradualism, we give away the atomic know-how, destroy our stockpiles of atom bombs, dismantle our plants for making them, and agree to make no more of them, in exchange for some system of “inspection and control,” which in fact will not be enforceable — then we will have done the very thing we have said so often we will never do. Gradualism, if focused on disarmament, can lead only to giving up our key principle of no surrender of weapons without a foolproof security system, and thus to some more unenforceable promises which will be broken by the war-minded states whenever it becomes to their advantage to break them.

It is of capital importance that we understand this. An example will make it clear. Suppose we give up the atom bomb (or any weapon in which we excel) but allow the nations to keep all other weapons. What happens when it is reported that Country X is violating the treaty — say by interfering with the work of the inspectors? Could X be compelled to stop its violation? Would there be any foolproof system of security to “protect complying states against the hazards of violations and evasions”? There would be absolutely none. All the “complying states” could do would be to make war, to try to break through or destroy the army of Country X in order to get at the offending individuals. If we should give up the bomb and let the nations keep all other weapons, we would have given up one of the prizes of our arsenal in exchange for a promise by the war-minded states that they will live up to the treaty as long as it is to their advantage to do so.

But it may be said that, in order to get disarmament, we *should* give up our key principle. Granted that there is the risk that the system of relying on the good faith of the other nations may fail, why not try it? It might work, and if it did we would have edged our way toward total disarmament, and thus a little nearer to peace.

The answer to this is that we cannot simultaneously disarm and recognize war as the final arbiter of international relations. How can any country give up the weapons in which it excels, if it knows that it may need them if international relations continue to be conducted along traditional lines? Disarmament, except as some gullible state may weaken its power position in a misguided and impractical idealism, will never take place except as part of a broader scheme which will eliminate war as the final sanction. This is the meaning of our key principle. What we are really saying when we insist on a foolproof security system before we give up so much as a cap pistol is that disarmament is possible only in a world in which enforceable law, and not war, governs the relationship of peoples.

Does this mean that gradualism is impossible, that we have no alternative but to face up to a single package — the whole deal at once — or admit failure? I do not think so. Gradualism — if we are condemned to that course for a while by the indecision of the United States and Russia — can be practiced safely if it is applied, not to the disarmament of the powers, but to the armament of the United Nations. Gradualism is as feasible in building up UN's military force as it is impractical in cutting down on the national military forces. The world can be made accustomed to the notion of a world force in UN as that force gradually grows, and as world opinion, or rather Big Power opinion, comes to recognize it as a safe, practicable business. Then the step to disarmament becomes possible. When UN possesses a force which in fact would be capable of protecting “complying states against the hazards of violations and evasions,” public opinion in the democracies and the Politburo in Russia will be in a position to accept disarmament. For then they will know that they can disarm without threatening the security of their peoples. No power could break the disarmament agreement. The UN force would be there to prevent it. If the powers really want peace, the existence of a military force in UN is the first and indispensable step.

The test of the wisdom and sincerity of the Big Powers, of the validity of all their talk about disarmament, will be made in the next months. If the talk is still on the giving up of weapons, if the question of what constitutes an enforceable security system is avoided or hidden behind generalities, we are on the road to war. Only two things can come out of such a policy — the all-out arms race or unilateral disarmament by the United States. If on the other hand the powers turn to carrying out the Military Staff provisions of the UN Charter and start building up military power in UN, or better yet decide to build all at once an enforceable security system, there will be light on the horizon. That will be the sign of a new day, a day in which enforceable disarmament under law, the first prerequisite of peace, will come about.

W. C. FIELDS

by J. B. PRIESTLEY

So now there is another cold gap, for W. C. Fields is dead. I wrote the rough treatment of a film for him once — and kept my family all winter in Arizona on the proceeds (those were the days) — but the film was never made, chiefly, I think, because even then Fields could no longer sustain a leading role. It was a story about an itinerant piano tuner wandering round the ranches in the Southwest, and had some good Fieldsian situations in it. In one of them Fields, in despair and after some desperate bragging, decides to get tough and hold up a car, but the car he chooses is full of old Western sharpshooters on their way to a rodeo and delighted to find a little target practice. If you remember Fields, you can imagine him in that situation.

I saw him long before he found his way to Hollywood, before 1914, when he was touring the halls in England with his juggling and trick billiard table act. He was very funny even then, and I seem to remember him balancing a number of cigar boxes and staring with horror at a peculiar box, in the middle of the pile, that wobbled strangely, as if some evil influence were at work. All his confidence, which you guessed from the first to be a desperate bluff, vanished at the sight of this one diabolical box, which began to threaten him with the nightmare of hostile and rebellious things.

And this, I fancy, was the secret of his huge and enchanting drollery — though, oddly enough, it seems to have been missed — that he moved, warily in spite of a hastily assumed air of nonchalant confidence, through a world in which even the inanimate objects were hostile, rebellious, menacing, never to be trusted. He had to be able to *juggle* with things, to be infinitely more dexterous than you and I need be, to find it possible to handle them at all. They were not, you see, his things, these commonplace objects of ours. He did not belong to this world, but had arrived from some other and easier planet.

All the truly great clowns — and Fields was un-

doubtedly one of them — have the same transient look. They are not men of this world being funny. They are serious personages — perhaps musicians like Grock, ambassadors with attendants like the Fratellini, or hopeful inventor-promoters like Fields — who have, through some blunder on the part of a celestial Thomas Cook, landed from the other side of Arcturus on the wrong planet. They make the best of a bad business, but what is easy for us — merely picking up a bag of golf clubs or moving a chair — is horribly difficult for them. Things that give us no trouble offer them obstacles and traps, for nothing here is on their side.

Nobody could suggest the malice of objects better than Fields. At his best moments, an ordinary room, empty of other human beings, could turn itself into a mined mountain pass. He could start a bitter feud with two chairs and a sideboard. When he arrived in places like golf courses or billiard rooms he would be plunged into an Arabian Night of sorcery. Once in a delirious short film he appeared as a dentist, surrounded by gadgets and visited by curious patients, and then there was nothing for it but to go berserk; and as you stared at him you could feel your temperature rising. He wandered through Hollywood films like a hoarse Ally Sloper in Wonderland.

Even when he did not care any more, and was only anxious to sail away on a sea of double Martinis and straight Bourbon, and ambled through any kind of supporting part, usually as a broken-down showman, he was still a character in another dimension, still faintly illuminated by the wonder and nonchalant glory of the great clown. In about the last scene in which I remember seeing him, he was denounced by the outraged host at a party as “an incorrigible prevaricator” or something of that sort. “Is that good or bad?” the Fields character demanded, poised between friendship and fury.

Like so many Americans whom we think of with gratitude and affection, he showed what he thought of the American way of life by drinking and thumb-nosing himself clean out of it. Always a ripe character off the stage, he became fruitier and more fantastic in his later years, turning his whole existence into one huge comic character part. He began as a waif and ended as one. The vast pretensions of

W. C. Fields was one of the great comedians of our time, who will long be remembered with an affectionate smile. This thumbnail sketch in memoriam was written by his friend and admirer, J. B. Priestley, the Yorkshire novelist and playwright. We are grateful to the *New Statesman and Nation* for permission to reprint it.

Hollywood withered away at his glazed look and contemptuous mutter. (Among his entourage he had a man with a tiny head. And with a head like that, Fields announced, "he'll own Hollywood.")

Fields was frequently cast as the booster whose bluff was called, the inventor who achieved nothing useful, the intriguer who missed success; but one always had an odd feeling, perhaps because one knew that this was not really his world at all, that his failure was better than other people's triumphs. And though he was no Micawber in voice, appearance, manners, somehow he contrived to suggest the indomitable romanticism of Micawber, the spirit that transformed the lower depths of corn and coal agencies into the shining stuff of an epic. He was Micawber's American grandson who had got into show business and had been kicked around.

He was a professional droll who defied all con-

ventions and soaked himself in hard liquor. No doubt he had had his day. But his departure, perhaps for his real home, where the furniture is quiet and kind and all things behave properly, is a sad loss to America, which could better spare whole rows of hard-faced rich men, glad-handing politicians, obedient editors, and raucous commentators than it could this one rebellious clown. For it is here, among these bitter or uproarious drolls, slapping the custard pie on the faces of solemn prominent citizens, refusing to sign on the dotted line, that American life stays healthy, ripe, still crammed with promise, and not among the brassy patriots and the inquirers into Un-American Activities. Long ago Fields made us laugh by staring in despair at the wobbling cigar boxes. Now the others stare at the wobbling boxes too. But I doubt if they will make anybody laugh.



PUBLIC LETTER TO EMILY DICKINSON

by CARL SANDBURG

Five little roses spoke
for God to be near them,
for God to be witness.

Flame and thorn were there
in and around five roses,
winding flame, speaking thorn.

Pour from the sea
one hand of salt.
Take from a star
one finger of mist.
Pick from a heart
one cry of silver.

Let be, give over
to the moving blue
of the chosen shadow.

Let be, give over
to the ease of gongs,
to the might of gongs.

Share with the flamewon,
choose from your thorns,
for God to be near you,
for God to be witness.

EVOLUTION: PAST AND FUTURE

by J. B. S. HALDANE

In the celebration of its Bicentennial, Princeton University has been conducting a series of three-day conferences which have attracted many distinguished scholars to New Jersey and which, in their program, were designed to cover the entire field of human learning. It was at the open meeting of the ninth conference of the series on "Genetics, Paleontology and Evolution" that PROFESSOR J. B. S. HALDANE of University College, London, delivered the remarkable address which follows.

Generally recognized as one of the leading biologists in the world, Professor Haldane is a graduate of Eton and of New College, Oxford, who served in the Black Watch in the First World War and was twice wounded. He has taught at Cambridge and London Universities, was president of the Genetical Society from 1932 to 1936, and is the author of many mind-opening volumes, including *Daedalus*, *Possible Worlds*, *The Inequality of Man*, and *Heredity and Politics*. — THE EDITOR

I AM asked to discuss one of the great problems of human biology. I do so gladly, but with one important reservation. I am going to treat of man from one point of view, the biological. This is wholly justifiable provided I do not leave you with the impression that this is the only point of view that matters. Only evil can come from forgetting that man must be considered from many angles. You can think of him as a producer and a consumer. You can treat him as a thinker, as an individual, as a member of society, as a being capable of moral choice, as a creator and appreciator of beauty, and so on. Concentration on only one of these aspects is disastrous.

A biologist can do two things besides discovering facts, such as the facts of human evolution and genetics. He can tell his fellows how to achieve ends which they desire already, such as the cure or prevention of a disease. He can tell them of possibilities at which they had not guessed, such as the possibility of making childbirth painless, or some of the possibilities of which I shall speak later. But he can never tell them what is worth doing. That is always an ethical, not a biological, question. In what follows, I shall say that I think certain things are worth doing, that it is better to be born with a normal mouth than a harelip, with a normal color sense rather than color-blind, and so on. These are my opinions as a human being. If you disagree with them, I cannot, as a biologist, persuade you to change your opinion. But if you agree, then, as a biologist, I may be able to help you to work for the ends on which we are agreed.

There are those who say that any attempt to apply biology to human affairs is mere Hitlerism. To my mind, that is as stupid as to say that when a tailor wants your measurement he is treating you as a mere lump of matter and no more.

Evolution is a process which has happened in the past, and is happening now. I may add in parenthesis that almost all biologists are convinced that it has occurred, though we differ a good deal as to how, and still more as to why, it has occurred. The very first point I want to make is the time scale of the process. Forty years ago we knew the sequence of events in our evolutionary history, but could only guess at their dates. It is as if we knew that Washington lived before Lincoln, but did not know whether Washington was born 200 or 2000 years ago. Now, thanks to the study of radioactive minerals, we know our dates with an error generally under 10 per cent when we are dealing with dates between about 30 million and 500 million years back. We know that somewhere around 350 million years ago our ancestors were fish, 270 million years ago amphibians somewhat like salamanders, 200 million years ago reptiles not very like any living forms, and 70 million years ago, mammals something like shrews.

Curiously enough we cannot date the last few million years quite so accurately, until we get to the last 20,000, when we have layers of mud laid down each year in water from melting ice. But we can say that *Sinanthropus*, the so-called Peking man, lived about half a million years ago, and almost surely less than a million and more than 200,000 years. Further we can say that at that time there were no men of the modern types; so our ancestors must have been a good deal less human than any existing race, even though, as they used tools, they probably deserved the name of man.

Controlled evolution as an ideal

These Peking men had queer-shaped heads, broadest about the level of the ears instead of much higher,

brow ridges, no chins, and so on. In half a million years we have changed a bit. Certainly the difference between *Sinanthropus* and modern man is as great as that which separates many nearly related animal species (for example the coyote and wolf). It is doubtful whether it is as great as that between two nearly related animal genera (for example dogs and wolves on the one hand, and various kinds of fox on the other). In fact it has taken about half a million years for a change large enough for zoologists to give it a name with full certainty. Other animals, such as horses and elephants, of whose ancestors we have a far better record, have been evolving at about the same rate.

These facts suggest that, if we did not try to control the evolutionary process in any way, our descendants half a million years hence might differ from us, for better or worse, about as much as we differ from Pekin man, or a cat from a puma. Now at present I do not think we know how to control our evolution, even if we wanted to, or if biologists were granted all the powers which Hitler exercised for twelve years. But supposing a thousand years hence we know how to direct our evolution, and further that the vast majority of men accept this ideal, as the vast majority of Americans accept the ideal of sanitation today, what then?

The answer is rather curious. An unaided man can walk 20 miles a day with a fair load, and keep it up indefinitely. I have walked over 50 with a rifle and a few extras, but I couldn't keep it up. At present one can easily fly 2000 miles a day, but a 5000-mile flight is more difficult. Roughly speaking, science has increased our speed of travel a hundred fold. It is reasonable to hope that we might speed up evolution a hundred fold if we knew enough. If so, we might achieve a change as large as I have indicated in 5000 years, or 200 generations. This is a long time. The earliest date in human history is 2283 B.C., or just over 4000 years ago. This is the date of a total eclipse of the sun which immediately preceded the capture and destruction of Ur by the Elamites. Five thousand years ago civilization had started in Egypt, Iraq, and maybe a few other areas, but most men were savages.

Is it worth while even talking about a change which we do not yet know how to bring about, and which would take 5000 years to accomplish if we did? Yes, it is worth while talking about it, for three reasons. In the first place we ought to discuss the right and wrong ways of using a power before we get it. The world would be a far safer and happier place today if we had discussed how to use nuclear, or so-called atomic, energy for a century, or even a generation, before we got it. If so, very likely almost all decent people would be agreed as to the rights and wrongs of this matter, which they certainly are not today. About 2500 years ago, the prophet Isaiah got the idea that one day all the nations of the earth would be at peace.

Isaiah's idea of universal peace was something like a Jewish world empire. Ours is an association of friendly democracies. The ideal has only just become possible of accomplishment because world-wide transport has been achieved. But if visionaries had not been talking about it off and on since Isaiah's time, there would be no chance of achieving it now, when the alternative is, quite literally, destruction by fire from heaven.

Secondly, we shall not get the required knowledge in a hurry. Even now we can do a little to alter the unborn capacities of the next generation. Let us begin to think about what sort of changes we want, and criticize one another's ideas, as democrats should.

Thirdly, if we put the ideal of controlling evolution before us, and try to accumulate the necessary knowledge, we may find out something even more important on the way. Columbus set out to find a sea route from Europe to China. A ship can get from Europe to China through the Panama Canal, but the discovery of America was a vastly more important result of his voyage than the opening of this route.

Slow development as a major evolutionary trend

Our first task will be to take a glance at human evolution, and to see how man differs from the other mammals, his nearest relatives, and how these differences have arisen. Man is an exceptionally brainy animal. The whale has a heavier brain, and the mouse has a brain which is a larger fraction of its body weight. But if we take a series of closely related animals, such as the cat, ocelot, puma, and lion, we find that their brain weight is proportional to the square root of their body weight. If we rate animals on the ratio of brain weight to square root of body weight, the great and small cats, for example, are about equal, and man comes out well ahead of any other animal.

We use our brains for thinking, but it is a mistake to suppose that the brain is primarily a thinking organ. Thinking is mainly, if not wholly, performed with words and other symbols, as the Greeks recognized when they used the word *logos* — from *logos*, a word — for the study of thought processes. From the study of the effects of brain injuries we know what parts of the brain are most concerned in thought and language. These areas are usually in the left cerebral hemisphere in the neighborhood of the area which controls the right hand. The human brain has two super-animal activities, manual skill and logical thought. Manual skill appears to be the earlier acquisition of the two, and the capacity for language and thought has grown up round it. If we bred for qualities which involved the loss of manual ability, we should be more likely to evolve back to the apes than up to the angels.

We develop far more slowly than any other

mammal. Most mammals are mature at one year or less, a chimpanzee at about 9 years, a human being at 15 or more, while growth is not complete till over 20 years, and the skull sutures are often open till nearly 30, so that the brain can still grow. We are much more like baby monkeys than adult ones. In biological language we are neotenic, like the axolotl, a Mexican newt which, unlike most newts, never comes out of the water, but breeds without shedding its larval gills. Since a little thyroid hormone will make it grow up, and for other reasons, we may be pretty sure that its ancestors came out of the water. An obvious advantage of this neotenic tendency has been that man has a very long period of learning. As regards behavior he is the most plastic of all the animals. His behavior patterns are less fixed by heredity than theirs and more dependent on his environment.

If this tendency continues, whether by natural processes or human design, we should expect our remote descendants to have an appearance which we should describe today as childish. We should expect their physiological, intellectual, and emotional development to be slower than our own. We should not expect them to be born with an overpowering urge to any particular kind of conduct, good or bad.

For example, some birds are monogamous, others polygamous. Monogamy is just one of a series of fairly stereotyped behavior patterns. Man has evolved away from stereotyped behavior patterns, and can be monogamous, polygamous, or celibate. How he will behave depends largely on the impact of society on him. Even a cat is comparatively plastic in its behavior. A kitten which is brought up with mice, and does not see other cats kill mice in its first few months of life, will rarely kill them. But a child's behavior is far less fixed in advance than a kitten's.

This feature, which is so highly developed in man, and which we call plasticity of behavior when we look at it from outside, is called the freedom of the will when we look at it from inside. In any evolution which could be called progressive we are likely to develop it still further. Bernard Shaw, in *Back to Methuselah*, shows us a young lady emerging from an egg some thousands of years hence, and spontaneously talking very good English. She is like those birds which, without education, produce a fairly complex song characteristic of their species. I can imagine human beings bred for stereotyped behavior patterns. Perhaps if the Nazis had won they would have tried to do so. But any such step would be a step backwards.

Man is not only the brainiest species of mammal. He is the most polymorphic and polytypic if we exclude domesticated species such as the dog. Let me explain these words. We say that a species is polymorphic when in the same area there are several different types breeding together, the differences being genetically determined. For example,

the fox *Vulpes fulva* of eastern Canada has three color types: the red, cross, and silver foxes. A polytypic species has different types in different areas. Your deer mouse, *Peromyscus maniculatus*, has a gray form inland, and nearly white forms on the white beaches of the Gulf of Mexico.

Human diversity desirable

Man is polytypic. For example, the peoples of tropical Africa have very dark skins and kinky hair. Those of Europe have light skins and wavy or curly hair. The pre-Columbian peoples of North America have intermediate colored skins, but straighter hair than the Europeans. Man is polymorphic. And at least as regards color, the European, the most successful of the human races at the present time, is also the most polymorphic. If anyone thinks that I am exaggerating this polymorphism, he will perhaps tell me of another mammalian species apart from domestic animals in which the hair color in a single geographical area ranges from black to pale yellow, the eye color from dark brown to pale blue.

This polymorphism is not necessarily, or even probably, due to race mixture in the past. For example, there is no reason to think that there was ever a race all of whose members had red hair. And the skull shape is as variable in cemeteries of 6000 years ago as in modern cemeteries.

Human polymorphism certainly extends to innate abilities as well as physical and chemical characters such as stature and hair color. For example, I am tone-deaf. I cannot distinguish between quite well-known tunes. I am pretty sure that this defect is congenital. I am also a better mathematician than the average, and have little doubt that I have abnormally high congenital ability for mathematics. No doubt I had good opportunities of learning mathematics, but so I had in the case of music. We know very little about the reasons for variation in human achievement, but we know enough to be reasonably sure that inborn differences play a great part in determining very high and low levels of achievement.

I believe that this psychological polymorphism has been a major reason for the success of the human species, and that a full recognition of this polymorphism and its implications is an essential condition for its success not only in the remote future but in our own lifetime. Let me make my meaning clearer. One of my colleagues, a man of greater manual ability than myself, and very likely of equal or greater intellectual ability, is also a musical executant who could have been a professional musician. If I had his musical gifts I might devote as much time as he does to music, at the expense of my scientific output. It is quite possible that my tone-deafness is an advantage not only for society but even for myself; though such a limitation would almost certainly be un-

desirable if my probable span of socially useful life were 400 years instead of 40.

The political implications of human diversity

I will now make a definition. Liberty is the practical recognition of human polymorphism. I hasten to add, because I recognize that your brains work differently from my own, that few of you will accept this definition. That society enjoys the greatest amount of liberty in which the greatest number of human genotypes can develop their peculiar abilities. It is generally admitted that liberty demands equality of opportunity. It is not equally realized that it demands a variety of opportunities, and a tolerance of those who fail to conform to standards which may be culturally desirable but are not essential for the functioning of society. If I lived in the Soviet Union I should not find its political and economic system irksome. I should be, and have been, irked by the assumption often made there that any cultured man enjoys listening to music and playing chess. If a nation were a pure line there would be little scope for liberty. Everyone between 45 and 50 would want so many hours a week at the movies, so much (or so little) liquor per week, and so on. These would be provided by rationing, as our needed food calories are provided in England, and everyone would be equally happy. There would be no freedom, no deviants, and no progress.

We are polymorphic not only in our aesthetic but in our intellectual abilities. Ways of describing the world as different as analytical and projective geometry may be equally true, even if at present one human mind cannot accept more than one of them at a time. Last year I saw for the first time Rubens's and Breughel's great picture of Paradise at The Hague. As a geneticist I noted with interest that the guinea pig had been created with at least three genes recessive to the wild type. But I was even more struck by the fact that the Tree of Knowledge was infested by only one serpent but no fewer than four parrots. Maybe in the long run the parrots are more dangerous than the serpent. Certainly we must so far recognize polymorphism as to realize that our own formulations of knowledge are not unique.

Domesticated animals such as dogs are more polymorphic than man. But greyhounds and sheep dogs differ only because they are reproductively isolated. The Indian caste system was an attempt to divide society into a set of reproductively isolated groups each with its peculiar function. This system broke down, as I believe and hope that any such system would break down. I believe that when our descendants plan the genetical future of man they will have to plan for high polymorphism without reproductive isolation. I don't know how they will do it. Fortunately I shan't have to do the planning.

Man is also polytypic. This does not mean that any two races differ as much in intellectual, aesthetic, or normal potentialities as they do in color. The darkest European has lighter skin than the lightest Negro. There is no overlap. But even in a society where Negroes have poor opportunities of education the most cultured Negro is far more cultured than the average European, let alone the least cultured one. Nevertheless polytypicism has so far been an advantage to humanity. Without postulating any over-all superiority of one race to another, we can be fairly sure that some desirable genotypes are commoner in one people than in others and that this difference is to some extent reflected in its achievements. For example, the genotype needed for long-distance runners is relatively frequent among Finns, that needed for short-distance runners among American Negroes. Doubtless the same is true for the genotypes needed for cultural achievement.

In the past a given people at a given time has usually specialized in a few fields of culture. Thus potential mathematicians had little chance in medieval Europe, but potential architects had a good chance. Very likely the contributions of a people to our common culture depend considerably on the genotypes available in it. If so, it is certainly desirable that, until all peoples have reached such a stage of liberty that rare but desirable genotypes can develop their faculties everywhere, man should remain polytypic.

If, however, 10,000 years hence we combine extreme tolerance with a psychology which will enable us to pick out human abilities at an early age, then I can see no need to foster or preserve polytypicism — though it may be desirable to do so for reasons which are not obvious at the present time. In discussing polymorphism we must not forget sex dimorphism — that is to say, the innate differences between the sexes. It is curious that in our existing society most men try to diminish them by removing their beards, while women try to exaggerate them by the use of cosmetics and other devices. *Sinanthropus* and related types seem to have been much more sexually dimorphic than ourselves. So it looks as if men conformed better than women with the evolutionary trend. It is not clear whether this trend should be encouraged to go much further. It is essential that the sexes should understand each other, but a certain difference in intellectual and emotional reactions may well be socially desirable.

The evolution of the meek

To sum up, I think that in the last million years man has become more cerebral, more neotenic, and more polymorphic. I think it probable that these are desirable evolutionary trends, while I suggest that judgment should be reserved concerning polytypicism and sexual dimorphism. Others

will doubtless say that I have left out the one essential: namely, a bias towards their own canon of behavior, whether moral, religious, or political. However, I have at least given reasons why I believe that any hereditary fixation of behavior patterns is undesirable.

Even this moderate list of desirable qualities gives us food for thought. If it were shown, for example, that the median intellectual performance of English children at the age of 15 were diminishing, and that this was not due to environmental changes, this fall could be due either to the fact that, on the whole, we were reaching a lower intellectual level at maturity, which would be undesirable; or that we were reaching the same level as our ancestors, or a higher one, but reaching it more slowly, which would be desirable.

How are we to achieve these ends? I do not know. We do not know in detail for what human characters we want to breed. The experience of animal husbandmen will not help us much, for several reasons. We do know that the domestic breeds have been selected for highly specialized performances. But in gaining desired qualities they have lost others which would be desirable in a different context. The greyhound cannot hunt by smell, the dachshund is a poor runner, the husky is ill adapted for city life, and so on.

I think that the history of man's ancestry, as revealed by the geological record, should also make us a little cautious. If a Martian zoologist who knew no more than we do now about evolution had been asked to pick the most progressive vertebrate at any time in the past, I think he would very rarely have picked on the line which was destined to give rise to man. During most of the last quarter-billion years they have been pretty small, inconspicuous, and unspecialized animals. Looking at the Jurassic and Cretaceous mammals, and most of the Tertiary Primates, one might be inclined to summarize the evolutionary story as "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," and perhaps to suggest that peoples such as the British in the nineteenth century and the American in the twentieth, who have been successful in war, are dead ends from the evolutionary point of view.

However, if we go back to the Permian, we find that our ancestors were large and progressive reptiles. No one who looks at the skeleton and particularly the teeth of such a beast as *Cynognathus*, which was not far from our own ancestral line, could possibly class it as meek. Why the descendants of large predatory theromorphs became small and vegetarian is very far from clear. It is possible that the giant forms discovered by Dr. von Koenigswald were actually our ancestors. If so, our ancestors a million years ago were monsters who could have torn up a tiger with their bare hands. In that case there was a second occasion on which our ancestral line tried physical dominance and

gave it up again. It is also possible that the giants of Java and China were side branches from the human line, and represent an unsuccessful evolutionary experiment.

Negative eugenics

After all this caution, I believe we can make a start. Whatever else we may want our descendants to be, we do not want them to be blind, deaf, paralyzed, or brittle-boned. Now these conditions are sometimes due to dominant genes, which can be prevented from spreading further by negative eugenics. At first sight it might be thought that these genes could be eliminated. For example, in many pedigrees of juvenile cataract, affected persons pass on the gene for cataract to about half their children, and it very rarely skips a generation. It has been said that were they all sterilized, these conditions would be abolished. This was one of the ideas behind Hitler's racial hygiene laws.

The idea is false, because these harmful genes constantly reappear as the result of mutation. Occasionally two normal parents will have a child with a harmful dominant gene, which is then handed on until natural selection or negative eugenics puts an end to its career. The two processes are roughly in equilibrium. Thus achondroplastic dwarfs have about one fifth the fitness of normal people. That is to say, they produce on an average about one fifth as many children. So only one fifth of the dwarfs alive at any time are the progeny of dwarfs, the others being the progeny of normal parents. If all dwarfs of this kind were sterilized we could only cut down the number of dwarfs by one fifth.

With hemophilia we could cut down the frequency to about one half by preventing the breeding of hemophilics and heterozygous women. With hereditary cataract we could cut down the frequency to much less than one half — perhaps to one tenth. Some, though not all, types of mental defect could be considerably reduced; so could harelip and many other physical defects. This would be well worth doing, but the battle would never be finally won, the race never finally purified.

We could, however, cut down the incidence of a great many congenital maladies to a large extent. Others, such as neonatal jaundice, or *erythroblastosis fetalis*, and perhaps mongoloid idiocy, are due to gene differences between father and mother. We could only abolish them by forbidding unions between people of different genotypes. A closed mating system based on skin color is bad enough, in the sense of making for the division and perhaps the instability of the community. One based on blood antigens, in which an Rh-negative woman might not marry an Rh-positive man, would perhaps be even worse. I should be the last to recommend it, even if it saved the lives of a few babies.

Nor at the present time can we do much to diminish the frequency of undesirable recessive

conditions, whether they are lethal, like fetal ichthyosis, or merely a slight handicap, like albinism. The most efficient eugenic method is the introduction of good road transport into backward rural areas, thus encouraging outbreeding.

It may be that, if we knew enough, 1 per cent or even rather more of the population would be found to carry undesirable dominants or sex-linked recessives, which any sound eugenic policy would eliminate. How should we do it? Many people believe that carriers should be sterilized, either voluntarily as in Denmark, or compulsorily as in Nazi Germany. I do not, for the following reasons. Laws for compulsory sterilization are liable to gross abuse. Those for voluntary sterilization are only rather less so. I recall the case of a laborer in one of your Western states who was given an indeterminate sentence up to five years' imprisonment for theft. The judge suggested that he be voluntarily sterilized. He agreed, and was not imprisoned. His agreement can only be called voluntary in a Pickwickian sense. However, I might be in favor of sterilization if it would finally rid us of these undesired genes. But it would not.

There is another reason, perhaps worthy of consideration. If we are ever to control our evolution we shall certainly have to overhaul our whole mating system. By this I do not mean that we shall have to abolish marriage or adopt polygamy. I do not know what we shall have to do. We shall only do what is right if people realize that we have a duty to beget and bear the best-endowed children possible.

It is of the utmost importance that the idea should not be spread abroad that we can improve the human race to any serious extent by sterilizing individuals who do not come up to certain standards. In England we are already beginning to persuade people with harmful dominants to refrain from reproduction, either by chastity or by contraception. We shall not improve the human race by compulsion. A prerequisite for doing so is the moralization of our sexual behavior—that is to say, making it subordinate to ideal ends, not to impulse on the one hand or superstition on the other.

Difficulties of positive eugenics

What about positive eugenics? In many human societies those types which are most admired are bred out. The Middle Ages admired holiness and courage. The holy men and women were celibate, the courageous men killed one another. Our age admires money-making. The men who make most money have least children. I am less worried by this than many of my contemporaries. I am not convinced that a business executive is a higher type than a saint or even a feudal knight. In any case, a differential birth rate lasting over a century need no more permanently affect the gene frequencies of a race than selection of certain chromo-

some orders for a few months per year affects a *Drosophila* species. And in Sweden the tendency has already reversed itself, and the poor breed rather more slowly than the rich.

Why, it may be asked, should we not encourage the breeding of rare and desirable genes as we can discourage the breeding of rare and undesirable ones? The answer is that we do not know of a single rare gene in man whose frequency we should increase. I have no doubt that such exist. But our analysis of the genetic basis of human abilities is so utterly rudimentary that we know nothing of them. Their discovery will need a vast program of collaboration between geneticists, physiologists, and psychologists. Until even one such gene is known, it seems to me rather futile to talk about a program for positive eugenics.

I would, however, suggest that among the genes whose spread we would want to encourage are those for the non-development of teeth, particularly wisdom teeth. Our cerebral development has caused a good deal of overcrowding of our teeth. I hope also that we shall do something about our noses, which are one of our weak points. (I have a nasal infection at the moment. No other organ lets me down so frequently.) The nose has of course been squashed out of shape by the growth of the brain. In consequence, while a sneeze takes a straight path in a dog or a horse, it has to take a hairpin bend in our own species. In a century or so we may know of detailed changes in our psychological make-up which are equally desirable.

In fact, while we can begin with negative eugenics, we cannot begin on positive eugenics until we have got a great deal more knowledge and a wider diffusion of the eugenic attitude. Probably the first requisites for the development of this knowledge are, on the one hand, the mapping of the human chromosomes, a task to which I have devoted some effort, and on the other, an attempt to analyze the psychological make-up of people judged to be exceptionally gifted, as Spearman in England and the Chicago school in America have tried to analyze that of more normal people. When these are accomplished it will be time to start research on the genetics of great intellectual or moral endowment. Much of it may turn out to be due to heterosis, and as unfixable as the good points of a mongrel dog, but I have little doubt that many rare and desirable genes for these characters exist.

Don't make me world eugenic dictator

So far I have assumed that our descendants will take over the control of evolution in an intelligent manner. Let us consider the other possibilities. In the next century the human race may largely destroy itself. From the genetic point of view a war using atomic energy would be worse than one using old-fashioned weapons, or even pestilences. For the survivors of Hiroshima and Naga-

saki have been so affected that their descendants will show a variety of abnormalities. Some will appear in the first generation and disappear within ten or so. Others will be recessive, and first appear after several generations, their evil (and very rarely good) effects continuing for many thousand generations. The killing of 10 per cent of civilized humanity by atomic bombs might not end civilization. The vast crop of abnormalities produced by another irradiated 10 per cent might do so, and even render recovery very difficult.

I hope that we shall avoid such an international war, or, what seems to me just as likely, a civil war in which a small group get control of some atomic bombs and hold up a whole nation. If so, we may settle down to some peaceful world order, but do nothing about our evolution. In such a case we might stay put for a very long time. Sewall Wright has shown that, on certain assumptions, which seem to me thoroughly sound, evolution goes on quickest in a species divided up into many groups of a few score or hundred individuals nearly, but not quite, sexually isolated from other groups. This was the human condition for thousands of centuries during the Old Stone Age. With agriculture and industry the community has grown, and probably evolution has slowed down. For some time there was heavy selection against crowd diseases, but the progress of hygiene has checked this tendency.

I do not know what we are selecting for now. Let me take an example. Until two generations ago large families were respectable in my country. Anyone who voluntarily restricted his or her family was a deviant. Selection favored genes making for conformity to mores in this respect. Now it is a deviation from the norm to have a dozen children. We are selecting in favor of deviation, instead of against it.

We may be favoring genes which make for high sexual activity, low intelligence, or lack of susceptibility to propaganda, to mention only three possibilities. Most eugenicists regard the parents of large families as, on the whole, undesirable genetically. This may well be true. It is certain that on the whole they are economically unsuccessful. Before we equate economic success and long-term biological value, however, it might be desirable to read the Sermon on the Mount or the record of the dinosaurs. I do not know if the trend described is desirable or not, and I contend that no one else does.

Another possibility is that we shall control our evolution and choose the wrong path. If I had had to pick hopeful ancestors for a rational and skillful animal from past faunas I doubt if I should ever have got the right answer between the Pennsylvanian and the Miocene. I should certainly have picked *Struthiomimus*, a Cretaceous reptile like an ostrich, standing on its hind legs, but with arms in place of wings. I am equally sure that I should go wrong today. Dr. H. J. Muller has suggested

a method for the radical improvement of the human race, involving the widespread use of artificial insemination. I guess that if I were made eugenic world dictator I should have one chance in a hundred of choosing the right path. Dr. Muller is ten times as good a geneticist as I, so he might have one chance in ten, but not, I think, much more.

I am convinced that the knowledge required, both of past evolution and present genetics and cytology, is considerably greater than the whole body of scientific knowledge on which our present civilization is based. We can get this knowledge if we want it. We may say that God is now enlarging the sphere of human choice, and therefore giving us new duties. Or we may say that the evolutionary process is now passing from the stage of unconsciousness to that of consciousness. But we have not yet got the knowledge.

Our immediate task is the remodeling of human society. This can be done in a few generations. The great men who founded your Republic based it on principles which had never before been applied to human societies but which nevertheless worked in practice. The great men behind the French and Russian revolutions made somewhat different but comparable experiments. No society is perfect, and the time scale of social change is so vastly less than that of evolutionary change that the duty to reform society is far more urgent than that to control evolution. The two duties must and will go together. But it would be fatal to think of the man of the future as one who would fit into contemporary American, British, Russian, or Chinese society, or into any society which we can even imagine today.

If I am right he would probably be regarded as a physical, mental, and moral defective. As an adult he would probably have great muscular skill but little muscular strength, a large head, fewer teeth than we have, and so on. He would develop very slowly, perhaps not learning to speak till 5 years of age, but continuing to learn up to maturity at the age of 40, and then living for several centuries. He would be more rational and less instinctive than we are, less subject to sexual and parental emotions, to rage on the one hand and so-called herd instinct on the other. His motivation would depend far more than ours on education. In his own society he would be a good citizen, in ours perhaps a criminal or a lunatic. He would be of high general intelligence by our standards, and most individuals would have some special aptitude developed to the degree which we call genius.

But just as, were we transported to the past, we should be unlikely to win the admiration of *Sinanthropus*, so, were one of these products of planned evolution brought back to our own time, we should probably judge him an unpleasant individual. This thought need not distress us. We shall not meet him.



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

THE ORANGE BIRD

by LOIS DONER

WE HAD been on the island for seven days, my brother El, who was eleven and the oldest, and we three girls, my sister Margret, Susan, who lived on the farm at the end of the valley, and I. When we woke in the morning we could smell the grapevines that pressed against the walls of the log cabin. The faint wind, full of the smell of water and sand, blew through the open door and brushed the leaves against the house like scratching fingers.

It was during the time when the grass was burned in the pastures and the grasshoppers were fat and slow that we stayed on the island with my brother El to help him and keep him company while he tended the sheep. In the pastures of the valley there had been no grass for the sheep and they had stood half dead under the hills, their thin shorn sides panting in and out because of the heat. That is why Father took them to the island, where there were few grasshoppers and the grass was still thick and green under the trees and there was clover in the clearing. Often in the past we had climbed the hills above our farm and looked down toward the east where the island sat in the middle of the Missouri River, and we wondered who might live there secretly and what was hidden under the trees, but we had never thought we might go there.

El seemed marvelously old, and he was strong, and we had no idea of fear — except the fear of strange

night noises of branches creaking and the voice of leaves. But this we hid inside ourselves and lay close together on our mattress bed, whispering of the procreation of sheep and inventing conversation for the animal world. Every other day Father would appear, tie his boat to a tree, and walk down the path to our cabin. He paid us greater attention than was usual while we were at home, and would rough about with El and slap him on the back. Then he would warn us of the river, poison ivy, and eating too many grapes. He gave us a white flag to put up at the edge of the island if we should need him.

We woke up early on the seventh day when the sun was just touching the tops of the trees, and the sheep were still quiet in the corral. Susan and Margret and I slept on a mattress under the window and El slept beside the door on blankets. When I woke up I saw that Susan was propped on her elbows looking at Margret, who slept with her mouth wide open and her white hair matted over her eyes.

Susan looked at me and giggled. Her eyes were sticky in the morning but bright. "Look at old Margret," she said, staring straight into her face. It seemed unfair to look at Margret when she couldn't look back. The point of thought that made my sister someone else stuck my mind, and my head hurt with it. "Let's get up," I said noisily.

Outside were the cool, damp calls of the mourning doves. We went to the corral and washed our hands and faces in the water from the windmill. The sheep began moving restlessly and baaing softly. On the island the trees were taller than those at home and we could scarcely see the sky unless we went to the river.

When we came back to the house, El was making the fire in the cookstove. Margret rummaged about in a box of food and brought out a package of tea, and Susan and I took turns making pancakes. El

LOIS DONER has had the stimulus of working with Wilbur Schramm and Paul Engle in the courses on creative writing which flourish at the University of Iowa. "I am married," she tells us, "and my husband is a graduate student in English at the University of Iowa. Most of my younger life I lived on a farm in South Dakota in a valley of the Missouri River. I was born in Yokohama, Japan, of teaching parents, went to South Dakota State College and the University of Iowa, have lived in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, and have held the usual varied and numerous jobs that 'writers' seem always to have had."

finished first, and pushed his apple-crate chair from the table. He went out to let the sheep into the woods and to take a bath in the cold water of the tank.

Susan wanted to take his clothes and hide them, but Margret frowned and said no.

"You old Jane!" Susan said, then laughed, and Margret went about clearing up the dishes with a firm and set mouth. Margret was only eight, but had a stern way about getting things done. When she was through she sat down and made herself a cup of tea and sat over it, breathing the heat of it in her face and scowling at all our attempts to make her laugh.

We left her at last and went out. Susan said, "Let's play bachelor." We sat down opposite each other, crossed our legs, and began talking something like this: "You remember, Ezra, the time Old Herman left the homestead," punctuated by spitting into the space between us. The language of our bachelors we picked up from the hired men or from Susan's inspired imagination. We were always dead serious about the game.

Susan was freckled, with a little hump in her nose, small bright blue eyes, and very red hair. She was my age, ten, but knew much more about the world than I did, and liked very much to make fun. I felt infinitely inferior to her socially and was always pleased with her attention and confidence. While my sister and I were reserved about expressing ourselves, Susan burst into words of delight or horror which charmed everyone she met. When outdoors, she always wore a large straw hat pushed far over her forehead because she "sunburned easy." Margret and I would laugh at this, but she only returned equally bright laughter as she patted the top of the hat farther over her forehead and squinted out at us with her small eyes.

By now there was a pattern established in our days. With pleasure and dignity we tried to imitate the grown-up world we knew, but filled our imitation with the mumbo-jumbo of childhood, and sometimes a real new power, which shattered all plans and broke wildly from our throats, bore us screaming and gasping into a sunlit, objectless world. We sat for hours in the trees or on the tops of grapevines, speaking of things we had scarcely dared whisper in the presence of an already established home. Susan would tell us about her relatives who lived in town and plucked their eyebrows and painted their fingernails, and the bachelors who lived across the river in "bachelor shanties" and talked to themselves. Sometimes she giggled so that we thought perhaps she was spoofing but we never openly disbelieved her. Margret would sit quietly on a grapevine with a worldly look of "of course" on her face. She didn't speak much but it was always quite necessary to have her around for the atmosphere she gave the meeting. At the end of each tale she would nod seriously and purse her lips in grim approval.

Now, as I think of the time, it comes back to me

with the clearness of a fairy story. It is hard to believe that we should have been allowed to go to the island alone — mere children — although I knew then I was not a child, and that my brother El was surely a man, if not so much so as my father. But that is not important. It is only that it was so. I can imagine the words our parents brought upon themselves from the neighbors, a clannish agrarian lot who kept their sons and daughters in their front yards until they married, and then did not let them go far. And later, when we came back — three of us — the whispering never ceased, and with the years it drove us all away.

Although the importance of being allowed was impressed upon us, after we were once on the island, we accepted this naturally. It seems to me now that the flowers in the woods were larger and whiter than any I have ever seen since, and that the nights were a thousand times blacker, and the days were longer than any common nowadays ones.

The day we came to the island I saw a bird, bright orange and long-winged, and I could not forget him. When I pointed him out to the others he turned and swept through the trees so they heard only the faint swish of the leaves and said it was the wind. As I think of it, he was more the color of fire, but I could not describe that to them very well either. So I kept him to me and sometimes before I fell asleep at night I could see him, clear and fine and graceful, turn and fly away like an arrow, sharp and clean into the dark hole of the night. If I should follow, the bushes would trip me, the wind would sound soft and hollow in my head, but I would know where he was as surely as if a thread were strung from me to him. I would cover myself with silence trying to hear the call that only I could feel was there.

2

MARGRET came out of the house after a while and we all sat and talked about the "old days" and spat, and then we got up and walked through the clearing and called to El, who was sitting on a stump whittling. He came toward us and the sheep scattered before him.

"We're going to walk around the island," Susan called.

"It's a long way."

"Well, we'll be back and make your dinner."

"Doesn't matter," El said, as he came toward us, looking at Susan with his big soft eyes so that I felt embarrassed, and Margret said loudly, "Come on."

"What are you whittling?" said Susan, looking out under her big brim.

"Nothing," said El, grinning and holding his hands behind him.

"Let's see," said Susan. "Let's see."

"Come on," said Margret, turning her back.

"Naw," said El. "It's nothing." He kept on grinning bigger and bigger though.

"Come on, let's see," said Susan, bending her neck. "Josephine, help me." She grasped El's arm and pulled it out. Rather reluctantly I tugged at his other arm.

"All right," he said angrily to me.

Then something dropped to the ground and Susan picked it up quickly and ran a little way and held it up in front of her. It was the figure of a girl, very rough and uncarved below the shoulders, but on the top were the finest little features, a small crooked nose, and tiny eyes, and the smoothest rounded shoulders. Down the uncarved wood was whittled in big crude letters the name S U S A N. We could hear Susan's little squeal as she saw it. Then she walked back toward us and handed the figure to El. He was blushing and took the object from her quickly; then he started to grin again, bigger and broader, and I followed Margret with great embarrassment, he looked so open and exposed.

"It's good," I heard Susan say.

Then El said something and Susan came running after us crying, "Wait, wait for me!" and giggling from being left behind.

The sand was dry and hot along the bank, and it sloped out gently here, almost like a beach. We took off our shoes and left them beside a tree which we marked by piling branches beside it. The sun was hot but a wind came from the river and blew against our faces.

"We should have brought our lunch," Susan said.

"Look across there," said Margret.

"A buffalo," said Susan.

"I think it's a cow," I said.

"There are lots of buffalo across the river," said Susan. "One winter my father was riding horseback over there and three of them chased him over the hills and across the ice on the river clear up to Zerzach's windmill. He had to leap from the horse to the windmill and stayed there all day with the three buffalo waiting for him to come down. Somebody saw him from the road and shot the buffalo, and we had buffalo meat all winter. But he was frozen. We kept him in bed for a week. Mother and I used to sit up all night to keep snow on his hands. That was when it was really cold. The buffalo meat was good too, but not so good as bear." Then she giggled and cleared her throat, and Margret whacked viciously at the bushes that stuck out of the bank.

Susan patted the top of her head and knotted up her nose.

We pulled grapes from the vines and ate them, not one by one, but by taking big bites into the clumps, and they were bright purple and sweet, and the juice ran sticky down our faces and between our fingers.

As we neared the west end of the island we sat down where the willows were just beginning to grow out of the sand. We sat there a long time talking, and I can remember the sharp smell of the willows that pushed through the soft new dirt of the island, and the great hum of the locusts behind us. The top of the river was ruffed by the wind, and along

the shore we watched the bugs and grasshoppers, caught in the terrible rush of the river, ride past, some struggling, some resigned to their soggy doom. Sometimes we would rescue one with a twig and bring it stumbling to the sand. Once Susan brought out a grasshopper and laid him fat and sick in the sun, where he stretched his weak, spindle legs and took one hop before Margret threw him back into the water saying softly, "We don't want any grasshoppers on our island."

Susan wrinkled her face and said, "Poor little old grasshopper"; then she made up a song about the grasshopper who fell in the river and was taken out by an Injun giver.

Margret grinned at her and said she was an old toad. The cool wind from the river blew against us and we were all in remarkably fine spirits. Later we took off our dresses and went to the river and tested it with our feet, but the current was swift and dark, so we only trickled our toes in the edge, and counted the skin-colored lines of sandbar that broke the water.

3

As we were buttoning our dresses, we saw far up the river a white speck moving toward us. As it grew larger we could see how very fast it was coming, faster than the current, and straight.

"Well, bless my breeches," said Susan, spitting, "if it ain't old Uncle Herman."

Margret giggled and pointed her right leg out the way Susan did.

"I told him to stay home, Ezra. I says to him, 'Herman —'" Susan went on, jabbering faster, her eyes gleaming like pin points in the sun.

We watched the white speck. It was swaying back and forth now as it veered toward us, and we could see that it was a raft with a white sail. There was a man on it, and his body was tanned and shone like copper in the sun.

"Ain't Uncle Herman after all," Susan said, swatting me heartily on the back. "Now who the dadd-ratted could that be?"

"Somebody flew the coop," I said stupidly, trying to get into the spirit of the thing.

Margret stared now, open-eyed and excited. "He's coming here! He's coming here!" she shouted.

"Lay low, fellers," Susan said. "Gotta lay low fer a while." And she shoved us onto the sand.

The man yanked hard at the sail and the little raft came angrily to the shore. Then its white sail fell and it drifted. The man jumped out and dragged it after him, then pushed it hard against the sand and tied a rope from it to a tree. We could see his face now. It was shining and handsome, more handsome than any face I had ever seen. He was not so young as my brothers nor so old as my father, but he was not like the hired men either. His teeth were white, and he seemed to have hundreds of them lined up evenly and strong behind his lips.

As he shoved the raft to the sand he opened his mouth and squinted his eyes, then stood up straight and stretched in the sun. The wind blew against the folded white sail softly now. We all peered at him down the shore from us, and then slowly all together stood up and walked toward him. Pushing his shoulders back and moving his arms out, he sighed and looked about him, then saw us coming toward him, and dropped his arms, and opened his eyes wide. "Hello," he said.

We stopped a few feet away and answered.

"You live here?" He looked down at us.

"Not all the time," I said breathlessly.

"It's our island though," Margret said.

"Oh, is it?" He laughed.

"Where are you going?" Susan asked, pulling excitedly at the brim of her hat with both hands.

He sat down on the sand and stretched out his legs and looked at us, up and down. Then he smacked his knee with his big hand, and laughed and looked at us again.

I walked up to the little raft with the trembling staff for a sail, and it seemed very small and play-like instead of something for men.

"Is it a boat?" I asked.

"Sort of a boat."

"Where are you going?" Susan said again, peering down at him with bright eyes.

"Down the river a ways."

"Have you come far?"

"Not so far."

"Is the boat safe?"

"Safer than the dirt under me," he said, grinning. Then he stretched out on his back so his head was in the shade and covered his eyes. We stood above him and looked down.

"Are you going to stay?" Margret whispered.

"Are you hungry?" I asked.

"Are you going to sleep?" said Susan.

He didn't answer, but we saw his mouth stretch in a smile and we all sat down where we stood, and waited. After what seemed a very long time, he sat up bolt straight. "By George!" he said, laughing. "By George!"

We pushed back a little, still staring at him.

"What's your name?" he said to Susan, whose head was bending toward him.

"Susan Raffin," she said. "We saw you coming like a bullet." She tugged at her straw hat and I could see she was thinking up something. Her eyes were cracking, and she looked quickly at Margret and me. "This is Josephine and Margret," she said. "They're Callops and I'm not."

He laughed very hard again, and his eyes cut brightly at you clear and open, as if you were someone a little wonderful. No one had ever looked at me exactly that way.

"Stay for dinner," I said.

"Dinner!" he cried. "I'll bet you live on roots and berries and serve them up on grape leaves."

Margret shook her head. "No, we don't," she said.

He laughed again and we all smiled back at him happily.

Susan moved up the closest to him, shoving along the sand. She began talking very fast and soon he was holding her on his lap listening and talking to her. We sat by and watched silently. Sometimes Susan would say something to us and we'd answer softly. But mostly we just stared.

I watched his mouth move as he talked and laughed, fascinated by the stretch and straightness of it. His eyes were crinkled in the corners, and they were terribly blue like a crayon river. All the time the little raft wobbled where it hung over the sand with the current running under it. The smell of the willows was sharp to my nose, and my heart beat fast with a nameless excitement. I watched the man from the raft, and I remember thinking things fast in my head to tell him, things that would make him laugh out loud, or smack his knee, or raise his dark eyebrows on his forehead. I even let go my best secret in a burst of shrill excitement — "I saw an orange bird" — and turned away shamed after I'd said it. It came right in the middle of his talking to Susan and he looked at me with mock wonder and went right on talking. I didn't say any more after that and felt a little dull inside and stared only at the boat, until he roughed my hair and said, "Bird Girl," smiling.

4

SUSAN went on and on, laughing and looking at the raft and tugging at the corners of her hat.

It came suddenly: "How many people will the boat hold?"

"About twenty — twenty little people," he said.

"It would carry two, though," Susan said.

"Easy, two."

I knew right away what she was up to. "You'd better not," I said.

The man from the raft knew too, and he looked out at the river. "You want to go with me, Susan Raffin," he said, "down the river on my raft. What might happen if the wind should blow us over, if I could not land, and we would go on and on and never stop, or a storm would come up and blow us to Alaska — Oh, no, Susan, think of all the things that might happen."

"Doesn't happen to you," she said.

"Alaska isn't on the Missouri River," Margret said.

"He's just pretending," I whispered to her.

"I live down there," Susan said. "It's only five miles by river, or less, I think. You can let me off there, and I'll come back tomorrow with Mr. Callop. Please, it's such a little way. And there's no storm anywhere in the sky."

She pleaded the way she did with all older people who had power in their hands and would lose it to her.

Margret looked at me. "She shouldn't go," she said. "She can't swim well."

"Nonsense," I said. "She doesn't have to swim." Then the wind seemed to blow louder against the water and lap it against the shore.

The man stood up and looked up the river where he had come, then his eyes scanned the horizon over the river bluffs and the sky above. He walked toward the raft and pushed it with his foot.

Susan ran up to him. "I'm going with you. I'm not afraid. I want to go. Only a little way. I'll sit so still you'll think I'm not there." She pointed down the river. "Just around the curve," she said, waving her finger.

He went about pushing the raft out, and Susan stood just behind him looking at the sail with longing eyes.

"Do you have to go so soon?" I said loudly.

"It's a long way I've got to go before dark," he called. He was holding the raft by the rope now, and it bobbed up and down on the water.

Susan turned to us. "So long, fellers," she said. "I'll see you tomorrow." She looked down the river and I knew how she felt, excited and prickly, because I did and I saw her eyes turning to mine. Then she spat in bachelor style behind her, and stepped up beside him. We watched them, as if from a long distance, and knew Susan was talking fast, looking at him and making her eyes the funny wistful way she did with older people. We could hear her laugh. Then very gently he helped her to the raft.

He showed her how to sit cross-legged beside the staff of the sail. She looked back at us. "I'll be back with your father tomorrow."

Very slowly he stepped on the raft, and it dipped with his weight. He stood straight, winding the rope around his arm. Already the raft was drifting slowly along the bank. Then as the sail opened, they swept fast away, and turned and waved to us, Susan clasping the staff of the sail tightly with one hand, and calling out some happy, crazy words.

I'll never forget how he looked. He stood so precariously, his legs balancing the craft, waving to us, and laughing. "Good-bye, Margret, Bird Girl." Then he leaned over quickly and adjusted the sail. As they came to the main current of the river, he sat down, then turned and made a great arc with his arm, and we saw Susan peering around him, squinting at us, tugging at her hat brim with one hand and waving with the other. Then they blew away as fast as the raft had come, until they were only a

small white spot down the wide, wide river, and disappeared around the curve.

We watched, then turned back and did not walk the rest of the way around the island.

"She left her shoes," Margret said.

"She did," I said, picking them up. "How will she walk up from the river without them? She's not very good at going barefoot."

"She would," said Margret.

The rest of the day wasn't the same without Susan, but we waited anxiously and talked about what she would tell us when she came back. I think we worried all day about her shoes. El wouldn't believe us at first, and behaved very strangely, almost worse than anger, when he became convinced. I remember he went to bed early that night and made us be quiet before the sheep were still. But it wasn't until Father came down the path alone the next day that I admitted anything to myself. Then suddenly I was frightened almost to nausea, and I could not talk to him, but let Margret explain, while I sat still and stupefied in the corner. I could see before my eyes the bright little flick of raft as they swept away but I could not reconcile it to the fear inside me.

I can remember the eyes of the families, frightened, wide, the mad rushes, the phone calls, the car motors, and how, after two weeks, they dragged the river. There were rumors of a tall man with a little girl in a straw hat seen in St. Joe, of an empty raft that floated onto a sandbar where a fisherman kept his lines, and it was said that a prisoner escaped from the county jail in Willeston on the day before Susan went down the river with the man on the raft. And someone who had read a book of psychology said that Susan had probably drowned while swimming in the river and we children had made up the story of the raft man and now we believed it.

Margret and I missed Susan a great deal, and for a long time, but very soon all the terror was gone. "It's so silly," Margret said, "making all this fuss." And that was how it seemed. Although we didn't talk about him much at home, Margret and I often remembered the raft man to ourselves and how blue his eyes were, and how carefully he had helped Susan to the raft.

And over and again the sight of them would come back to me like the sight of the fabulous orange bird, until in the dreams they became mingled and it was very hard to distinguish one dream from the other.

WHY MOTHERS FAIL

by DELLA D. CYRUS

"What's wrong with the family?" was the challenge which DELLA D. CYRUS injected in the *Atlantic* for last November. Her qualifications for speaking on this provocative subject were these: she is a graduate of Tufts College who after further study at the University of Chicago was for five years a case worker in various Family Welfare agencies, where she knew at first hand the problems of several hundred families; she is today the wife of a Unitarian minister and the mother of two children. "I have in a sense," she says, "been preparing these articles of mine for ten years, and I bring to the writing the experiences and opinions of many friends."

As in the case of the first article there will be readers who disagree with Mrs. Cyrus. For their rebuttal we shall reserve space in *Atlantic Repartee* — and also in the body of the magazine if their replies be sufficiently pertinent. — THE EDITOR

I

THE significant thing about women in America is that all of them are either rebelling against or trying to fit into a social pattern for women which was originally intended as a pattern for full-time mothers — the homemaker-mother pattern. The much talked about freedom of American women is not freedom in any real sense at all. It is simply freedom for some women to break away from the homemaker pattern if they have the personal courage and energy which breaking away from an established pattern requires. And neither the woman who conforms to the pattern nor the woman who breaks away can express her whole self as a woman and a person.

The homemaker way of life once applied to mothers who kept on having babies for the greater part of their lives, and to a time when most of the work of the world was done within the home. In present-day urban life, with almost all of the world's work being done outside the home, our mores and our mechanics of living still compel most women to be homemakers if they want to be mothers. Women may, and significantly do, renounce motherhood and refuse to be homemakers, but in spite of our toleration and even admiration for women who "do things" in the world, we have no ideal which permits us to *expect* any achievement from women beyond the achievement of homemaking. As long as women are forced to be homemakers in order to be mothers, we are compelled to hold fast to our one inadequate ideal for women — the homemaker-mother ideal.

It is difficult to understand why the plight of mothers has so long been ignored. Motherhood apparently is regarded as a condition so holy or so occult that it must never be subjected to rational criticism and analysis. We have finally — under protest — allowed medical science to intrude into the sacred sphere of motherhood. We have even produced,

through psychology and psychoanalysis, more books than any mother will ever read on how she can be good for her child.

But what we haven't done, and what for some reason we suppose we needn't do, is to make our modern American institution of motherhood satisfying or even bearable to mothers themselves. We assume that motherhood is a condition so synonymous with life itself that its problems are inexorable, so that to ask the question how to make life bearable for mothers is as vague and sophomoric as to ask the question how to make *life* bearable. About all we can actually manage is to pay a confused and embarrassed tribute to mothers once a year.

When we consider that the old Christian problem of overcoming hate and fear with love, now recognized as the basic problem in psychiatry (if not yet in international relations!), has always been first of all a mother-child problem, the question of a satisfactory life for mothers appears in a more urgent perspective. It is now a psychiatric truism that the first act of the human drama of love and hate is played between the mother and her child, and that all other acts in that drama are in a profound sense dependent upon and conditioned by this relationship. The sweeping tribute, "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," is a shallow statement of the truth. The mother has always had in her keeping such power to create love and hate in her child, and therefore in the world, that there really isn't any question to take precedence over the question, Why do mothers fail?

That mothers are failing in ever increasing numbers is hardly a matter of argument. Their obvious failures are recorded every day in newspapers throughout the country in stories of neglect, desertion, delinquency, abortion, and divorce. But these glaring failures are merely the eruptions, the symptoms of a

way of life which is difficult for all mothers. Most mothers don't neglect or desert their children. On the other hand, many mothers who are scrupulously conscientious about motherhood are failing their children in ways just as destructive though less dramatic. The evidence of this kind of failure is not so generally recognized, but it exists in its most obvious forms in steadily increasing quantities, and in the offices of psychologists, psychiatrists, psychoanalysts, child guidance clinics, and social workers.

The case records of professional people who work with "problem" children are full of conclusive evidence that children often lie, steal, destroy property, commit sex crimes, fail in school and at work, or are crippled with emotional and mental illnesses in direct response to mothers who have somehow failed in the kind of *feeling* they bring to their children. These same professional people are constantly thwarted in their efforts to save promising and intelligent children because they can do nothing at all to change the destructive, though often well-intentioned, attitudes of mothers. One distinguished psychoanalyst has said that all American cities are desperately in need of institutions for girls — not for girls whose mothers are neglecting them, but for girls who will be emotionally and morally ruined if some way cannot be found to separate them from their mothers.

Every woman brings her own unique problems of love and hate to her relationship to her child, and there have always been women in all ages who, because of distortions and failures in their own development, have been "bad" mothers. Such women are properly the concern of psychoanalysts. But when literally thousands of mothers in our time are unsuccessful at providing for their children the kind of emotional atmosphere necessary for the average healthy growth of personality, then perhaps we must look for something other than exclusively personal failure. When so definite a trend of failure exists it is logical to suppose that destructive forces are at work on all mothers which account not only for the dramatic breakdowns printed in the newspapers and for the child clients of psychiatrists and social workers, but which account also for the dissatisfaction, frustration, and semi-failure of almost all mothers.

2

EVERY modern mother feels — in some degree — a conflict between the kind of life she is trained in America to want and expect, and the kind of life she must in fact lead as a mother. More than that, it is a conflict between the kind of woman she hoped to become and the kind of woman our homemaker-mother ideal usually compels her to be.

This difference between what women are educated to be and what they must in fact become can be described almost entirely in terms of their relationship to men and to the world outside the family. Up to the point of marriage most women participate

fully in the work, the recreation, and the aspirations of the males of their own age. From kindergarten to graduate school they read the same books, compete in many of the same contests, talk the same talk, follow the same daily routine, eat in the same drug-stores and cafeterias, make the same plans for exploring or dazzling or remaking the world. For them there is no such thing as "woman's work" or a "man's world." There are only men and women and the world's work and the world's pleasure.

No one can estimate the shock which getting married and having a child gives to this American educated woman. From the exhilarating threshold of the world with all its problems and possibilities, from the daily companionship of men and other women, she is catapulted into a house — a house, furthermore, from which she has no escape. Her husband disappears into the outside world on business of his own, while for hours and days at a time she has no companion except her child, and the hands with which she had planned to remake the world are, incredibly enough, in the laundry tubs, the dishpan, and the scrub bucket. And so her first experience of what it means to be a mother, however much she may love her baby, is an experience full of overflowing with confusion, disappointment, humiliation, and above all, loneliness.

Usually the shock of becoming a homemaker-mother is more devastating to the college-educated woman than to the woman with less education, as our birth statistics significantly indicate. But almost no woman is free from some dissatisfaction with the isolation and bondage of motherhood. As long as we educate women, even partially, to be interested in and responsible for the needs and problems of their world, and then isolate them in houses as soon as they become mothers and load them with work which they spent their youth learning to regard as menial and unintelligent, we should stop being surprised if they emerge finally with no faith in themselves and no real interest in anybody or anything but their own narrowed and distorted desires.

Women who at best are lonely and disappointed, and who are separated from their husbands in so many important ways, are almost doomed to failure as mothers. It isn't only that they see too much of their children and too little of anybody else, or even that they particularly resent doing a certain amount of sordid and trivial work. Most of them carry, whether they know it or not, a burden of unused ability and frustrated purpose which falls resentfully on the child. To make the day-long occupations of washing, ironing, cooking, and scrubbing an inevitable condition of motherhood is obviously as wasteful of the miracle and variety of human talent as it would be to make gardening, street cleaning, and bookkeeping a necessary condition of fatherhood. It means that all mothers who have trained themselves to be violinists, teachers, actresses, business women, or just plain citizens of their world, are struggling under permanent vocational maladjustment.

The question is often asked, What would mothers do if freed from housework? Many women aren't capable of anything else. Wouldn't they be worse off in factories and stores? These questions condemn our whole society and all its values, or lack of them. They reflect our belief that people work only because they have to and only to earn money. No one would think to ask what women would do if we took it for granted that the right work for a woman is as important as the right husband — if we took it for granted that women from earliest childhood were training their minds and developing their abilities, not to fill in the time until marriage and motherhood, but in order to contribute their serious share to the enrichment of all life for as long as they live.

Many mothers do adjust to modern conditions of motherhood. They may have sought in marriage an escape from parents or from the boredom of an uncongenial job. They may have hoped to find in marriage an escape from inner emptiness and lack of personal direction. Bringing to marriage a great residue of childish needs, they may sink gratefully into the protection of a comfortable home. Accepting as inevitable the separation of their husbands' interests from their own, they may resign themselves and finally adapt themselves to life in a child's world. While their children are young they give up, and then forget they ever had, a need for privacy in which to read or think. They make do with the limited and meager opportunities for adult relationships open to them and they sometimes manage, by stunting their own growth, to love their children without undue conflict or resentment.

One sometimes hears the "well-adjusted" mother express her self-abnegation in heroic terms. "After all," she says, "the children come first. They're all that really matters."

To such an attitude there is only one possible response. If the purpose of an adult human being is to rear a child or two so that those children can in turn rear children, ad infinitum, then life is unquestionably the absurd treadmill it sometimes seems and there is nothing to do but relax. How can the mother who believes she herself doesn't matter rear her children for anything? The only bearable theory is that we bring our children up to adulthood because we believe in adulthood — in its satisfactions and in the possibilities it offers for infinite growth and development.

The mother who adjusts to a life which forces her to be less than an adult is not only betraying herself and the purposes for which she was intended. She is not only, by example, belittling for her children the importance of full maturity. She is, worst of all, depriving them of a mother who has real wisdom about the world. And in this time, no other kind of mother will do. No other kind of mother can begin to prepare her children for the conflict of interests, the confusion of values, the groping for

new forms of living, which make up the world in which those same children must some day try to be adults.

So we come to the ironic truth that the mothers who make the best adjustment to the conditions now implicit in our homemaker-mother ideal are by that very adjustment incapable of fulfilling their full obligations as mothers. In their immaturity and isolation they tend to teach their children that it is more important to keep their feet dry than it is to know and understand their world. They are the mothers one hears lamenting the basic principle of life by wishing that their little babies would not grow up. In their loneliness and lack of any real job apart from motherhood, they hover over, lean on, and dominate their children, paralyzing their wills, blocking their way to independence.

In a recent news story a psychiatrist, Edward A. Strecker, flatly states that most of the 2,400,000 psychoneurotics uncovered by the Army are the victims of clinging and domineering mothers. Is it inevitable that the "good" mother in our society will smother her child with love, security, and peace at home, and then, painfully and belatedly, turn him out into a world which, to the complete surprise of both mother and child, commands him to kill and be killed? Surely we require more of motherhood than this.

3

How can modern mothers serve at the same time their children, their men, themselves, and their world? Obviously only by becoming the vital and complete citizens of the world which they wanted and expected to be in the beginning. The answer is so simple that we can only conclude that some overwhelming obstacle stands in the way.

That obstacle, of course, is the homemaker-mother pattern and, more significantly, the prevailing notion, embodied in the modern distortion of that pattern, that mothers must be the constant, hour by hour, day by day, nursemaids and supervisors of their own children.

Child psychologists, who know what havoc a mother can work with her children, have been greatly responsible for perpetuating this notion. Because they see what destruction the wrong maternal feelings can bring to a child, they assume that an equal dose of the right maternal feelings will have the opposite effect. But they are as conspicuously unsuccessful as anybody else in producing the right feelings, and it is unlikely that anyone will be able to produce them by shutting mature women up with small children in crowded city houses for twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year.

The dilemma grows out of a complete confusion over the difference between quantity and quality in a mother-child relationship. So much emphasis has been placed on the emotional meanings involved in

feeding a child or taking it to the toilet or introducing it to a new experience, that conscientious mothers are frequently tense and self-conscious all the time they are with their children and worried all the time their children are with someone else. Because a new sense of their importance and responsibility has been loaded onto mothers at a time when they are least able to accept the traditional pattern of motherhood, the more well-intentioned they are, the more guilty they feel over their longing to spend part of their lives somewhere else. Dissatisfaction, then, leads to guilt, and guilt to despair as they find themselves, consciously or unconsciously, incapable of giving their little children the one thing little children need most — simple, relaxed, whole-hearted love.

Intelligent people in all ages have understood that educated women must do *something* besides tend the very young. Our great-grandmothers took this for granted, and from the perspective of their importantly busy lives would probably be horrified at the concentrated relationship between the modern mother and her child. Though their life was far from ideal, it might even be true that little children brought up by Negro mammies in the South, for instance, were happier, better cared for, and more sensibly loved than the average child now under its educated mother's constant supervision in a modern apartment.

The intelligent, urban-civilized woman has serious shortcomings as a mother. The more "civilized" her way of life, the more eager she is to civilize her child quickly. But this is in direct conflict with the child's own need to progress calmly at its own pace. Perhaps one of the very worst things educated mothers do to their little children is to hurry them. Not because they want to do something really important after the child has hurried, but because they *feel* they have something else important to do.

Could it be that the much maligned "dumb" nursemaid had her points after all, when she was easygoing, relaxed, unambitious, foolishly contented, and childlike with her young charges? Perhaps the superstitions and vulgarities she taught them were far less dangerous than the overanxious, impatient expectations of the intelligent and discontented mother. Not that anyone wants to turn children over to uncivilized or moronic women. But does the sharp conflict between a newborn child and society suggest that babies need totally different qualities in a mother from the qualities required by older, intellectually developing children?

Perhaps the solution to the dilemma is not the seemingly hopeless one of making a good hour after hour relationship between mother and little child, but rather lies in the direction of spreading out the mother role to include significant relationships for the child with father, friends, teachers, and other children. This is exactly what did happen in an earlier rural society, when life was more leisurely, families were large and included many

relatives, and fathers had time really to be fathers. Perhaps the very intensity of the modern continuous, exclusive relationship between mother and child is at the root of two opposite problems — the problem of why mothers neglect and desert their children, and the problem of why they ruin them with too much concentration and too many of the wrong feelings.

Surely if one woman is to be in complete charge of a child twenty-four hours a day for the first five or six years of its life, then it should be a woman who in the depths of her mind and soul honestly has nothing else to do and nowhere else to go. Either we should deprive women of all their education and civilization and send them back to some primitive state of instinctual and timeless life so that they can be happy full-time mothers of small children (a well-known and valuable fascist technique), or we should find a satisfactory way to care for children away from their mothers part of the time so that mothers can be a fully developed, responsible part of the world their children will inherit.

The problem is inherent in the education of women, as many people knew and feared that it would be. It is intrinsic in the fact that the urban way of life has deprived mothers of significant work, separated them from their husbands, and created a physical environment incompatible with the raising of children. It is not a problem which mothers can solve by themselves, nor can psychoanalysts or social workers solve it, though all can bring their knowledge and experience to its solution. It is a social problem which must be solved by whole communities. It means some kind of community plan for the care of homes and of children — and not for a few odd hours now and then, but for several absolutely dependable hours every day.

It is not merely a need for first-class nursery schools in every neighborhood, and community services to reduce the mechanics of homemaking far below the present minimum. It is a need for a new philosophy and pattern of community life, not to destroy the privacy of the family, but to end the isolation of individual mothers and children. It is a need for a community plan which at the same time stimulates more significant relationships and offers more meaningful privacy than most mothers now have.

Only with practical, specific plans for making time available to mothers can we justify our claim that American women are emancipated, and create a new ideal for all women which demands the fullest use of their talent and power. When we have freed all women from the modern curse of the full-time homemaker-mother ideal, more intelligent women will have babies, more women will love and cherish the babies they have, and more women without babies will use their lives to some good end. Without a new ideal and a new plan, women can never be really free or really mature or really appealing, or for that matter, really mothers.

GREENHORN IN ST. LOUIS

by STOYAN CHRISTOWE

1

THE tomato splashed at the nape of my neck. And it was rotten enough. The juice of it felt cold and clammy on my skin. I turned round quickly, and I saw a young face leering at me from one of the doorless hallways which opened directly onto the sidewalk. My hand itched for a stone, and it could aim a stone well, but there were no stones on a city pavement, so instead my hand went to my neck and wiped the mess there.

A man going in the opposite direction stared at me, and made me conscious of the invectives in my own language — Macedonian — bursting from my mouth like firecrackers. With clamped jaws and gnashed teeth I tried to suppress the tears. My eyes and nostrils smarted as if they were peppered, and I gulped some of the wrath that threatened to spill out in tears.

Crossing over to the next block, I became aware that my arm was pressing too hard against my lunch package, and I relaxed the pressure lest it should mash up the two fried eggs and the two bananas neatly wrapped in newspapers and tied with string. The eggs, fried on both sides (an American way), were ensconced by slices of bread to make "sandwiches." Until I came to America three months before, I had never eaten eggs, or anything else, flattened like that between slices of bread — white bread.

As I kept walking I was on my guard, glancing back over my shoulder. I was like a dog that has wandered into a strange neighborhood. The sky was clear and the summer sun was above the flatness across the Mississippi River. There was a haze in the air, and black smoke was rising from the tall chimneys of the barnlike factories that flanked the nearby bank of the great river. The deep, prolonged siren of a steamboat was like a hand pulling at my heartstrings. The stench of a chemical plant across

the street almost stopped my breathing. This was an utterly, radically different world I was in. Even the smells were different. I had never smelled such smells before.

I did not know where this world began and where it ended, where the center of it was, or if there was a center. I could find my way from the house where I lived to the can factory where I worked, and to which I was now going. But where the house and the can factory were in relation to the rest of St. Louis I didn't know, or where St. Louis was in relation to other places in America, or what the other places were. I had no idea where America began or where it ended, what mountains rose athwart it, or what rivers ran across its face. On Sundays, and sometimes in the evenings before it got dark, I went down to the bank of the Mississippi to look at the mighty stream. But where it came from and where it went I didn't know.

I walked down the bleak street and my heart was full of sadness. The tears still welled in my eyes, and I did not know whether they were tears of lingering anger or of loneliness and remoteness. The can factory was still five or six blocks away.

Blocks! Already I knew the difference between a "block" and a "street." Ever since I set foot on American soil, I had been asking questions. I was like a person learning a complicated trade, who has to have some things explained and must deduce others for himself. And I was learning fast, from what was told me by the older immigrants and from intuition. I would find out about that tomato, too. Already I was beginning to perceive the wherefore of it. But I would ask my friend Lambo just the same. Maybe Lambo had had a like experience.

At the next corner I waited for a beer wagon to pass. The beer kegs piled high reminded me of a picture card some "American" had sent home to the village. The picture showed a real American drinking beer from a keg balanced on his stomach, which was bigger than the keg and was a pictorial proof of the bounty that was supposed to be in America.

When the six horses, big as haystacks, with heads like tree stumps, their hoofs pounding on the cob-

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bles, had hauled away their load of beer, I resumed my walk. The tomato still hurt. The rottenness of it hurt. If it had been a stone it would have hurt less. Vaguely I suspected that it was not just a youngster's prank, that there was a more profound reason for it.

I examined my clothing. Everything I had on was American — the blue overalls, the brown shoes that buttoned on the side, with their toes bulging up like fists, the jacket, the flannel cap, the blue shirt with the breast pockets and attached collar. The overalls, the cap, the shirt, were bought absolutely new, the shoes and the jacket my father had bought for me "secondhand" from the Jewish stores on Morgan Street. The jacket was not exactly my size, but it was American, and "sporty" too. I wore it to work but not while I worked. And look at the words I already knew — "sporty," "stylish," "block," "bluff," "two-bits." They were not merely American words I had learned, they were new concepts to me. I knew nothing equivalent in my own language. I was not merely learning a new language, I was learning new things through the language.

My free hand went into my coat pocket and fingered there the little metal hook I used to button my shoes. I had acquired the knack of passing the hook through the buttonhole, catching hold of the button, with a deft twist causing it to pass through the hole. I looked at the single row of buttons, like beads, down the side of the shoe. I was not certain whether the shoes were "stylish," since I had seen some shoes that laced.

Already my head was beginning to buzz like a hive with American words, and some of these words I could put together to make sentences: —

"Vat kind peple yoo?" I had learned that on the train which had brought me from New York to St. Louis.

"Vat yoo nem?" I looked around to see if anybody could hear me. Two Negroes were walking toward me but they were a block away.

"Ao ol you?"

"Semteen."

2

At the entrance to the factory — a four-story brick building — I stopped to wait for Lambo. My eyes scanned the faces, looking for one with dissimilar sides, an upturned nose, and a broad but low forehead. A lame Greek youth who spoke English like an American and operated the punching machine next to me said, "Good morning." As he swung his lame foot upon the steps he looked back and said, "Who you waiting for?" I did not answer, but in repeating the words to myself, as best I could, I had to contort my mouth and the result sounded to me like half barking.

Then I saw the upturned nose sniffing the morning air. "Say, Lambo, a sonababetch hit me with a tomato."

Lambo's black canvas cap with its shiny visor was pushed back so that the mop of black hair could be seen straining down the forehead to reach the eyebrows. The small eyes gleamed, and the right side of the face drew up. The other side seemed to be in a reverie. The words, like a pig's grunt, came from the horizontal nostrils. "Yeah, and a rotten one, wasn't it? A rotten one! Right in the neck, eh? But wait till you get an egg, a stinking one."

"Why?"

Both sides of the face grinned, causing a distortion. "Because you're a Dago, that's why!"

"But we're Macedonians."

"It's all the same. Come on. It's time for the whistle."

Lambo went downstairs to the galvanizing department. I climbed the two flights of stairs to the third floor, where the punching machines stood in rows like people at their morning prayer — with arms folded and heads bowed. An electric bulb in a wire cage, like an image lamp, hung before every machine.

When the whistle blew, the whole floor went into instant action. The axles and the pulleys began to whir; the belts slapped at the wheels. I put my foot on the machine's treadle and my right hand started to feed the punch. So long as I kept my foot on the treadle the punch went up and down automatically, piercing holes in the pieces of metal and bending them so that they looked like ears. As the punch rose the pieces catapulted down a chute into a tub at the back. All that I had to do was to stand by with my foot on the treadle and feed the machine.

My whole body was tuned to the machine's tempo, and worked with a cadence begotten of the machine. At times I was oblivious of the machine, and of my own function, which I could now perform with eyes closed. I would grab a handful of the flat metal pieces and my right hand would flip them into the mold beneath the punch one at a time. If I missed and the punch fell down unprovided for, nothing happened.

I knew that now, and my movements were casual and confident, but on the day I started work, when the foreman — by actual demonstration — had shown me how to operate the punch, I had thought that if the punch did not fall on a piece of metal something dreadful would happen: the machine would break down, or an explosion would occur. As the foreman, after demonstrating for several minutes, had stepped aside and I put my foot on the treadle, I began to work faster than the punch. What with watching for my fingers, and fearing the punch might fall down on an empty mold, I slipped in a piece before the preceding one had been cleared. The punch came down on both pieces, jamming them together. The machine rumbled and shook.

"Slower," said the foreman. "Take it easy. Watch me." He flipped the pieces casually, like

tossing peanuts to a monkey. "See? No hurry." He stepped aside, watched me for several minutes, and walked away.

In a few days I was as good as the foreman. But the not knowing — not knowing the language, not knowing where I was in St. Louis, and where St. Louis was in America — extended to the work I was doing. There was nothing intricate, or difficult, or important about the work. The machine did the work. I didn't even have to count the pieces the machine punched in an hour, or in a day, or in a week. The machine itself counted them; there was a meter at the top which clicked numbers as the punch fell.

Toward the end of each day a man came along to check the number on the meter. At the end of the first week another man came by and asked me my name. He handed me a little envelope with my name written in pencil at the top of it. I opened the envelope and found eight dollars and three shiny quarters. I took this to be my pay. I had expected someone to come along with a bag of money and hand out to me what was coming to me. Instead, a man carried a tray strapped to his shoulders, and in it the envelopes were neatly arranged.

I liked very much the idea of the envelope. It was the first money I had earned in America, or anywhere, and it was a lot of money. With this much money I could buy a horse or a team of oxen in the Old Country.

At the end of another week the same man came by and handed me another envelope. This one contained eleven dollars and some change. I deduced from this — I had to deduce a lot of things — that there was a connection between my pay and the number of pieces I had fed into the machine. And so my ken widened by yet another concept: "piece-work." The faster you worked the more money you earned.

I didn't know what the ear-shaped metal pieces were called, where they came from, where they went, what eventual use they were put to, or why I was punching holes in them.

The ten hours I was yoked to the machine, during which I hardly spoke a word, and only heard the whirring of the wheels and the unvaried, rhythmic pounding of the machines, was a suspension of life, a kind of dehumanization. Of course it was bound up with the pay envelope. That little brown envelope represented six days of insulation from life. And it seemed to me I was paid not so much for doing hard work — for it was not hard work — as for not living.

In the Old Country work was a part of living. Work and life were inextricably bound up together. There was a union between the doer and the thing done. When you pruned the vines you knew why you had to do it, and you could see the sap running from the eye of the slashed vine like tears from a human eye. When you swung the scythe in the meadow you heard the grass sigh as it fell in swaths

at your feet. The scythe itself hissed like a snake as it devoured the flowery grass. Whatever you did in the Old Country you understood. And there was an affinity between living and work, between the sweat of your brow and the tears of the vine, between your own breath and the earth's exhalation.

3

DURING the lunch hour on this day I sat on a window ledge munching my egg sandwich and "reading" the American newspaper in which the sandwiches had been wrapped. On little flat hand trucks, on window ledges, on sheets of tin, in corners, workers ate their lunches in silence. The machines were silent, the wheels and belts and axles at rest. I pored over the paper, staring at words of which I knew neither the meaning nor the pronunciation. The gulf between spelling and pronunciation was so wide I failed to recognize words I already knew by sound. Still I "read."

In four paragraphs of laborious reading I made out three words. This thrilled me. I felt as if the three words were the photographs of people I knew personally. And this tiniest ray of light, this spider-thread connection with the vast unknown which surrounded me, made me feel less alone. I kept poring over words, saying them in my mind over and over again, when I was startled by Lambo's voice.

"What's in the paper?" Lambo's words thrummed at his nostrils like the sounds of a guitar.

"Oh — er — I was just looking at the pictures."

Lambo's overalls and shirt were spangled with silver, dried to the fabric. "Come on down," he said. "I'll show you how I galvanize."

In the basement we walked between pillars of empty pails, fitted one into the other, bottoms up, and came to some huge caldrons along a wall, in which molten metal, the color of silver, bubbled and blistered continuously. With a pair of tongs Lambo clamped a pail and dipped it into one of the caldrons. When he pulled it out the bluish metal was no more and the whole pail glistened in its silver coating.

"That's all there's to it," said Lambo. "Now it's galvanized." He put the pail on a rack to dry.

I looked at the pail for several seconds and suddenly reached out to touch it, but remembering in time that it must be hot I drew back my hand. "Look," I cried to Lambo, "this is what I punch!" I pointed to the ears at the top of the pail where the bail would go. "I punch the holes in them." I said this as if I had made an astonishing discovery.

"Didn't you know that?"

"No! We have pails like these at the flat but I never noticed the ears on them. Just think, Lambo, I do that. I punch the holes. I help make these pails."

"Gimminy, the way you talk for just punching holes! What of it?"

"But now I know what I'm doing. I know why I punch the holes."

"It's still punching holes. What's so wonderful about punching holes?"

"All right, all right, it's nothing."

"Of course it's nothing. It's just holes."

But as I retraced my way between the pillars of pails I could see only the ears and the holes in the ears.

The six o'clock whistle put an end to the whirring of the wheels and axles and the slapping of belts. The machines stood in silent rows. With my jacket over my arm I was walking up Second Street on my way home, but I kept feeding the machine with imaginary bucket ears. My body was tuned to the tempo of the machine, whose metallic clatter kept going in my brain. Crossing over into the block where in the morning I had been struck with the tomato, I began to smart under a fresh wave of anger, and my eyes went to the hallway whence the tomato had come. There was no one there now.

4

Just before reaching Plum Street, where I lived, I stopped for a minute to look in the window of an Assyrian coffeehouse. The narghile, the trays of *baklava* and Turkish delight, and the little copper coffeepots and tiny blue porcelain cups with gilt edges advertised a different world inside, a miniature Oriental world set up here to comfort the immigrants who spent their days in the factories. Sunday visits at the coffeehouse were as regular as churchgoing in the village. The men cut short their sleep in order to spend a couple of hours at the Balkan. It was the only diversion in the otherwise routine existence, if it were not itself part of the routine.

But the coffeehouse worried my father. Habitual attendance at the Balkan was the first step away from the strait and narrow path of work and save; away from the Old Country toward the temptations of America. To be sure, the coffeehouse was anything but America. In fact, it was very much the Old Country. But it opened the door to America. Not that my father had anything against America. In truth, he had an awesome respect for the America that printed the dollar bills and gave you a piece of paper which you sent across the ocean to the Old Country, where it was converted into gold coins. He knew the America that had built the locomotives and the big St. Louis Terminal was mighty, but what had he, or I, his son, to do with that America?

"The Americans will never give us the easy jobs, my son," my father had told me. "It'll be coal shoveling, engine wiping for us. You can't strike roots here. You'll always be a stranger here."

I felt sorry for my father. As soon as I had arrived in St. Louis I had noticed the change in him. A lean, wiry man with a small-featured face, but

strong, there had always been about him a tough, tempered strength. Now he looked haggard. Two years in America with the tight routine of travail and thrift had dwarfed him. He seemed stripped of his patriarchal authority and innate dignity. He looked weak and helpless. For the first time I felt bigger and stronger than my father, and wondered whether it was my own growth or America that had produced the diminution in my father's stature.

My father had never wanted me to come to America; had written to me time and time again not to come. Yet I had become a victim of the Americanism that had possessed the people in all the villages. Dollars, pantaloons, neckties and silk shirts, pencils that needed no sharpening, and pens that wrote without being dipped in inkwells had acted like magic, had disturbed the lives of thousands of people. Good people who crossed themselves at mealtime, fathers and husbands, clean people. God-fearing people. America put greed in their hearts and cleverness in their minds. My father had become a victim of that epidemic. He saw the deception, but it was too late. He saw the dreadful things America had done to young men who had left the village with healthy bodies and clean minds. Look at them now! The blight was on them. He would go back to his own world, where he was a man, and he would build houses again.

Yes, houses! It seemed like a dream now, the engine wiper building houses. They were small houses, but they had windows and doors and some of them had balconies overlooking little courts paved with flagstones. He built these houses for people to live in, to live like human beings, as God meant for them to live. The houses had cupboards in them, and kneading troughs, and weaving looms, and fireplaces. What's a house without a fireplace? A church without an altar. A man without a soul.

He would be a *Maistor* again and build houses, my father would. People would honor him and call him *Maistor*. He could lay bricks and stones and fit window frames into walls, rig up roofs and do all kinds of carpentering. He could hew out a plow from the crooked branch of a beech tree, or a wheel hub from a tree stump. And he could make wedding chests and flour chests, cart wheels, mill wheels, vats, wine barrels. His trousers might have been patched in the Old Country but his soul was intact. Here the pants must not be patched, even though the body may be fouled by disease and the soul moldering.

My father was here only with his body. His mind, his heart, his whole being, were back in the homeland where life had meaning for him, where life was rooted in decency and dignity. The man he worked for there was his host and not his boss. That was because he was building him a house to live in, or a barrel to keep his wine in, or a wedding chest for his daughter. He could sit down with him for a glass of brandy or a cup of Turkish coffee.

This America was boring into his life like a worm into an apple, hollowing out the soundness.

Those old-fashioned, "backward" immigrants like my father, who never spent a nickel without first, or afterward, thinking of it in terms of its equivalent in Old Country coin, Paskal, the proprietor of the coffeehouse, had dubbed the "Pharisees." The others, the show-off treaters, the spenders, he called "Sports." I came to know that those who deserved the latter appellation were in step with the place and the times; that, as much as possible, they were living and behaving like Americans. They worked to earn money with which to enjoy life, to have a good time, to wear good clothes. They were contemptuous of the Pharisees and their preachment of tight economy. In other words, being a Sport meant more than merely being a good spender and a good liver; it also meant, in a way, being an American. To the Pharisees it was just a fancy word for bum.

Even at this early stage I suspected that the Sports were not really Americanized but, being bewitched by the idea, played at being Americans. For one thing, was it really American to spend everything you earned? The Sports did that. Unlike the Pharisees, who cut each other's hair, washed their own clothes, kept house on a coöperative basis, the Sports lived in furnished rooms, which was the height of extravagance, ate their meals in the restaurants, sent their wash to the laundry, and went to the barbershops to have their hair trimmed.

I could spot a Sport on sight. They all dressed "stylish," spoke English among themselves, and hummed American songs. They carried American newspapers, folded up to fit into the coat pocket. It was obvious that this was for effect, since some of them, I knew well, couldn't read our own language, let alone English. I had known most of them as plowboys and shepherd boys and as just plain village youths. Now they looked and behaved as if they had never seen a village. The Sports put on all kinds of airs, and had even changed their names. Vasil became "Bill"; Dimiter, "James"; Sotir, "Sam"; Kosta, "Gus." They also had given each other descriptive American nicknames — "Shorty," "Baldy," "Slim," "Hi there, Fatty!" Every gesture, every movement they made, the way they smoked, the way they laughed even, curling up their lips to show their gold teeth, bespoke America. They smoked ready-made cigarettes. When they went up on Broadway or Sixth Street they never took anyone along who was not a Sport, who might, by his mustaches, by not wearing a collar and tie, or by speaking his own language in the street, give them away as not being Americans.

The Sports played pool. Somehow I understood that pool was a gentleman's game, not a game for peasants. To play pool with all the trimmings, the preenings and posturings, was an achievement and an eloquent proof of one's removal from the world of the Pharisees into that of the Sports.

I was so taken in by the sight of erstwhile plow-

men playing that no matter how interesting the conversations at the table, if there was a pool game going on I would rather be there to watch it.

5

EVERY time I went to the coffeehouse I learned something new. It was true that the people who patronized the place were not Americans. They were my own people. But all of them had been in America longer than I, some of them for many years. And they all knew a thing or two. They interlarded our tongue with English words and phrases, some of which were thrown in whole, without any change, like "datsol," "surenuff," "'course." Others were nationalized; "wipam enginia"; "feelam bad"; "workam na carshopo"; "drinkam Coca-Cola." At the coffeehouse people spoke of other cities, where they had friends and relatives, from whom they received letters. Butte, Detrovitch, Milvoki, Indianapolis, Kalamazoo. Where were these places? How did Macedonian peasants ever find these places?

I listened to the conversation. Unfamiliar words, strange names, poured from the mouths of these familiar people grown different. One of them was a "molder," another a "chipper," still another a "coremaker." All of them had been plowmen in the Old Country. One young fellow was a "busboy," and still another a "bellhop" in a hotel. These two seemed to be in a class by themselves.

All of them gathered here on Sundays to exchange news, to discourse on politics, on things intellectual and sociological. They spoke of things which I vaguely understood. But I listened intently, devouring the new words. A young man with a shock of black hair and pockets stuffed with newspapers was saying something about "production," "distribution," "exploitation." What did it all mean? Where did these people learn such words?

Paskal went from table to table, beaming at them. He patted me on the shoulder. There were other coffeehouses along Second Street, but they all had the stigma of "poolrooms." The Balkan as run by Paskal was a high-class establishment. Here, too, there was a pool table, but it did not occupy the center of the floor. It was in a kind of alcove. For reasons of business, Paskal made you understand, he put up with a single pool table. It was the coffeehouse proper that was the main thing with him. And he took pride in the fact that his coffeehouse was the rendezvous for the "intelligentsia." All these big words! Still Paskal did not discourage the patronage of simple folk, providing they came like "gents" and not in overalls and in shirt sleeves. If someone did commit such an error, he was not requested to leave. The learned Paskal had a way of looking at him which made a repetition of the indiscretion quite improbable.

Paskal did the same with those who tried to get familiar with the girl who served the drinks. You

could look at the girl and enjoy giving your order to her. But that was all. She was there to attract business, and she was for everybody. For the colony was a man's world, and it was a fine thing to have a pretty girl wipe the table and swish her skirt by you. Many gave repeat orders just for the pleasure of having the girl come over and look at them and say in her sweet voice, "What do you wish to drink?" And she always smiled.

On Sundays Paskal was in his element. He went from table to table bestowing compliments on his patrons. He was a shrewd man, and he had many clever ways of sponsoring customs and initiating practices which would redound to his profit. To bring people into the coffeehouse was one thing, to make them order liberally was another. And Paskal fostered the habit of "treating" by flattering those that indulged in it. He would sit at their table and accept them as his equals, which was no small honor, for Paskal was the intellectual leader of the colony. The light in which he viewed the behavior of people carried weight with everybody. People wanted to be in his good graces so as not to be spoken of disparagingly by Paskal, who had a bitter tongue and could make up stinging epithets. If Paskal despised you and called you "professor" you could be certain that you were regarded as a

simpleton; but if he called you a "simpleton" or a "wooden philosopher," that meant you had some intelligence.

And Paskal made it clear by his attitude that treating was modern, progressive, civilized, and typically American. Conscious of this, the "treaters" were something to behold. They blushed as those whom they treated lifted the glasses and bowed in their direction in acknowledgment of the friendly gesture. Until the next round of drinks they were in the spotlight, and they left all conversation to the others, or to Paskal if he happened to be at the table. And Paskal in his own ingenious way managed to turn the conversation to the celebrity of the moment, and pay tribute to his progressivism. He was never at a loss for a compliment.

Because of my youth I did not have to treat, but I well understood that if any of the older men were at a table where treating was in rotation and they did not fall into line they'd remember it with shame for many a day. So one treat begot another, and Paskal the begetter of it, acting as host, master of ceremonies, moral and social arbitrator, political commentator, and news purveyor, with his eyes on the patrons and his ears tuned to the ring of the cash register, went about from table to table with the benign air of a visiting bishop.

(To be continued)

CHURCH ON WATER

by ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

ALWAYS in music, nights and days and years,
Will this small church by the river be,
Where the green water curves over the cliffs
And goes down white and steep into the sea.

Never, to sing the old Creator's praise,
Will this house be without young congregations,
For, all the Aprils, teeming alewives come
Climbing these singing falls in their white nations.

So lucky the people are who worship here
Beside the running children old as dawn,
Waters going to sea and fish to land,
Children the years can put no weariness on.

Men and women in this happy house
Can look out from good faces and good words
And see good winds and waters going by,
Blue herons and white seagulls, the clean birds.

It should be easy to believe between
Organs of falling waters and the sea,
Here feet and fins and wings are cousinly,
Time is the small brother to eternity.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

VOLCANO

by PAULINE RUSH FADIMAN

WE WERE prepared to dislike them, even before they appeared, because we had hoped to ride to the volcano without an extra American couple in our car. But the road leading from the town of Uruapan—where the nearest hotels were—to the volcano at Paricutin did not indulge the snobbism of one tourist for another. Its jagged lava surface was too rough for us to make use of the little car in which Miguel, our paragon guide, had driven Eleanor and me down from Mexico City. Only the heavy public cars with reinforced parts and special tires could make the trip; and even these, Miguel explained with satisfaction, took such a bastinado on the volcanic rubble that they rarely lasted more than a year.

To kill some time we had tried to have tea in the hotel dining room but, vanquished by the hordes of flies there, we had left too early for the scheduled departure hour. By four o'clock we had already been waiting almost a half hour in one of these big cars in front of the Hotel Mirador (rated in the guidebook as the finest hotel in Uruapan, a point we should never be hardy enough to put to the test) for the American couple to come out. If they didn't appear soon, we should miss seeing the volcano by daylight.

Eleanor had just leaned over to the front seat

PAULINE RUSH FADIMAN makes her first appearance in the *Atlantic* with a short story which had its origin in Mexico. "When I visited the Paricutin volcano the summer before last, it moved me more deeply than anything in nature I had ever seen and set me wondering how some of the people there might be affected by such a unique experience; which, in turn, gave me the nucleus for this story."

Mrs. Fadiman (who is the wife of Clifton Fadiman) was for nine years the editor of *Child Study Quarterly* and in charge of publications for the Child Study Association of America. Now she has withdrawn from editing to devote more time to writing.

to say to our guide, "Miguel, can't you please get the driver to start soon, even if those people don't show up?" when I saw them hurrying towards us.

They seemed to be moving at the same rate, but Mr. Eakers (the couple's name, where they had come from, and where they were going after Uruapan, had already been determined by Miguel) walked at a calm pace, while his wife trolled her heavy weight beside him in uneven spurts. Held out straight in front of him, like a votive offering, he was carrying the two lunch boxes which the hotel provided for the tourists' evening meal. Mrs. Eakers wasn't carrying anything, though she trailed extensively—an extra sweater, a scarf, a steamer blanket, and two veils. "Dress warmly and protect your face from the dust," advised Toor's *New Guide to Mexico*, and Mrs. Eakers complied. She was, I discovered later, the kind of woman who stoutly prefers her own judgment to that of all other human beings, but who slavishly follows any suggestion printed in a guidebook. Though Miguel explained that the lava dust at Paricutin had settled more than a year ago, Mrs. Eakers took the veils. She would continue to protect her face until the next edition appeared.

As he squeezed into the little bracket seat in front of his wife, Mr. Eakers bowed courteously to us. His face bore the constrained look of an amiable man who has been kept waiting too long. "I am deeply sorry to have delayed you," he said in a pleasant formal voice, while his wife began to embroider on his words with loose phrases, most of them complaining. The veins on her flushed face grew purple as she recalled how the tires of their car had become so overheated that they couldn't make the Mirador until three o'clock, no, it was a quarter past three, the stupid hotel boy had

brought up every valise except the one she really wanted, why hadn't the guidebook warned about needing slacks for the horseback trip — at the last minute she had had to alter these corduroy pants of Mr. Eakers, she hoped she didn't look too silly in them.

Her husband shifted in his seat and smiled uneasily, his eyes begging us to consider Mrs. Eakers's talk as her little joke. I was so fascinated by his peculiar hair that I did not at first notice what a handsome face he had, rather like a kindly Roman emperor. His gray-blond hair grew low on his forehead, forming a thick halo, then it ended at the center in an astonishing bald spot. This patrician-Foxy Grandpa air was at once appealing. About forty-eight or forty-nine, I thought, and amused myself by wondering, if I inquired his age of Miguel, how long it would take our guide to manage a look at Mr. Eakers's tourist card and produce the exact figure.

We had just come to the outskirts of Uruapan, and our car began to pick up speed, when Mrs. Eakers screamed, "Stop, oh, do stop!" The car shuddered to a halt. Mrs. Eakers was pointing towards one of the lovely public *huertas* which line the edge of the town and where, almost hidden in the tropical vegetation, an Indian woman was sitting behind a circle of gourds and platters decorated in the blatant Tarascan patterns of the local lacquer ware. "That large black tray there, with the blue and orange flowers, that's exactly what I've been looking for. I'll just be a few minutes," she said, placing both hands behind her and beginning to raise her bulk from the seat.

Mr. Eakers put a restraining hand on her shoulder, but it kept on rising. "Please don't, dear, we've already kept these good people waiting too long. I'm sure you'll be able to buy it tomorrow."

"No, no, it'll be gone by tomorrow. You know I've been looking all over for just that kind of a tray." And she stood up now, her knees pushing against her husband in the bracket seat.

Mr. Eakers's face had a controlled set which seemed to indicate that he was not going to permit this delay. But as his wife's voice rose in pitch, he must have recognized some portent which made him decide that it would take less time to buy the thing than to dissuade her from it. "I shall make this just as quick as possible," he said to us in a low tone, and helped his wife out of the car. After about ten minutes of what Mrs. Eakers patently considered expert Mexican bargaining, in her heavy-tongued Spanish, they came back with the enormous floral platter, which Mr. Eakers jammed between his legs before his wife could ask us to admire it.

"The volcano at Paricutin," he began at once, eager to clear the air of the incident, "ought to be a wonderful spectacle. I've always been interested in volcanoes, but I've never seen a live —"

"Yes," cut in Mrs. Eakers, "it's the one thing

in Mexico he's really crazy to see. I don't know why the idea of this volcano in action appeals to him so much. I must say he hasn't cared for any of the famous sights around Mexico City, imagine, not even for the floating gardens of Xochimilco!"

"Floating gardens of *Coca-Cola* and *Carta Blanca*," said Mr. Eakers softly, "why can't they let you alone?"

"You see," his wife went on, "I would rather have gone to the Indian market at Oaxaca, but we didn't have time to do both, so we're having it his way. I certainly hope this volcano will be worth it. You know, I can tell by the guidebook, though they don't come right out with it, that it's an awful trip."

2

I COULD hear Miguel in the front seat clearing his throat, like an actor awaiting his cue, for the right pause in the conversation to begin his lecture on Paricutin. A "graduated guide," as the card in the scrolled frame in his own car proclaimed him, Miguel had carefully memorized all the information in the two guidebooks on Mexico and in his exhaustive collection of pamphlets issued by the *Asociación Mexicana de Turismo*. He was proud of his English, which was fluent though foreign, — as a boy he had lived in San Antonio, Texas, — and conscientious about improving it. It was for this reason, he said handsomely, that he liked to travel with us: he could benefit by our good vocabulary. Whenever Eleanor or I used a word unfamiliar to him — and we soon began to grow self-conscious about our chatter in the back seat — he would ask, "Definition, please, pronunciation? And one idiomatic example?" All this he would neatly put down in its alphabetical order in a notebook with homemade index tabs of adhesive tape. We liked to travel with Miguel because he was the only driver in Mexico who could describe something without taking both hands off the wheel.

"Now this volcano at Paricutin," he began, "is the only true volcano to break forth in the Western Hemisphere for more than a century — our only living volcano. Paricutin may be considered the world's baby volcano, because it erupted less than two and a half years ago, on February 20, 1943. I will tell you the curious story."

Miguel's voice had changed to his special lecture voice and Eleanor and I smiled at each other as we discerned the quotation marks gathering round his words. Mrs. Eakers nudged her husband to pay attention (he was already listening with absorption), and settled back in her seat, obviously pleased at their opportunity to profit by this free guide service.

"On that day," Miguel continued, "a peasant, Dionisio Pulido, is plowing his peaceful cornfield, when he feels the earth growing very warm under his bare feet." And he told us the now celebrated

story of how Dionisio had thought it was the devil himself coming out of the ground and had run to his priest to pray for his sins, and how they had found, when they returned to the crack in the earth, that the cone of the volcano had already formed, and in a few days the little hill had grown into a mountain which has been growing ever since.

"How high is it now?" asked Mr. Eakers.

"More than 1200 feet."

Leaning forward with his elbows on the back of Miguel's seat, Mr. Eakers gave a low whistle of admiration, and our guide expanded towards his rapt listener. Miguel had now reached his high point—El Paricutin. This was his special love, what he always called "the attraction of the century," and he burst with pride in showing it off. Mostly his eyes were turned in admiration towards the ways of *Norteamérica*; he was only depressed by the picturesque side of Mexico which he had to show to his clients. But Paricutin, that was for him the unique achievement of the new Mexico.

"Well, you can imagine how the countryside is soon transformed from a region of pastoral peace to a scene of desolation. During the first few days the lava flows out of the volcano in a stream 3000 feet wide, devouring everything in its path, and soon an area of more than a million square yards is inundated. Imagine how hot it is—even three weeks after the lava begins to burst out of the mouth of the volcano, when the pyrometer measures the temperature, it is still 1600 degrees Fahrenheit!

"As the peasants of the region flee their punishment, with their bellowing cattle running before them and birds dropping out of the sky dead, they meet thousands of tourists and scientists going in the opposite direction. For the first time a volcano comes under scientific observation from the day of its birth. I arrived on the third day and never shall I forget the spectacle which greeted me! Even the victims of the cataclysm have to stop in their tracks to look back—fortunately there have been plenty of warnings and nobody is killed—lost in admiration of this miracle of nature. It has a beauty which is from another world—our people believe it is a tangible message from the Apocalypse. One might say that the flames of Paricutin accomplish a purifying action in the hearts of men."

This eloquent flight from the *Revista de México* Eleanor and I had read in the hotel lobby the night before. But Mr. Eakers seemed startled by the message; his bald head inclined eagerly as he asked Miguel if he would please say it again. It was repeated, this time with such dramatic relish that Eleanor and I had to stare hard in opposite directions to keep from laughing. Mr. Eakers had not taken his eyes off Miguel during the entire lecture and his absorbed face was a rebuke to us. For him the message held a clear meaning.

We had now turned off the highway from Uruapan and onto the road which led to Paricutin. On either side, in waves of powdery soot several feet deep,

stretched miles of absolutely black fields. The descent of volcanic ash had withered all of the old plant life and covered over every human vestige in the village of Paricutin. Only the twin spires of the church and the tops of the taller trees could still be seen, stripped of their leaves and beaten into crazy shapes, like trees in a dream. But out of this desolate blackness, tiny new plants of white poppies had sprung to life, and their paper whiteness gleamed unreal against the fields of black ash.

3

THE road itself had become a bed of jagged rubble, broken up by deep fissures of ash and mud. It was the kind of road which, encountered anywhere else on earth, a sensible driver would have correctly judged as impassable. But our powerful car went over it, at eight miles an hour, swaying like a camel, the driver fighting to keep the wheels from sinking into the soft ash. For the first time I understood the phenomenon of car sickness, something I had always dismissed as a fantasy, but which now loomed up as a most reasonable—indeed, as a predestined—reality. For a few minutes I comforted myself with the idea of changing places with Miguel in what I hoped was the less convulsive front seat; but a glance at Eleanor and Mrs. Eakers showed me that their inner feelings were no happier than mine. So I closed my eyes, wondering dully how Mr. Eakers could still be leaning forward to listen so alertly. By this time, Miguel had given up the attempt to hold the attention of the women and was addressing his rich flow of details about Paricutin solely to Mr. Eakers.

It was pure bliss to get out of the car at San Juan de las Colchas, a tiny settlement where one changes to horses. Our malaise vanished as soon as our feet touched the ground, and Eleanor and I walked about in the afternoon sun in an ecstasy of good feeling, watching the groups of tourists mounting their horses. Miguel, who had gone off to arrange about our horses, came back looking red and angry. "That *desgracia* of a driver," he said, his English becoming jumbled in his indignation, "he's tipped off the horse owners that a big party of Cook's comes here. So now they want thirty pesos instead of twenty for each horse. Never do I pay more than twenty. Besides, it is the crazy thing, I know that there is no such party in Uruapan now—nobody will not arrive."

He was anxious for us to wait and prove that he was right so that we could have the horses at the regular price. Mr. Eakers restrained his impatience and tried a tactful bit of persuasion. First he warmly expressed his agreement with Miguel's view, and then, even more warmly, depicted our eagerness to start at once. Mollified at last, Miguel came back with five horses, each one led by a local Tarascan Indian.

As soon as we had mounted, Mrs. Eakers asked Miguel, "Do you think you could get a mule for me instead? I just remember reading that they're much more sure-footed." One of the Indian guides went off with her horse and another came back with a mule. This turned out to be cheaper than a horse and set off some complication in the refunding of money. Mrs. Eakers mounted the mule. She decided that the animal was too small, the stirrups too short, for her comfort. Could she have the horse back again? I avoided looking at Mr. Eakers.

After we had started at last and gone about half-way up the mountain, we came to a landing place, a circular plateau where all the tourists had dismounted to examine the huge mounds of smoldering fresh lava which piled up here on the way down from the crater. The heat of this lava was of a curious sort. When you threw in a stick, it did not blaze up. It just disappeared, quietly eaten up by the intense heat. Mr. Eakers and Miguel leaned over the lava ridge, throwing in one stick after another and watching them being consumed. Mrs. Eakers stood turned aside, waiting for the nonsense to be over.

The rumbling of the volcano came to us clearly now, and whenever it started, Mr. Eakers would raise his head as if in answer to a beckoning call. Paricutin seemed very close and the air was electric with its excitement. In the distance we could see clouds of smoke from the central crater curling their fantastic trail up to the sky. Miguel told us that the thunderous explosions we now heard sometimes wilted the courage of the more timid travelers, who turned back at this spot.

It was hot here, but we were grateful for the warmth because a cold wind had chilled us during the last part of the ride. As we stood warming ourselves in the heat of the lava, we suddenly felt the pleasant glow being doused. A driving tropical rain came down and we ran for shelter to a large, leafless tree. Most of the tourists began making preparations for the return. Our Indian guides collected in a huddle near the horses, and after a few minutes of consultation, one of them came to us and explained that it was a much heavier rain than usual and that it might be too difficult to make the ascent tonight.

With alacrity Mrs. Eakers started to gather up her things, saying to her husband, "I knew we should have gone to Oaxaca instead. Come, we're going down now."

Eleanor and I looked at each other with resignation, prepared to turn back. Then I saw Mr. Eakers's face: he was *not* resigned to missing the volcano. It was plain, however, that he didn't know what to do about it. "Don't you think we could wait a bit?" he appealed to me. "I'm sure this rain will let up soon."

His look of pure yearning was not to be resisted. "Of course," I heard myself lying, "we never thought of giving up now."

Mrs. Eakers came between us, digging her elbow

into me in her haste, her eyes glaring at us from under her dripping eyebrows. "I can handle this myself, thank you, we're *not* going up a mountain in this awful rain. And I know enough Spanish to understand that these guides said it would be too slippery for the horses. It's just too dangerous. Come on, Alfred, we're going back now," she said, and the assurance in her voice was compelling, like that of a nursery school teacher who knows she has only to say a thing with enough positive expectation, then the child can do nothing but comply. By this time Mr. Eakers's face had a determined set too, though his eyes had a troubled look which said he had not yet found the way that would allow him to see the volcano. Eleanor and I now cared passionately to go up, and Miguel instinctively ranged himself on our side. Mrs. Eakers began walking towards the horses and called to her husband in a tense voice, "You coming, Alfred?"

The air was charged with currents of hostility. I prayed that Miguel's resourcefulness would clear the impasse for us. It did. He began talking very fast and with authority. Of course the lady should not go up against her wish; luckily there was a fine shelter at San Juan de las Colchas where he would arrange for her to be warm and comfortable until we returned from our trip in "*una pequeña hora*." For her part the lady's mordacious look showed plainly that she hated us all, that she resented our interference in a matter she could have managed with ease by herself. Mr. Eakers stuck closely to our little group while Miguel helped his wife onto her horse and gave instructions to the sullen-looking guide who was going back with her.

4

WE started up the mountain again, and after we had ridden for about ten minutes in the drenching rain, our guides remembered that under the saddles were some rubber ponchos. They served now only to plaster our dripping garments still closer. The second half of the ascent became much steeper, the ground changing from thick mud to volcanic rock and rolling stones over which our horses stumbled frequently, recovering themselves always, however, with the ease born of routine. In front of me I could hear Mr. Eakers humming to himself in a cheerful monotone. Suddenly, in the same way it had begun, without warning, the rain stopped and we finished our ride squinting into the rays of the setting sun.

When we reached the summit it was already twilight, which meant that we would not be able to see the volcano by daylight as well as at night, as the guidebook advises. But as we came upon the clearing whence the cone of the volcano was visible, I realized that if we had arrived earlier we should not have seen the spectacle in the breathtaking way it burst upon us now against the darkened sky. Here it was — the volcano at Paricutin. I had been pre-

pared for an unusual tourist sight, but this transcended the purple passages in the travel literature. It was in truth not a sight at all: it was a huge, living, moving experience. The volcano varied from day to day in its periods of rest and activity, and tonight it was putting on an extravagant performance. Every twenty seconds or so there was a roaring explosion, followed by a column of foaming red smoke, hot boulders, and lava which hurled itself thousands of feet into the air. From the center of the crater, flames shot out in glowing tracer streaks, then, pulled by gravity, plumed gracefully back again in a fountain of titanic fireworks.

There was something buoyant and heartwarming about the scene. It did not dwarf or depress you the way some of nature's other grand spectacles do — the Grand Canyon, for instance, which hits you like the end of the world. This *feu de joie* at Parícutin seemed lit by a prodigal hand, setting off millions of Roman candles. It had a lively, excessive quality and the effect was exhilarating. We stood there, the four of us, in a little half circle and found ourselves smiling at each other in an expansion of good feeling. The look of elation on Mr. Eakers's face gave me an impulse to congratulate him in some way, to shake hands or pat him on the back, and I put out my arm; but in doing so, I caught myself self-consciously and pretended to be looking at my wrist watch. "Pretty fine, isn't it?" I concluded fatuously.

I had to strain to catch his voice above the thundering cannonade of the volcano. "Yes, it's wonderful," he said. "And these boiling clouds of smoke — don't they seem like a sample of the awful forces inside the earth? All the hidden energies seem to be escaping, bubbling out of their imprisonment here. Yet this volcano is so beautiful — it's not frightening, it rather fills one with confidence, don't you think?" The words, as he spoke them, did not sound pompous.

Miguel came up to us and pointed out, over towards the left of where we stood, a stream of red lava which was spilling out from the crater and coursing slowly down the mountainside like a broad moving street of fire. He also showed us how Parícutin was still growing: over at the far end we could make out a new crater, a "cinder cone" which was being born tonight. These things Miguel demonstrated as if he himself had helped to produce Mexico's phenomenon for us. To get a better view, he led Eleanor and me (for the moment he abandoned Mr. Eakers, conscientiously remembering that he was *our* paid guide) up to a higher wooded place. We started walking over to the edge and Miguel called out to us to be careful of the precipitous drop there.

"Aren't you glad we didn't turn back?" Eleanor asked. "Did you notice how ecstatic our Mr. Eakers looks — and to think that female almost made him miss it all."

I held on to a tree and looked down over the

precipice. "Too bad she didn't come. Boy, this would make an ideal spot for quietly shoving off the witch wife." We hadn't counted on the wind, and as I spied Mr. Eakers approaching us I realized that our words had carried to him. He didn't pretend not to have overheard.

His lips were pursed in an expression of shock, but his eyes were unmistakably good-humored. "There now," he chided, "it's not so bad as you think. She just wants to have her own way, like lots of other people. Like myself, for instance — today, at least."

"Well, I hope we haven't crossed her too much by coming up here, that we haven't made it awkward for you," I said, calculating to extract all the drama I could from the situation.

"No, no," he protested quickly, "this is worth anything. But there won't be any trouble now. 'A hard beginning maketh a good ending,' you know. I've already done the hardest thing, the first step, in getting up here. My wife won't mind now."

I wanted to ask, "The first step towards what?" but I felt that his words had slipped out involuntarily and that he wouldn't like to be pressed about their meaning. Besides, I could see by Mr. Eakers's face that I had already been too importunate.

"Come," he said, taking Eleanor and me each by an arm, "let's go back and watch those amazing fireworks."

5

WHEN we returned to the clearing, the last bit of daylight was gone; the only illumination came from a bonfire which some Indian boys had built near the small government shelter. They squatted cross-legged around the fire singing the Mexican song "Amor, Amor, Amor" in a dirge-like repetition, or wrestling aimlessly with each other and shouting in gleeful horror whenever one of them was almost pushed into the fire. All the time they kept a keen eye on the tourists; the moment a tourist came to the end of the box lunch, a boy would dart out of the circle and stand by, a little to the side, waiting to carry off the remains. I don't know how they arranged it, but these Mexican youngsters never quarreled over their spoils. Occasionally one of them would eat a sandwich, but most of the food was piled up against the wall of the shelter to be taken back to their families.

The four of us sat down on a log facing the volcano and opened our cardboard boxes. Mr. Eakers didn't seem to be hungry. He ate nothing except an orange, then walked over to the bonfire and handed the intact meal of dry sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, and raisin cake to the smallest boy in the group, who was hopping around the fire on one leg, calling attention to his performance by chanting in a piercing staccato. The startled boy repeated his *gracias* several times, while Mr. Eakers

patted him on the head; he then ran off and started dancing around the fire again, still on one leg, showing off his full box. This time the older boys watched him with some admiration.

When Mr. Eakers came back, he sat down by himself at the end of our log and contemplated the volcano. Against the dead-black sky, the rock-ets of fire were now outlined with sharp flamboyance. Even after the first wonder of Paricutin wore off, it still held a fierce charm — the magic of a hearth fire, magnified a million times. We sat there for about a half hour in silence. The moon came up radiantly in the thin mountain air and an absolute quiet blanketed the place after most of the tourists and all of the Indian boys had departed; our guides lay sprawled against the wall of the shelter, asleep. Hypnotized by the fire, I had not realized how cold it had become until I put my hands up to my hair and found myself unable to manipulate my fingers. I rubbed my hands, and Eleanor and Miguel by contagion began to do the same. Soon there was a general stamping of numb feet. Only Mr. Eakers sat quietly. I hated to end the spell for him, but I was grateful when Miguel thought to explain what an enormous difference in temperature we had passed through from the tropical day at Uruapan to the night air up here. Too courteous to ignore our hints, Mr. Eakers began reluctantly to rise. "Would you like to start back now?" he asked, pulling out his watch and tilting it to catch the moon's rays. "Good Lord, it's nine o'clock!" I thought with satisfaction of Mrs. Eakers waiting her "little hour" at San Juan de las Colchas all this time.

Miguel woke up the guides and we remounted our horses stiffly. The ride down was probably much more dangerous than the ascent, but dazed and numb with cold, we felt no sensation, not even when the horses skidded down the steep, wet grades. I settled back in the cradle saddle and clung shamelessly to the pommel, my eyes shut. The flames of the volcano danced cheerfully before my closed eyes, and whenever I half opened them, I could see that Eleanor and Miguel were also riding drowsy and relaxed. Mr. Eakers, however, sat up straight in his saddle, whistling softly and looking up at the red glow in the sky, or patting his horse now and then when it recoiled at the loose stones.

As we neared the shelter at San Juan de las Colchas, coming up from the valley, I could make out the figure of Mrs. Eakers standing in the doorway above us. The lamplight behind her outlined her arms spread against the door jambs like a statue of Deliberating Justice. Mr. Eakers rode up abreast of me and both of us watched her. The sight of her filled me with a dim uneasiness and all at once I knew that the thought which occurred to me now had also flashed on him at the same moment: Why hadn't we arranged to have Mrs. Eakers go back to the hotel in one of the cars which

had left hours ago? It would have been very simple; only the urgency of our desire to get her out of the way quickly, before she could interfere with our going up to the volcano, had blocked such a sensible procedure. I felt an apprehension about this long wait — that it might somehow put a bad ending to Mr. Eakers's "first step."

As we dismounted we all waved and called to Mrs. Eakers with forced cheerfulness. She did not upbraid us for being late, and as we piled silently into the car, I grew more apprehensive. Miguel invited Mr. Eakers to share the front seat with himself and the driver, and the suggestion was accepted with disproportionate enthusiasm.

Jolting our way back on the volcanic road, the return trip seemed endless to us, but not so painful as the approach, because now the darkness obscured the rolling landscape. I went into a sort of trance, fixing my mind only on the bright image of a hot bath at the hotel. All the excitement of Paricutin I put away as something to think about tomorrow. In my let-down state Mr. Eakers receded from my consciousness, and when thoughts of him floated back to me, they left me with a vague depression, a feeling that I had wholly made up the little drama of his transfiguration. He was a good-natured fool who let himself be imposed upon by a malevolent one. They were a very sorry couple indeed.

Mrs. Eakers's unpleasant voice broke into my stupor. "You know," she was saying to her husband, "we won't get back to Uruapan before half past eleven. So we can't be in bed until midnight, so I don't know how you expect us to get up at six and start out as we planned. We'll never get to Mexico City in time for our dinner date with the Hardys. You've certainly messed things up."

Yes, she would have the last word, she would make him feel guilty and spoil the wonder of Paricutin for him. I roused myself to catch his answer. Now, however, I no longer had any urge to protect him or even to feel sorry for him.

Mr. Eakers turned his head at a sharp right angle and the cigarette he was smoking lit up his Roman-emperor profile with its odd fringe of hair. He did not reply at once, but slowly blew out a lingering puff of smoke. Then his voice carried back to us distinctly. "No, dear, we are not leaving in the morning. As long as we're here, I'm going up for another look at the volcano tomorrow. It will give you a chance to enjoy it too."

I tried to avoid catching Eleanor's eye, afraid that Mrs. Eakers would intercept the gloating elation which spread between us. But she didn't even glance our way. She just sat there wordlessly with a twisted look of shock and resignation, staring hard at her husband's head, as if she would bore an explanation out of him. But Mr. Eakers kept his face turned directly forward. Only the back of his bald head glistened at us triumphantly in the brilliant mountain moonlight.

OUR RAILROADS: A BALANCE SHEET

by ROBERT V. FLETCHER

THE railroad industry is more than a hundred years old. As things go, in an age remarkable for inventions, it is an ancient system. Most of the early railroads were constructed to connect the Atlantic seaboard with the Mississippi River and the Ohio, its tributary. But as time passed and the potentialities of railroad transportation became evident, the railroads passed out of the category of auxiliaries and became the principal means of transportation. As railroad lines were extended, the West changed from wilderness to thriving towns and productive countryside.

Not only was the region west of the Alleghenies thus transformed industrially; of equal importance was the strengthening of political ties between the Northeast and the Northwest by the building of the east-and-west railroads.

The nation grew with the railroads; yes, and to a certain extent they shared alike in worthwhile achievements and regrettable mistakes. Some railroads were built where they were not needed; others were unwisely financed. But on the whole the record is a creditable one.

To those of us who have spent our lives in railroad service, it is a source of gratification that, with negligible exceptions, railroads have never received government bounty. Even the early land grants in aid of railroad construction in the West were not gifts, but in the nature of loans, which have been repaid more than sevenfold in reduced rates on government traffic.

Are railroads overcapitalized?

We are concerned here, however, with modern history. What are the facts as to railroad progress, and especially the competency of its management? Dull as most of us find statistics, they sometimes tell the story in a fashion that can be easily com-

prehended. Some people think that the railroads are overcapitalized. But let us look at the record for the past thirty years. In 1915, the railroads of the nation had a little over \$18,000,000,000 invested in their property. In 1945, thirty years later, this figure had risen to more than \$28,500,000,000. But had there been a corresponding increase in capitalization—in the amount of outstanding stock and funded debt? Quite the contrary. In 1915, the total net capitalization outstanding in the hands of the public was \$16,333,000,000. In 1945, although the investment in property had increased \$10,500,000,000, borrowings and stock issues had actually decreased by better than half a billion dollars. This means that the increased investment in property came entirely from earnings—money which in many industries would have been disbursed to stockholders.

A look at the dividend record explains and confirms the settled policy of railroad management to use profits to improve the plant. In the twenties, when earnings were high, dividend disbursements averaged less than 5 per cent of the par value of outstanding capital stock. This figure retreated in the depression period almost to the vanishing point. As illustrative of the conservative policy of the roads in the matter of dividends, consider the year 1944. In that year, railroad operating revenues reached the highest point in the history of the industry. The Class One railroads (roads with a revenue of a million dollars or more a year) collected for their services \$9,400,000,000. In that year, they paid in taxes \$1,800,000,000, of which more than \$1,500,000,000 was Federal taxes. After paying all expenses, taxes, interest, and rental charges, they had a net income of \$667,000,000. However, the Class One roads paid out in dividends to stockholders only a little more than \$245,000,000. As in previous years, the railroads spent the greater part of the net in reducing funded debt and making permanent improvements to the property.

Railroad funded debt in the hands of the public, about which we have heard so much, reached its peak in 1930, when the figure stood at \$11,880,000,000, about 44 per cent of the property investment. In that year, fixed and contingent charges (not all interest, however) amounted to \$683,000,000. How-

A Mississippian who served as the Attorney General and a Judge of the Supreme Court of his state, ROBERT V. FLETCHER was affiliated with the Illinois Central from 1911 to 1933, rising to be Vice-President and General Counsel for the road. In 1934 he became Vice-President and General Counsel for the Association of American Railroads. In 1942 he dropped the general counsel work to take charge of AAR's post-war research program. And today he is its newly elected President.

ever, the high point as to fixed charges was 1942, the figure for that year being \$716,448,000. In 1945, funded debt had been reduced to \$8,659,000,000, in the neighborhood of 30 per cent of the property investment. Fixed and contingent charges had been reduced to \$568,000,000, a reduction of \$148,000,000 from the high point in 1942.

Expenditures for improvement

Looking for a moment now to expenditures for improvements, technically known as Additions and Betterments, we find that in the period extending from 1921, when the roads were returned to their owners after World War I, up to and including 1945, the roads spent for new equipment, for additional track, for heavier rail, for additional ballast, for enlarged shop and engine houses, and the like, the very considerable sum of \$13,144,000,000, while in the same period, total capitalization actually decreased by about \$1,333,000,000. Much of this expenditure for improvements occurred in the prosperous twenties. Railroad management had learned some painful lessons in the war period and the car shortage period that followed immediately; and from 1921 to 1930, the railroads spent, mostly out of earnings, \$7,700,000,000 for additions and permanent improvements to property. This expenditure is for Class One railroads. If all railroads are taken into account, the expenditure in this decade would amount easily to \$8,000,000,000.

The sequel proved that these sums were wisely spent. In the depression period, when the measure of the rates was under consideration, the railroads were charged with lack of foresight in spending these huge sums for railroad improvement. It was sometimes asserted that the railroads should not be permitted to include, in the valuation of their property, those portions alleged to have been imprudently constructed. Even in the years before the Second World War, however, railroad expenditures for improvements more than justified themselves in the savings made in operating expenses. Largely as a result of improved plant and equipment, and the improved methods which better plant made possible, the operating cost of producing a thousand ton-miles of freight service went down from more than \$10 in 1921 to less than \$7 in the years before the war.

Railroad performance during the war

But it was with the coming of the Second World War that the nation reaped rich harvest from the heavy expenditures made by the railroads in the years between the wars. Without the money spent in the twenties for railroad expansion, our war effort would have been much impeded. Indeed, it was only with the coming of the great tides of traffic which the railroads were called upon to haul during the recent war that some of the im-

provements made back in the twenties really came into use.

I cannot resist mentioning an experience of my own. In the twenties, I was on the law staff of the Illinois Central, in general charge of proceedings before the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Illinois Central, severely handicapped by inadequate facilities between Fulton, Kentucky, and Champaign, Illinois, found it desirable to construct an additional track.

A careful survey showed that rather than construct a third track on the existing location, where the grades precluded the economic handling of heavy tonnage trains, it would be better to build a new line from Edgewood, Illinois, to Fulton, Kentucky, by way of Paducah, Kentucky. This was commonly referred to as the "Edgewood Cutoff." The project was furiously opposed by communities located on the main line, and bitter litigation resulted. Ultimately, however, the Interstate Commerce Commission and the courts permitted the new line to be built. An unpredictable rise in the price of labor and material resulted in the cost's exceeding all estimates by a substantial amount.

During the depression the cutoff was not of much value, and it was sometimes referred to as "Thompson's Folly." Fred L. Thompson was Chief Engineer of the Illinois Central when the cutoff was built, and the principal witness in the tedious and involved proceedings before construction began. But in World War II, the cutoff was in constant use, and a former president of the road said to me in all seriousness that the traffic tendered his line could not possibly have been handled but for the existence of the cutoff, with its shorter mileage and its favorable grades. Thompson's Folly had become Thompson's Accolade.

Labor relations

In this period of expansion of railroad facilities, the welfare of labor has not been overlooked. Excluding executives, officials, and staff assistants, who presumably sit on the managerial side of the table, the average hourly wage had risen from 59.5 cents in 1921 to 91.6 cents in 1945. This increase in hourly rates is reflected in the weekly wage. In the 1921 period the weekly earnings were \$29.61; in 1945 they were \$51.40. In 1946 these earnings were increased by 18½ cents per hour, so that now the average hourly earnings are about \$1.12. During the month of September, 1946, the average weekly earnings were about \$58.30.

Weekly earnings do not always tell the full story. Yearly earnings are a better measure of compensation. The average of yearly earnings as of September, 1946, is \$2998. The comparatively high figure for yearly earnings indicates stability of employment, which is a marked characteristic of railroad service. In addition to comparatively high earnings, railroad workers have the benefit of a liberal

pension system, amounting, in the case of employees of long standing, to \$120 a month. Furthermore, Congress has provided a system of unemployment compensation which costs the railroads annually about \$112,000,000. It is strange indeed, in the light of these favorable conditions, that in the spring of 1946 two labor unions called a strike which for a few days paralyzed the commerce of the country and was terminated only as the result of a firm stand taken by the President in his appeal to Congress and to the country.

Generally speaking, railroad employees are among the best informed and most patriotic of our citizens. They are influential in their communities; they serve on school boards and on town councils; they are leaders in their churches, and prominent in benevolent enterprises — upright citizens in the best American tradition. At the present time, almost a million and a half persons are in railroad service, to whom perhaps six or seven million persons look for support.

Every now and then someone expresses astonishment at the war performance of the railroads, particularly in view of the reduced number of equipment units and the scarcity of men and materials. There were many factors contributing to this remarkable record. The employees, out of their intense spirit of patriotism, gave their very best at all times to expedite the movement of traffic. When the younger employees were called to arms, many men past the usual working age came voluntarily out of retirement and resumed railroad service, carrying on the essential work of transportation. Shippers and receivers of freight worked overtime and in and out of season to load and unload cars promptly and to load them to capacity wherever possible. The War and Navy Departments coöperated to the utmost with the railroads in the timing of military shipments, so that congestion and delays were avoided.

Carrying power increases

In addition, while the railroad plant did shrink, measured by the number of cars in service, it had in reality substantially increased in efficiency — carrying power — by reason of capital expenditures. In 1915 the average freight train represented a net weight (contents only) of 540 tons. By 1945 this figure had grown to 1129 net tons. Even in 1932, at the bottom of the depression, the net tons per freight train were 663. The ability to handle such increased loads partly grew out of the improvement in the tractive effort of locomotives. In the period of thirty years, this tractive effort has increased 67 per cent. The capacity of freight cars has increased by more than 28 per cent.

As the result of protracted and careful research and experimentation, great economies have been achieved in the use of fuel. For example, in 1921, the earliest date when figures are available, for each

ton of fuel consumed in freight service, the railroads transported 12,367 tons one mile. In 1945, however, the railroads were able to move 17,227 tons one mile for each ton of fuel consumed, an improvement of almost 40 per cent.

The tonnage in each car, the number of cars in each train, the speed of trains, and the continuity of their movement over the road have all greatly increased in this period. There is one operating figure which reflects and measures all these factors — what the accountants call the net ton-miles per freight train hour. This measurement of the output of transportation service by the average freight train has gone up from 7000 ton-miles of freight an hour, which it was in 1921, to more than 17,000 ton-miles in 1946. Such a gain is illustrative of railroad progress in the past quarter century.

Railroad research

Some people have accused the railroads of being remiss in research. By reason of the nature of their business, the railroads are unable to make a dramatic, spectacular, concentrated display of their research activities. The railroads are performing and selling a service — transportation. They are not selling to the public objects decorated with new and fascinating gadgets. The research work of the railroads cannot be carried on in spacious and glittering laboratories.

The purpose of railroad research is to improve the movement of people and goods, to make that movement faster, safer, and cheaper. The performance of locomotives, cars, bridges, and track under pressure must be observed and studied by actual tests. In a real sense, therefore, every operating man, every trackman, and every mechanic is engaged in research. Someone invents a device. It stands the tests of the laboratory. But will it work in actual practice? The only way to be certain is to try it out. The man, whatever may be his regular job, who observes and reports upon the behavior of the device is a research worker.

In an investigation conducted in 1944 by a subcommittee of the Military Affairs Committee of the United States Senate, the Association of American Railroads, in response to a request, filed a statement dealing with its research activities in some detail. It required two hundred pages of fine print in a Senate report to state in sketchy outline the research work carried on by the railroads in recent years in the matter of materials and methods of operation.

To illustrate the type of work carried on, I mention research in the matter of crossties. For nearly fifty years, the railroads have been experimenting with a hundred different types of substitute ties, in the effort to reduce expenses and improve efficiency. Nothing has been found to take the place of a wooden crosstie. But by the development of the creosoting process, the life of a wooden tie has

been prolonged until now there are ties that have been in service for thirty-two years.

A committee studied for five years the performance of bolts used to fasten the rails to the ties. In the field of metallurgy, research developed the heat-treated track bolt, which is a great improvement over the one originally in use.

Extended research has been necessary in order to improve ballast conditions, in the light of necessity for improving drainage. Originally, when railways were first constructed, the matter of drainage presented many difficulties. In the construction of fills, for example, the condition of roadbeds has been much improved by the skillful use of wooden timbers and steel-pointed pipes.

Research in air brakes, automatic couplers, draft gear, brake shoes, and other devices has resulted in greater safety for the employees and in greater efficiency of operation. Much research has been devoted to investigating condensation in boxcars, a matter of considerable interest to shippers of cereal products. Research has gone on steadily to devise loading rules which would reduce the amount of loss and damage and permit safer transportation. The study of roller bearings has continued for ten or fifteen years, the problem here being the balancing of benefits with expenses. Improvements in every department of the service have been brought about by intensive railroad research, in coöperation with scientists employed by the universities and by the manufacturers of equipment.

There has been improvement in rail, in bridges, particularly small bridges, in automatic air brakes, in methods of signaling, in the use of radio on trains, in air conditioning of passenger trains, in methods of refrigeration, in methods of classifying freight in yards by the use of retarders, and in dozens of other more technical and specialized devices and methods.

The improvements in modern locomotives, whether ordinary steam engines, Diesels, electric or steam turbines, or the new gas turbines which are being built experimentally, are remarkable. Take a look sometime at that ingenious device on all large coal-burning locomotives, known as the automatic stoker. Substitute for the perspiring fireman shoveling coal a coolly alert mechanic sitting on the left side of a locomotive, watching for signals and observing the operations of an electric machine that pulverizes the coal, carries it to the furnace, and sprays it skillfully and uniformly over the fire.

Not only have the roads given their best attention to research and experiment in the technical field; they have been equally alert in the matter of economic research. For the past five years, fifteen competent committees have been studying every phase of railroad activity from the economic point of view. These committees have turned out exhaustive reports on taxation, public relations, relations of employer and employee, motor carrier transportation and its incidents, water, pipeline,

and air transportation, traffic problems of the railroads with special reference to particular commodities, accounting practices, consolidations, and so forth. It is hoped that when all these reports have been completed, summarized, and published, the industry will have for its use the most comprehensive study of economic factors that has ever been produced.

The thought may occur to the reader that this rosy picture of performance does not accord with what we have been told about car shortages in recent months. It is true that the car situation has been tight — too tight for comfort. But at that, in spite of inability, due to scarcity of steel, to buy or build new cars, in spite of the fact that loading in boxcars is heavier than ever before in railroad history, in spite of the fact that strikes in the coal industry have disturbed the orderly and normally well-distributed volume of coal, at times causing extraordinary demand for cars, the railroads, under the most adverse conditions, have taken care of 90 per cent of demand. Few other industries have done as well.

What about rates?

In 1921 it cost a cent and a quarter to move a ton of freight one mile; in 1945 the cost was just under a cent. True, as the result of increases permitted by the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1946, the rate has risen slightly above a cent. But happy indeed would be the housewife just now, if prices of all she buys for the family had increased lately no more than $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. If one is interested in passenger rates, the average in 1945, only slightly increased in 1946, was 1.9 cents per mile, as against 3 cents per mile in 1921. The American railroads, though privately owned, privately operated, and unsubsidized, maintain their record of furnishing the best and cheapest transportation in the world.

Railroads and the bankers

It is charged, however, that our railroads are under the domination of Wall Street bankers. I am not sure that the average citizen is much interested in such an assertion. Conceivably, he is more interested in the type and cost of service than in the question of whether the control lies in bankers in New York or bankers in Chicago, or any other city, or in bankers at all. As a matter of fact, no one can deny that solvent railroads, as is the case with any other solvent business, are controlled by their stockholders, who elect the directors, who in turn select the officers.

I am, of course, familiar with the oft-repeated statement that shareholders are so scattered and unorganized that real control rests in a few stockholders owning a minority of the stock. But each year these scattered share owners certainly either vote themselves or execute proxies which authorize others to vote for them. If they choose to give

power to bankers to vote their shares, it is difficult to see what anyone can do about it. Perhaps the skillful use of propaganda might persuade them to substitute one group for another, but it is doubtful if this would represent much improvement.

There is in reality no such thing as banker control. It is true there are bankers on railroad boards of directors, just as there are physicians, lawyers, manufacturers, farmers, and representatives of almost every line of activity. Men who devote their lives to banking by no means predominate. For example, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, which happens to be the largest railroad in the United States, measured by gross revenues, out of seventeen members of the Board, only four can be classified as bankers and none of these lives in New York. Referring again to my old employer, the Illinois Central, a typical railroad of the Middle West and South, out of sixteen directors, only one can be classified as a banker.

Certainly those at present in control have served the public with conspicuous success. The bankers, if they are in control, have placed at the head of the railroads experienced men, nearly all of whom have risen from the ranks and know the business down to the grass roots. These men are the real masters of the railroads—the real determiners of railroad policy. When we hear the opinion expressed that the control of the railroads should be taken away from the bankers and financiers and lodged in the operating officials, we are listening to sound and fury that signifies nothing at all.

How does sinister banker control manifest itself? In the making of rates? But these are lower than anywhere else in the world. In the number, make-up, and speed of trains? But this service is admittedly on a higher plane than ever before, what with streamlined, air-conditioned, and comfortable passenger trains and freight service greatly spurred up and more reliable than ever. In the issuance of securities? But since 1920, not a single security can be issued without the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission, a perfectly impartial and competent body of experts whose duty it is to safeguard the public interest.

It is true, of course, that when a railroad is unable to meet its obligations and is thrown into bankruptcy, the creditors come forward and insist upon having something to say as to what shall be done with the property. Again, we are faced with legal rights and responsibilities which are difficult to set aside. Obviously, if the debts of the concern are greater than the value of the property, the stockholders can expect nothing for their equity.

Somewhere must be lodged the responsibility for determining this value fairly. Congress has seen proper to assign the task to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Commission may have used poor judgment, especially in the delicate and difficult chore of ascertaining just what a railroad

is worth, measured by its reproduction cost and the probable earning capacity that lies ahead. If the Commission is incompetent for this task, or if the standards laid down by Congress are faulty, it is for that body to provide the remedy.

Amend the bankruptcy law

Of one thing, I have long been convinced. The present bankruptcy law as applied to railroads should by all means be simplified. Section 77 was enacted in 1933, upon the theory that the procedures there provided for were far superior to those involved in equity receiverships as administered by the Federal courts. Possibly the original Act would have been an improvement. But Congress, accepting the poor advice of certain self-denominated reformers, and acting upon the assumption apparently that the average railroad president is either dishonest or incompetent, or both, amended the Act so that at least one of the trustees must be someone who is not connected with the industry.

While the courts generally appointed, as trustees, very worthy gentlemen, many of whom were members of the bar, it can hardly be said that taking away control of the railroads from the experienced operating officials and lodging that control in persons inexperienced in railroad matters contributed to the speedy reorganization of the railroads. It would seem to be a sound observation that control of railroads pending reorganization should, in fact, be in the hands of men familiar with the railroad property and capable of handling its affairs in the light of their experience.

The solution of the matter lies in the enactment of a law somewhat of the nature of the Chandler and McLaughlin Acts. Under such a law, if the stockholders and three fourths of the creditors can agree upon a plan of reorganization, it will go into effect without delay or disturbance of the management, provided the Commission and the courts find that the plan is fair to all the creditors and is in the public interest. This is a much needed reform.

Governor Arnall and the South

Reference has often been made in current discussions of the railroad situation to suits now pending against the railroads and their national organization, in which it is alleged that the anti-trust laws are being violated by the railroads in the matter of proposing rates, which must be filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission and, in case of protest, approved by that body.

No better answer to Ellis Arnall's discussion of freight rates in *The Shore Dimly Seen* has come under my observation than is contained in a letter from Alvin Vogtle of Birmingham, Alabama, an experienced traffic man, representing important

shipping interests, who has given me permission to quote the following from a recent communication addressed to an advocate of Governor Arnall's theory: —

My own thorough studies . . . support positively the conclusion that the Southern freight rate system is correctly adapted to the South's economy and that the rates are definitely favorable. In fact, seventy-five per cent of our traffic moves at rates not higher than the Northern level — and much of it at a lower level.

Simply stated: (a) Our manufactured products (competitive with like products of the North), and our products of agriculture, forest and mines, move into the North at the Northern level of rates or less. (b) Our rates within the South are distinguished by low rates on raw materials to Southern manufacturing points (primarily to aid our manufactured products to overcome distance disadvantages to Northern markets, but these low assembly charges also aid manufacture for Southern markets). (c) The rates on Northern manufactured products and Midwestern agricultural products to the South are at the Southern level.

The so-called "parity" you advocate would change all this — and to the advantage of the North, not the South. There would be increases to the North on many of our most important present products. There would be increased rates within the South on raw materials to processing points. And there would be greater reductions to the South from the North on manufactured products and from the Midwest on farm products than within the South.

In effect, the government's antitrust cases rest upon the desire to oust the Interstate Commerce Commission from its control over rates and vest the authority in the lawyers who constitute the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice.

The theory of the cases, if upheld by the courts, and unless Congress intervenes, would prohibit railroad coöperation in the consideration of rates, would isolate each railroad as if it were in a vacuum, and would turn back the clock of progress not merely to the horse and buggy era, but to the period of the keelboat and the Conestoga wagon.

But sanity will, I hope, prevail. Our railroads should be permitted, under Commission supervision, to coördinate their activities so that we may have a truly national transportation system, with revenues sufficient to improve the service and with credit strengthened by good performance.

May I add this final word: One third of the railroad mileage in the world, and considerably more than one third of the rail hauling capacity, is found in the 6 per cent of the earth's surface which makes up the continental United States. This one third of the world's railroads furnishes the most abundant and the cheapest land transportation in the world. This one third of the world's railroads pays wages which are the highest railroad wages in the world, and among the highest average wages paid by any industry. And the service rendered is fully the equal, from the standpoint of adequacy, dependability, safety, and comfort, of any other transportation service in the world.

American railroads are distinguishable from most other transportation systems in that they are almost wholly the creation of capital coming from private sources. Further and more significant, they are operated without government aids. Financially, they are on their own — not as wards of the Treasury — but as independent business enterprises. Whatever the balance sheet may show, no figures there represent a government dole.



SEVEN CAMPUS CHARACTERS

by W. W. GIBSON

A graduate of Yale in 1940, W. W. GIBSON spent a brief period of study at Harvard before enlisting in the Army in 1941. After four years in the Air Forces, he was released as a First Lieutenant, and has recently joined the faculty of English at Amherst.

— THE EDITOR

1

MARRIED to books, this teeming maid
Bears quotes like twins, and undismayed
Rears from them little paragraphs
That grow to books. Nobody laughs.

2

This stubby Marxist's time is ripe:
Removes from jaw the massive pipe,
Advances, weaponed, to attack;
Makes his remark, and puts it back.

3

His wife, Professor Mrs. Z,
Rook-racked, book-backed, and Ph.D.,
Perambulates her ten-pound thesis.
Oh what a bouncing exegesis!

4

More pitiable, this wandering Jew:
Vienna, London, and here too
He whimpers on the social fringe.
We hate his cosmopolitan cringe.

5

Lean, lonely-eyed, a little odd,
X stalks his room, he talks to God,
He looks in books for Truth. The search
Ends only in the only Church.

6

The world in Y's thick glasses shows
No bitter fading of the rose.
It's not precisely that he shrinks
From Truth, but looks at her, and blinks.

7

Well, what *is* Truth? cries this ex-gob.
On deck, Professor! That's your job.
It's Answers, Answers, he demands them.
They're facile if he understands them.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

THE ALIEN CORN

by TOM HANLIN

THIS story is about the time I was seventeen and worked on the night shift in a pit. Working in a pit was all the kind of work I knew, the night shift was the only kind of shift I could get, and staying where I was, was the place where my kind of people stayed. Where I was born and brought up, you got it shoved down your throat that you ought to be thankful that any work came to you at all. When none came your way, you just moved some other place.

Well, I was seventeen and this was some other place. I used to leave my lodgings every night at ten o'clock and arrive back about eight in the morning. I was six months in this place, six months during a spring and a summer, and I only got proper sleep at the week-ends.

During the week I hardly slept any more than two or three hours a day, even though I lay some days the whole time in bed. I was so tired I couldn't think to get out of bed, and because it was daylight I couldn't sleep. I couldn't sleep because my body had always been accustomed to sleep during the night and refused to switch over. When I'd be going out at night, I was ready to lie down anywhere.

That was always the worst part of it, going out at night. I'd leave my lodgings and catch a bus at the end of the street. And evening would be over the town and in the street, the long, calm summer evening, with people loitering along in the cool of

the street, people living ordered lives that led to sleep when sleep is natural. I'd meet girls, arm in arm, chatting as they passed in their summer dresses, cool and sweet-looking in their summer dresses, passing heedlessly, leaving behind them scent, and an ache in my heart as if happiness had passed.

Then I'd go and catch the bus, weary with sleep. I'd have heavy steel-shod boots on. I wore thick moleskin trousers, and a jacket a railwayman had thrown away. On my shoulder was a knapsack that contained four pints of water, a pint of tea, and half a dozen thick slices of bread and margarine.

When I'd step into the bus everybody would edge away from me. In the window of the bus I'd catch a glimpse of my dour face, with its menacing expression, which was a lie, for I was anything but tough. I was just a kid, weary with fatigue; lost, because nobody had taught me anything, and I hadn't yet got to the stage of finding out anything for myself.

At the edge of the town I'd get off the bus, and I'd half a mile to walk over a rough field-path to the pit. There was a miners' row I'd pass, and the people would be on their doorsteps sitting in the evening sun. I could see fires burning cozily in the houses; children playing from door to door.

Reaching the pit I'd go to the lamp cabin and get my electric lamp, a heavy metal affair you carried in your hand. Then I'd go over to the explosives chamber, which was apart from the pit, and get a can of explosives. A long iron stairway stretched upwards to the pithead. I'd sit here, on the pithead, waiting until it was time to go below. I could see for miles around. The fields were green if there were oats in them, and yellow if it was hay, and these green and yellow fields were like an old patchwork rug undulating to where the hills merged into the sky.

A Scots miner, TOM HANLIN began working underground when he was fifteen. Now in his thirty-ninth year, he has been released from the mines to become a full-time writer. This is how it happened. In 1942 he attended a night school of journalism in Glasgow. That summer he was injured in the pit, and while recuperating in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary he wrote a short story which was awarded First Prize by his college. His first novel, *Once in Every Lifetime*, won the First Prize of £500 given by Wells, Gardner & Darton, English publishers, and has sold a quarter of a million copies in England.

Then the pitheadman would come and I'd step onto the cage with the other miners. At the bottom of the shaft I'd three miles to walk to my place of work, three miles through low and muddy tunnels, with the air hot and smelly. As I was striding along with my head bent, this was where all the sleep and weariness got knocked out of my bones and muscles.

There were a dozen other men going to the same section, and we all raced to our work as if there was a prize for the winner. Between racing as we raced, and walking easily, there was only about ten minutes difference, and walking was easier on the bones. Ten minutes was neither here nor there, but we raced. Don't ask me why. Why does the sun shine or the rain fall? I don't know, it's nature. Why should men race to their work without any compulsion? I don't know either, it's human nature.

As I trotted along, that lamp and that can of explosives began to feel like a ton weight each. Sweat sprang out all over my body and dripped constantly from the end of my nose. A pain would gather between my shoulder blades; it wouldn't shift. It would remain in the one place and it was torture.

2

ARRIVING at the entrance to the section we worked in, we'd all sit down for a minute or two, wiping the sweat from our faces, drinking water and making brief remarks. Then we'd go in each of us to his separate tunnel. At the face of each tunnel was an overhanging lip of rock. The rock was as hard as road metal, and you had to drill a hole four feet deep in it.

I'd drill this hole with a hand boring machine. I'd put up a thick prop from floor to roof, which had to be set in such a way that pressure from the face of the rock would drive it tighter. Between the prop and the face of the rock, I'd fix my hand boring machine. This had a long thin barrel that contained a screw. A box-like mouth at the other end held a drill. A handle was affixed to the screw. The barrel ended in a steel spike that stuck into the prop. The teeth of the drill were placed in a depression I'd made in the face of the rock with my pick.

Having fixed the machine, all I had to do was to pull the handle. That was all. I'd just to do the hardest job in the world. With every pull of the handle, the screw would emerge a little from the barrel. The tight prop into which the barrel was spiked couldn't move backwards, so the teeth of the drill ground into the hard rock. Pulling that handle drew on every pound of my weight and every muscle and bone I had. Three or four strokes was all I could manage at a time. Then I'd have to rest, leaning on the handle, my head bowed over it, waiting for strength to flow back to my muscles. Then I pulled until they were emptied of strength.

That's how it went on all night. Every three or four strokes would pare off about an eighth of an

inch of rock — and the hole had to be four feet in depth. From the seam-high passage that ran right and left of the tunnel I was in, I could hear the grunts and groans of the men on both sides of me, working the way I was working, grinding their drills into the rock.

After I'd been boring for some time, strange things would happen when I rested. My arms would float. I'm not telling any lies. I'll say it again. My arms would float.

When I let them fall from the handle of the machine, without any direction on my part, both arms would rise from my sides into the air. They would stay there for a second or so, before they finally grew heavy and sank back again. I could watch them do it, as if they didn't belong to me, as if they belonged to somebody behind me.

I'd kneel down after this had happened, weary with an awful weariness. I was aware of the lids and rims of my eyes — they were rubber pads that were no part of me, but had been fitted there. There was what felt like a thick mica film casing my lips, tasting salty, so that when I shut my lips, this substance kept them apart. I knew the roof of my mouth: it was a hot, hard sponge. Sweat ran down my jaws; it ran down my legs and my hips, causing itches. My brain knew the outlines of all the bones in my body, and they were all weak, my legs, my back, my shoulder blades. And all the time my heart was thudding in the soles of my feet. I could feel it in my wrists and the joints of my spine, thudding away as if it was inexhaustible.

I'd kneel thus in the dimness, with the light behind me, my head in my hands, feeling the strength soaking down through my shoulders to my biceps and wrists. This was happiness.

The mere cessation of movement was happiness. Scenes and images having little relation to each other would craze through my head. There were people who slept in beds at night, soft beds in scented rooms. They didn't know thirst or weariness. The lids and rims of their eyes were their own, not rubber pads that had been fitted there. Their arms didn't act without instructions. These people were unconscious of their bodies, because their bodies had no occasion to talk back.

Then I was watching black trees against a bright night sky as I had once seen them. Then I was back at school again. I was back at school in my bare feet and I could feel the rough boards under my feet. I could hear the breathing of the other children around me, and the rustle of papers. Afternoon was lying in the dusty lanes outside the school-room and I was saying again the poetry I said then — Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird! No hungry generations tread thee down; The voice I hear this passing night was heard In ancient days by emperor and clown: Perhaps the self-same song that found a path Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home, She stood in tears amid the alien corn; The same that oft-times hath Charmed

magic casements, opening on the foam Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. . . .

The same images formed in my mind now as I knelt in a pit with the sweat on my face, as formed then. I saw a tiny figure standing on a quay which was made of glass, and towering crystal waves breaking around. That's what that poem meant to me then; that's what it means to me to this day.

These images that the poet had given me would float around in my mind, crazily and happily, and I knew I wasn't born for death either. These images were something beyond what I knew and what I saw and what happened to me. Death would come to what I knew and what I saw and what happened to me, but these images were a message from that place beyond death and flesh, telling me that for the real me, there was no death.

Then I'd open my eyes and come back to where my body was; it was a thousand feet from the surface of the earth, my shadow on the side of a tunnel.

3

Thus the night would pass in sweat and toil, and before morning I'd have that hole drilled and packed with explosives. The fireman would come and fire the shot, and I'd sit outside in a branch tunnel, eating my bread and drinking tea.

At this time I'd sneak out and drink the pony's water. Out at the haulage point there was a little black and white pit pony. It was brought along from the stables at the shaft bottom, to draw odd trucks during the night. A bag of chop and a small barrel of water were always brought with it. That pony was always thirsty when it returned to its stable. It was thirsty because I stole its water. That pony knew what I was doing and it hated me. It used to rear and whinny and kick when it saw me approach its water barrel. And there was never anybody around to come to its aid.

I'd go back into my tunnel to see what the blast had done, and to build and stow the debris in the empty seam at each side of the tunnel. If the blast had shaped both sides into the semblance of a tunnel, then I wasn't long making the place ready for the coal hewers coming on the day shift. When it was finally cleaned up, there was the great luxury of doing nothing, the great luxury of sitting looking at my work, knowing I wouldn't be called upon for another sixteen hours.

Then I'd put on my jacket and my haversack and walk along the mine tunnels towards the shaft bottom, walking in the darkness and dreaming. For this was a great time for dreaming, now that work was over and sleep lay ahead. This kind of life that I hated, well, it would go on for a little while, and then it would end. Then happiness, which was everything as it should be for me, would begin, and as time flowed on, continue without interruption.

When I reached the pithead there was always the same thrill. There was the sun shining. It was shining on the green and yellow fields, shining on the rows of trees that marked off the fields, on the winding roads that cut through them. It was shining on the distant hills and the pits that were dotted around. And the sky was blue with maybe a white puffball here and there. There would always be a wind blowing, a cool wind from the west and the sea. And as I looked on all these things, the same wonder always started inside me. I suppose it's because you can't appreciate heaven until you've had a taste of hell.

How can you know the magic of sleep when you've never known weariness? or the magic of water when you've never known thirst? or the great sweetness of things like bread and potatoes if you've never been hungry? How can you know the magic of earth until you have been absent from it, only to return on a spring morning?

I'd think of these things as I stepped into the bus, packed with morning faces that had slept in soft beds while I toiled. And standing in the passage, I'd look at these blameless folk with cynical contempt, for I had been where they could never be, and had endured what they would never have to endure.

I knew this when I stepped off the bus and walked down the street, and saw through the baker's window the moving angelic forms of white-clad girls. They left no ache in my heart now. It was right that they should be where they were, and be what they were; it was right that I should do what I did, and be what I was. For if the things I did must be done, then it was right that I should do them and endure them, for they would break others, but they would never break me.

I'd go to where I lodged, and wash leisurely and eat leisurely. I'd go into my room, which had a sloping ceiling because it was under the roof. Lying in bed I could see through the window to the street below, with housewives passing and children going to school. My eyes would close and open as I tried to fight sleep and sweet surrender.

I was always sure to awaken two or three hours later, and then the misery of being unable to sleep would begin, and the misery of all that happened last night drawing nearer and all to be gone through again.

That's how it was then, twenty-odd years ago, and maybe you'll ask what's the point of putting down all this, now that it belongs to the past and I've got over it.

Well, the point is this. That was the time I should have been living my youth, and I didn't know it. Now it's gone, and can never be lived. And because what happened to me then is happening now, wherever there are coal mines. There are boys rotting away their lives, as I rotted mine, and like me they don't know it. It's happening in America, in Europe, all over the world.

SONGS OF THE COWBOY

Adventures of a Ballad Hunter

by JOHN A. LOMAX

Started on his quest some forty years ago by Professor George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard, JOHN A. LOMAX, of Dallas, Texas, has carried into the second generation, through the skillful assistance of his son Alan, his triumphant search for the old English ballads and the American work songs and folk songs which have survived with such beauty and humor in the South and West. The two of them have placed recordings of more than ten thousand songs in the Folk Song Archive of the Library of Congress.

A Texan and proud of it, Mr. Lomax has published several famous collections of American folk songs and ballads. From his forthcoming book, *Adventures of a Ballad Hunter*, soon to be published by the Macmillan Company, we have drawn two chapters which are full of the humor and melody of his quest. This is the second installment. — THE EDITOR

1

WHEN in 1908 a check for \$500 came from Harvard University for my first year as a Sheldon Fellow, I was the happiest person in the world. Never before at one time had I owned so much money, money that brought me both honor and responsibility. I was entirely free to spend it in running down the words and music of cowboy songs. In a glow of anticipation I made plans to travel the following summer throughout the cattle country.

It proved a long and hard road that I started on, as I made my way, walking, on horseback, by buggy, by train and automobile — a tortuous journey that has since then wound a half-million miles into every part of the United States. Very few of my associates in the University of Texas expressed sympathy or took the project seriously. For them this crude product of the West had no interest, no value, no charm whatever. Governor Jim Ferguson quoted stanzas of my cowboy songs in political addresses to cheering crowds, and sneered at the University of Texas for having me on its faculty, just as he sneered at a teacher of zoology, asserting repeatedly that this professor was trying to make wool grow on the backs of armadillos and thus bring down the price of sheep! Both of us were sorry fools to him.

It was cowboy songs I most wished, in those early days, to round up and "close herd." These I jotted down on a table in a saloon back room, scrawled on an envelope while squatting beside a campfire near a chuck wagon, or caught behind the scenes of a bronchobusting outfit or rodeo. To capture the cowboy music proved an almost impossible task. The cowboys would simply wave away the large horn I carried and refuse to sing into it. Not one song did I ever get from them

except through the influence of generous amounts of whiskey, raw and straight from the bottle or jug. Once I was invited to speak at the Texas Cattlemen's Convention in San Antonio. To advertise my undertaking, I attempted to sing some of the tunes I wished to record from the trail men. My poor efforts brought only derisive whoops. One belligerent cattleman arose and announced: "I have been singin' them songs ever since I was a kid. Everybody knows them. Only a damn fool would spend his time tryin' to set 'em down. I move we adjourn." And adjourn they did, to a convenient bar.

One night in the back room of the White Elephant saloon in Fort Worth, where I had cornered a bunch of Ediphone-shy cowboy singers, a cowboy said to the crowd: "I told the professor [that's what they jokingly called me] that the Old Chisholm Trail song was as long as the trail from Texas to Montana. I can sing eighty-nine verses myself. Some of the verses would burn up his old horn, and anyhow, I'm not goin' to poke my face up to his blamed old horn and sing. The tune ain't much nohow." The tune wasn't much — but it suited the cowboy's work. He could sing it when he went dashing out to turn a runaway steer back to the herd: —

Feet in the stirrups and seat in the saddle,
And I hung and rattled with them longhorn cattle,
Coma-ti-yi-yippee, yippee yea, yippee yea,
Coma-ti-yi-yippee, yippee yea.

And he could sing it with a roaring chorus as the men sat about the campfire during the long winter evenings.

"Back in the seventies," said another cowboy in the crowd, "we sang 'The Old Chisholm Trail'

all the way from San Antonio to Dodge City. There was never a day that someone did not build a new verse." There is another "Chisholm Trail" tune — a quiet, jig-joggy tune — when a fellow was riding alone, scouting for drifting cattle, or riding the "line" through lonely stretches of country. I finally persuaded one of the boys to sing it. But not for my recording machine. I learned the tune and later recorded it myself for the Folk Song Archive in the Library of Congress.

2

OUT on a busy corner near the cattle pens of the Fort Worth stockyards I had come upon a blind old man twanging his guitar while he sang doleful ditties and listened for the ring of quarters in his tin cup.

"I don't know any cowboy songs," he explained to me. "But lead me home to lunch; my wife can sing you a bookful."

The old man shuffled along beside me, clasping his guitar as I guided him over the rough places in our path. We were headed for the trees that fringed the West Fork of the Trinity River near Fort Worth. Often I stumbled, for I was carrying the heavy Edison machine.

We found the blind singer's wife out behind a covered truck, a forerunner of the trailer, seated in front of a gaily-colored tent. She wore a gypsy costume of rich brocade. She had used paint and powder with skillful discretion on a face naturally comely. While I chatted with her, the old man disappeared into the tent. In a few minutes out he came. Gone were the round, humped shoulders, the white hair, the shambling gait, the tottering figure — and the colored glasses! Before me stood a young, handsome, dark-eyed man, alert and athletic. He was a perfect faker.

"We do teamwork here. My wife shakes down the saps who like to hold her hand while she reads their fortunes in the stars. All the self-righteous fools go away from my tin cup happy, marking down one more good deed on their passports to Heaven. We aim to please our customers, and I think we do." Thus the faker rambled on while a smiling Negro man served delicious food and a bottle of wine. Later on, through the long Texas afternoon, amid the cheerful talk, the fortuneteller sang the songs of the road. She and her family for generations had lived as gypsies.

"This lady," said the faker, "who has joined her fortunes with mine, travels with me now from Miami, Florida, to San Diego, California. We belong to that fringe of society which takes life the easiest way. We toil not, neither do we spin." Raising a tent flap he showed me rich purple hangings, thick Persian rugs, a divan spread with soft silken covers — amazing luxury.

"With our burros, Abednego and Sennacherib,

to pull our covered wagon, we travel as we like. Our rackets roll in the money."

He lay flat on his back on the mesquite grass, puffing a cigar as he gazed at the white patches of clouds that swept across the deep-blue Texas sky. I glanced curiously at Abednego and Sennacherib as they munched their alfalfa. They seemed as old as the pyramids and as solemn as a pair of Aztec idols — which they, indeed, resembled. They seemed to talk to each other with abundant, constantly moving ears, fastened loosely to their great bony heads. And here, close by, sat the fake gypsy lady, dressed like a princess, strumming her guitar and singing the songs that she had picked up in her wanderings.

She scorned the clumsy horn fastened to my recording machine, but I caught a few of the tunes. I remember that she sang me the first blues that I ever heard, moving me almost to tears, and a pathetic ballad of a factory girl who got splinters in her toes. Many and many another song she sang that unhappily is gone with the Texas wind. Then came four stanzas and the refrain: —

As I was walkin' one mornin' for pleasure
I met a young cowboy all ridin' along;
His hat was thrown back and his spurs was a-jinglin',
As he approached me a-singin' this song:

Whoopee-ti-yi-yo, git along, little dogies,
It's your misfortune and none of my own.
Whoopee-ti-yi-yo, git along, little dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

"To me," she said, "that's the loveliest of all cowboy songs. Like others, its rhythm comes from the movement of a horse. It is not the roisterous, hell-for-leather, wild gallop of 'The Old Chisholm Trail,' nor the slow easy canter of 'Good-bye, Old Paint.' You mustn't frighten the dogies. They get nervous in crowds. Lope around them gently in the darkness as you sing about punching them along to their new home in Wyoming. They'll sleep the night through and never have a bad dream."

After the refrain she would give the night herding yodel of the cowboy, born of the vast melancholy of the plains; a yodel to quiet a herd of restless cattle in the deep darkness of a rainy night, when far-off flashes of lightning and the rumble of distant thunder meant danger. While the cattle milled around and refused to lie down, close to the fringe of the circle of moving animals rode the cowboys giving this wordless cry to the cattle, like the plea of a lonesome lobo wolf calling for his mate, like the croon of a mother trying to quiet a restless babe in the long watches of the night, like the soft moo of a cow wooing her young offspring from its hiding place to come for its milk. "Quiet, cattle, quiet. Darkness is everywhere, but we, your friends, are near. Lie down, little dogies, lie down." The yodel was persuasive, far-reaching. Even in its high notes it was soothing and tender.

As the gypsy woman, swayed by the beauty of

her notes, yodeled on, the leaves of the overhanging cottonwood trees fluttered noiselessly, the katydids in the branches stopped their song and seemed to listen. In all our world there was no other sound save that beautiful voice imploring all little dogies to "lay still, little dogies, lay still."

3

I READ through the files of Texas newspapers that printed columns of old songs, and I bedeviled librarians for possible buried treasures in frontier chronicles. In a secondhand bookstore in San Antonio I found a battered copy of *Johnson's New Comic Songs* with a San Francisco date line of 1863. Along with the old favorites "Gentle Annie" and "Nellie Gray," I came on the words of "Poker Jim," "The Miner's Song," "The Dying Californian," and other song products of the days of forty-nine.

Some months afterward I asked the Librarian of the University of California at Berkeley if he knew of other pamphlets of early frontier songs. He had none catalogued. He then took me to the Bancroft Library and left me to rummage in some habitually locked-up cases. I came on a stack of dog-eared, paper-backed pamphlets tied together with an ancient cotton string. Though I lifted out the pile with care, the cotton string crumbled in my fingers. There they were—not a complete file of the "20,000 song books" advertised by D. E. Appleton & Co., San Francisco, but a choice selection of early "California Songsters": *Ben Cotton's Songster*, *The Sally Come Up Songster*, *Put's Original California Songster*, *Put's Golden Songster*, and many another. I discovered that "Old Put" and a group of men singers went from gold camp to gold camp in the early fifties and sang to the miners. When they ran out of songs Old Put and his like made up songs describing the life of a mining town, telling how the Forty-niners got to California and sometimes how they got back East. They were rough and crude creations, but among them I turned up "Sweet Betsy from Pike" and "The Days of Forty-nine," and afterward also discovered the tunes to which they were sung:—

Did you ever hear tell of Sweet Betsy from Pike,
Who crossed the wide prairies with her lover Ike,
With one yoke of cattle and one spotted hog,
A tall Shanghai rooster and an old yaller dog?

Betsy and her man lived in the times and seasons of the days of forty-nine:—

In the days of old when they dug out the gold,
In the days of Forty-nine.

There's old "Lame Jess," that hard old cuss,
Who never would repent;
He never missed a single meal
Nor never paid a cent.

But old "Lame Jess," like all the rest,
At death he did resign,
And in his bloom went up the flume
In the days of Forty-nine.

Uncovering these two songs repaid me for the long trip from Texas.

Tom Hight, a Texas trail-driver, and I spent two happy days together recording songs in an Oklahoma City hotel. Tom was made happier, as I am sure I was, by the added presence of two quart bottles of rye which he consulted frequently between songs. Tom knew more cowboy melodies than any other person I have ever found. He gave me fifty.

"Ever since I was a boy," said Tom, "I have been a singing fool. I could sing down any man in our cow camp in the Panhandle. When the fellers backed me against the neighboring camp, I won. They challenged the whole damn Panhandle. The champeens of each camp met at a central point, and we lifted up our heads like a pack of coyotes, only we lifted 'em one at a time. The rules was that each man was to sing in turn, one after the other, round and round. The man that sung the last song, he won the prize. It took us mighty near all night to get sung out. The other feller couldn't sing no more, because he didn't know no more songs. But I was ready with the last one and had more roped and ready. Of course you couldn't use no books and no writing. I was mighty proud of being the champeen singer of the Texas Panhandle. My cowboy friends gave a pair of silver-mounted spurs for a prize with my name engraved on them."

Twenty-five years after the Oklahoma singing bee Tom Hight wrote to me from California:—

The first contest I can remember having was on a nice little creek, near old Bever City (about five miles) in the old neutral strip, or No Man's Land, just north of the Texas Panhandle. We was holding 2500 head of cattle there on good grass and water and two men rode up and asked to stop overnight with us and in those days everybody was welcome. So they stayed three nights and two days until the horses rested up, for they was rode down when they came and they had two sixshooters and Winchester each and wore good cloths, shop-made boots and Stetson hats and was 25 or 30 years old and never both slept at once. So the second evening while sitting around camp something was said about singing and one of them said he would sing song with anyone. So the boss said that he had a kid that he would sing against him. I was 20 years old.

So after supper we hookes up. The others stood my guard from 8 to 9 and we sang song until about 10 P.M. Then he said, "Kid, I have sang all I know." Then the boys gave the cheers—there was no wager but I got a thrill out of it. So they saddled up the third morning and bid us the time of day, rode off. So in a few days we heard the Coffeyville Kansas Bank had been robbed and we all thought them a part of the ones. We never asked their names, as that wasn't often done those days. I can't remember any of the songs either he or I sang, as that was 50 years ago.

The name of the boys was Ralph Church (the boss), Jack Leonard and Shorty Allen, Les Laverty, Bell Fillops, Charley Straw, Billie Hill, and John Laverty, the cook.

I sang against a fellow in Weatherford, Texas, in a wagon yard. His name was Ben Green, his and my friends done the matching of it for a quart of whiskey. So we had quite a jolly time, about 30 men, and they sure got a kick out of it. I beet him in about 3 hours. He said he had never been beet before.

The last letter came from Tom Hight when he was more than eighty years old. He spoke of riding into the sunset, his closing words being: "Farewell, until we rattle our hocks on the other side."

4

AMONG my students in the A. and M. College of Texas was a young fellow from Denison, Texas, by the name of Harry Stephens. Harry had worked cattle in New Mexico and Arizona for three or four years; and he brought with him to college a handsome saddle, saddle blanket, bridle, spurs, and other equipment. His saddle was ornamented with silver. He didn't like the college uniform and he wasn't much interested in English literature, but he warmed up when I mentioned cowboy songs. He would stay after class and recite and sing songs to me. Now and then he would drift down to my home on Sunday and lean over the fence and sing a song to attract my attention. I never could get him farther than the gate.

Early in the spring, when the world was turning green again, Harry called on me one morning just as the bugle was blowing for the first class period. I went out to the gate on which he leaned. "Well, Professor," he said, "grass is rising — and I got to move on. I'm lonesome. I want to hear the wolves howl and the owls hoot." Twenty years went by before I saw Harry again. Meanwhile he sent me Western songs. Some I'm sure he made up; some he "doctored"; some he had taken down from the singing of others. One day I received a letter from him. He was on a ranch in southern Idaho. Enclosed were the words of what I consider the most beautiful cowboy poem in the language. The opening stanza runs: —

Oh, slow up, dogies, quit your roving around,
You have wandered and tramped all over the ground;
Oh, graze along, dogies, and feed kinda slow,
And don't forever be on the go —
Oh, move slow, dogies, move slow.
Hi-oo, hi-oo, hi-oo-oo-oo.

Years afterward, a young woman at Flagstaff, Arizona, after one of my folk-song talks, came up and said that she knew Harry Stephens, who was then in a hospital some hundred miles away as a result of a serious accident bulldogging steers. But it was a long time before our paths crossed again.

During one of my early folk-song hunting trips to San Antonio, I looked up the proprietor of the locally famous Buckhorn saloon. He was a German with a penchant for collecting the horns of wild animals. The horns, literally thousands in number, festooned the walls of his place of business, even to the gambling quarters in behind the front room where drinks were shoved across an elaborately carved bar.

As I sipped a glass of beer, I noticed a stack of printed eight-inch slips, titled "Hell in Texas." I read one through and was reminded that a Texas newspaper once claimed that General William Tecumseh Sherman was reputed to have written the song as a faithful picture of what he had suffered when, as a young officer, he was stationed on the Texas frontier. On leaving Texas, General Sherman, again according to legend, had said that if he owned both Texas and Hell he would rent out Texas and live in Hell. Whereupon a Texan retorted: "Well, damn a man who won't stand up for his own country!"

In the song Texas is described as a special creation of the Devil: —

He scattered tarantulas along all the roads,
Put thorns on the cactus and horns on the toads;
He lengthened the horns of a Texas steer,
And added some inches to the rabbit's ear.
The rattlesnake bites you, the scorpion stings,
The mosquito delights you with buzzing wings,
The sand is sprinkled with millions of ants,
And those who sit down need half soles on their pants.

He quickened the buck of the broncho steed,
And poisoned the feet of the centipede;
The wild boar roams through the black chaparral,
It's a hell of a place that he has for Hell.
He planted red pepper beside all the brooks,
The Mexicans use it in all that they cook;
Just dine with a Greaser and then you will shout,
"I've Hell on the inside as well as the out!"

My pleasure in this modern broadside won the attention of the German saloonkeeper. "I've already given away 100,000 copies of the Hell in Texas song," he told me. Then he directed me to another drink dispenser, a Negro, who ran a place down near the Southern Pacific depot, out in a scrubby mesquite grove.

"He was a trail cook for years," declared my friend, "and he knows a world of cowboy songs."

That afternoon I found my man back behind his saloon shack with his hat drawn down over his eyes, his head tilted back against a mesquite tree. When I shook him awake and told him what I wanted, he muttered, "I'se drunk, I'se drunk. Come back tomorrow and I'll sing for you." I spent all the next day under the mesquites back of the saloon with this Negro. Among the songs he sang was "Home on the Range." From the record I made that day in 1908, down in the Negro red-light district (they used stolen red switch lanterns to advertise their trade), Henry

Leberman, a blind teacher of music in the Austin State School for the Blind, a few weeks afterward, set down the music which, touched up here and there, has since won a high place as a typical Western folk tune.

The original cylindrical record of the song has crumbled into dust, but the music survives. First printed in *Cowboy Songs and Frontier Ballads* in 1910, the basic melody which the Negro saloonkeeper gave me runs through the many sheet-music versions of the song that have since been published. In 1925 Carl Fischer published for Oscar J. Fox, a composer of San Antonio, Texas, the first sheet-music version. Lawrence Tibbett and John Charles Thomas soon thereafter included it in their concert programs. For a time it became the number one tune on the radio.

The story goes that on the night that Franklin D. Roosevelt was first elected to the Presidency, New York reporters gathered on his doorstep and sang "Home on the Range." At a White House press conference, the President afterward called it his favorite song, and at Warm Springs, Georgia, the custom grew of using the song to welcome his visit.

In 1934 a suit for a cool half-million dollars for alleged infringement of copyright, brought by a couple of Arizona claimants, put "Home on the Range" in the headlines. A resourceful New York lawyer found that, in 1873, two lonely Kansas claim-owners got together and composed the song. From one dugout came the words; from another dugout the music. Fortunately it was printed that same year in the *Smith County Pioneer*. Faced with these facts, the pseudo authors withdrew their suit. The National Broadcasting Company and others breathed easily again. A contributor who helped trace the origin of the song was W. W. McGilvrey of Thief River Falls, Minnesota. In the song, "the buffalo roam," "the deer and the antelope play," "the wild curlews scream," and

The graceful white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Replying to a request for information about the song, the Thief River Falls man addressed a letter to "Fiddlin' Joe and all the rest of the Wild West Family" in which he furnished helpful facts. As a postscript he wrote: "I might add that at that time there was antelope [in Kansas] in plentiful numbers, also the curlew was there, but *not nary a dang swan!* Buffalo had been gone about three years."

Writing to the San Francisco *Chronicle* from Redwood City, California, February 21, 1938, Mrs. S. Dimick said: "I read an obituary of Reverend Crandell, a Methodist Minister in Oregon, which said that he was the author of both the words and the music of 'Home on the Range.' Anyone familiar with the old church song 'Home of the Soul' will recognize quite a similarity to that tune." Mrs. Sidney Cawell and others have recently written me that Vance Randolph told them that swans were common in Kansas in early days.

Meanwhile, in the Dallas (Texas) *Morning News* for May 24, 1940, William L. White, of the Emporia (Kansas) *Gazette* wrote from Bucharest of a trip through the Balkans: ". . . the little bars are particularly nice because of their music. And they all know American songs. . . . And the nicest thing of all is that every one of them knows 'Home on the Range' and for the equivalent of one United States quarter in the local money, you can get them to play it over and over during the evening while you sprawl back in the soft leather cushions and drink beer and think about Kansas, or your lost youth, or some of the girls you used to know. . . ."

I wonder if Mr. White knew that "Home on the Range" got its start in Kansas.

5

LATE at night, hungry and tired, I leaned out of the car window as the train came into Deming, New Mexico, over the dusty route of the Southern Pacific railroad from El Paso, Texas. My friend Roy Bedichek met me at the train steps with his friendly Airedale dog, Hobo.

"Come over to the back room of the X-10-U-8 saloon," said Bedi. "They serve good steaks there and you may hear some singing."

As we ate, an impromptu quartet, made up of the bartender, a hobo graduate of Oxford University, a freight brakeman just off his run from Lordsburg, and a cowboy from the Diamond A (Hearst) Ranch, sang "Casey Jones" with so many sad quavers that the dog Hobo howled mournfully as the song ended. Too perfect for a real ballad, I thought, though I have since found out that a Negro round-house worker at Canton, Mississippi, started the song on its way, when he found blood on the engine that killed Casey Jones.

Through the Diamond A cowboy I got an invitation to visit the Hearst Ranch about halfway between Deming and Silver City, where Billy the Kid reputedly added several notches to the handle of his Colt revolver. The next morning I rode northward out of Deming on a hired livery-stable horse. On the pommel of my saddle I balanced the fifty-pound recording machine, while tied up in a slicker behind the cantle of the saddle was the recording horn. No stranger-looking outfit, perhaps, had ever gone over that trail.

The Diamond A Ranch, at that time still a part of the estate of Senator George Hearst, father of the newspaper publisher, covered a large section of that part of New Mexico. The Southern Pacific railroad split it in halves. My business took me to the North Section. Darkness fell before my plodding steed stood at the front gate from which a long path led to a low, rambling dwelling house. I shouted, "Hello!" A man came to the door and answered, "Light, stranger, and look at your saddle." Then I felt at home, even at the Hearst headquarters.

After supper, my host drove me in a buggy behind two big, long-legged, fast-moving horses several miles away to where a bunch of cowboys, camped in the open, had their campfire in a gully. The roaring wind sent streams of sparks across the open plains as the men sat about the fire in cowboy fashion with their backs to the blast. Here again I met my cowboy of the night before, Garland Hodges, a genial, friendly chap. Several men sang for me that night.

After a time the foreman said to one of the boys, "Jim, you old hornswoggling cadaver of a pinto, say your piece for us, and put on all the tremolos. I'm pining for home and mother." And big Jim Swanson, still wearing his spurs, and marking the rhythm of the verses by waving his quirt, bowing first to his eager audience, recited "The Cowboy's Ruminations":—

Didn't have no dandy riders with their fancy-bosom shirts,
 Didn't have no love-knot ribbon tied by gals upon our quirts.
 Didn't pack no looking glasses in our saddle bags, to see
 If the wind an' our complexion seemed inclined fur to agree.
 Didn't wear no chaparejos trimmed with fringes an' with beads
 An' to keep our tailor breeches from the bushes an' the weeds,
 An' you bet you never saw us, it's as true as preachin', boss,
 With a hundred-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss.
 Warn't no shindigs at the ranches, as they have them nowadays,
 With a lot of purty cowgals fur to jine in the hoorays,
 Whar the music of the fiddle started every heart to prance,
 An' the gods of fun an' frolic ruled the sperrit of the dance.
 Then we lived in tents an' dugouts, jest some blankets fur our beds,
 Used our saddles then fur pillows onto which to lay our heads,
 An' our rifles an' our pistols right beside us we would lay,
 So's to git 'em muy pronto if the Injuns made a play.

Then Garland remembered a short piece which he had learned from a cowboy in Silver City:—

Oh, the cowpuncher loves the whistle of his rope,
 As he races over the plains;
 And the stage-driver loves the poppin' of his whip
 And the rattle of his Concord chains;
 And we'll all pray the Lord that we will be saved,
 And we'll keep the Golden Rule;
 But I'd rather be at home with the girl I love
 Than to monkey with this goddamned mule.

Years afterward, as a train took me into Concord, New Hampshire, where I was to lecture to the boys of St. Paul's School, I saw from the car window a big sign over a large manufacturing plant. I read, "Concord Ironworks." On inquiry I found that for

many years this company had built the old stage-coaches (and the chains to pull them) that were famous in early Western life. Thus I found out about the puzzling words "Concord chains" Garland Hodges sang for me that windy night in New Mexico.

To protect me from the wind, he had curled his body in a half circle, I on the inside, while I scribbled as the songs went on. The flames of the fire, blown almost parallel to the ground, gave but feeble light, though I managed to get down all the words.

In the summer of 1910, Boothe Merrill, a college friend, gave me the dance song, "Good-bye Old Paint." Unexpectedly and joyously, one night we faced each other at the entrance of a noisy Cheyenne saloon. Boothe was coming out one swinging door as I was going in through the other. We grasped hands and chanted together the last verse of our college song, afterward sung by the Texans at Corregidor, "The Eyes of Texas."

Boothe was astounded to see me going into a saloon, and I was amazed to see him coming out. Then both doors swung inward and we found a quiet room at the back end of the place. I was running down cowboy songs and recording them; Boothe was on a vacation from his duties as prosecuting attorney for a county in western Oklahoma.

"Out in my country," said Boothe, "we do not dance 'Home Sweet Home' for the last waltz at a cowboy breakdown; instead we stop the music and all sing and dance, to slow waltz time, 'Good-bye, Old Paint.'" He wouldn't let me "can" his voice, but he did sing the tune over and over again until I was able to carry it in my head back to Texas. Afterward I heard the same song at a rollicking "play-party" near Orville Bullington's ranch in Wheeler County, Texas. To avoid trouble with the churches, the boys and girls sing songs of dance music instead of dancing to the fiddle.

To the stanzas sung to me by Boothe Merrill in Wyoming have been added other stanzas, all in loving tribute to a cow pony called Old Paint. A "paint" horse is a spotted horse, the favorite colors being a mixture of white and black, or white and bay. Such a horse in the "string" of a cowboy was usually reserved for his Sunday riding mount. Sometimes he was called a calico horse, "for to go to see my calico gal with a calico dress on," as one cowboy remarked.

The fact that a paint horse was a bit tougher, perhaps more given to pitching when first saddled, only increased his attractiveness to the fortunate youth who claimed him. Happy the lover if Old Paint pitched a "fence-row" from his sweetheart's door while she waved a happy farewell from her front porch. For her lover could ride, and tomorrow night were they not to dance together at a play-party while they sang with the other dancers?

Old Paint's a good pony, he paces when he can,
 Good-bye, Old Paint, I'm leavin' Cheyenne.
 Good-bye, Old Paint, I'm leavin' Cheyenne.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

JORKENS IN WITCH WOOD

by LORD DUNSANY

I THINK there are more witches in Ireland than in any other land that I know," said Jorkens.

Nobody was talking of witches that day at the Billiards Club. On the other hand our general conversation was at rather a low ebb, so far as interest was concerned, and not really sufficiently full of even reliable fact for me to pass it on to my readers; and Jorkens's remark was little more than an attempt, which was fortunately successful, to turn our talk from speculations about technicalities of which we were not very fully informed to the story of some fragment of his own life.

Jorkens is no scientist, nor does he pretend to be, and yet I believe that when I shall have been able to fit together all the stories of his I have heard, until the end of one touches the beginning of another all the way through, his life will be found to be full of material that will be new to science, and which scientists must explain as they may. But now to his story, for his opening remark was, as my reader may have guessed, no more than a prelude to one he intended to tell. I think somebody said, "Ah, yes, I suppose there are." But it is not important.

"I remember a man named Twohey," said Jorkens. "I think he had once been some kind of a general, but he was a nice quiet fellow when I knew him. I was walking along a road in Ireland, when first I saw him, which ran through a nice estate, with little clumps of trees in it here and there, and looking over a hedge, I chanced to see him slipping a ferret into a rabbit hole; and he looked up rather sharply, as if he thought I might be someone that was going to interfere with him; and when he saw that I wasn't, however he saw that, he gave me a

charming smile, and said, 'I thought you were one of those ——. But never mind. I'm just getting a bit of a rabbit for my old mother. Sure, no one could object to a man doing that.'

"I agreed that nobody could. And from that we got talking of other things. And presently he told me about one of the clumps quite near us, which he said had been cursed by a witch. It was a hazel wood, about a hundred yards long, and in breadth a little less, and it was called Witch Wood, because a witch had once cursed it, he said, so that anybody out in it at night would lose his way and be lost.

"'But it is only a clump,' I said.

"'And so it is, by day,' said Twohey.

"'And what is it by night?' I asked.

"'Sure, the curse works then,' he said.

"'What does it do?' I asked.

"'It's as I said,' replied Twohey. 'You lose your way.'

"'In a little wood like that?' I asked.

"'Aye,' said Twohey. 'Sure, that's what it looks. And so it does.'

"'Well, it isn't any use arguing about witchcraft. The only thing was to test it. And so I said to Twohey:—

"'Look here,' I said, 'I'll walk through that clump at any time of night. I'll go in by the far side and come out by the road.'

"'Any time after dark will do,' said Twohey.

"'Then I'll do it,' I said, 'witch or no witch.'

"'Very well,' said Twohey. 'There's no one to stop you, unless Lord Monaghan's keeper. And he doesn't be sitting up late these days, the way he used to when he was younger. Time was he was a bit wicked, but he'd not bother you now.'

"'Well, then, I'll try it,' I said, 'if you think no one will mind.'

LORD DUNSANY has long endeared himself to *Atlantic* readers with those stories which have been relayed to him by that friend, clubmate, and alter ego, Jorkens.

"'Sorra a mind,' said Twohey.

"'I'll try it tonight,' I said.

"'Then you'll be lost,' said Twohey.

"'What did she curse it for?' I asked when that was settled.

"'Ah, there was a bad Lord Monaghan in the old days,' Twohey said, 'and he turned her out of her cottage where this wood is, and he planted birch trees all over her garden, and hazels all the way round.'

"'I saw the birches standing all white in the wood and a few Scotch firs beyond them. And all the rest was hazels.

"'What did he do it for?' I asked.

"'For no reason at all,' said Twohey, 'only that the poor old woman wouldn't pay her rent. And, sure, I don't blame her.'

"'And then a rabbit bolted into a little net that Twohey had waiting for it over a hole.

"'Excuse me a moment,' said Twohey.

"'And it was really no more than a moment before he had snapped its neck. 'It's only for my old mother,' he said. 'Sure, no one in the world could grudge her a rabbit.'

"'I entirely agreed with Twohey, and promised not to say a word about the rabbit to anybody, for fear it should come to ears that Twohey said had nothing better to do than to listen for that kind of talk, which was not properly their concern at all. And we arranged a meeting next morning in the little neighboring village, outside a door within which Twohey said one could get a drink of some sort, though it was nothing like the drink that it used to be in the old days. And I was to tell Twohey just how I got through Witch Wood. And I looked forward to doing so, for I didn't think much of his witch and I felt pretty sure that I could walk through that wood in less time and with less exertion than it would take me to explain that a witch had not the powers with which Twohey appeared to credit her. For I could see that he was a decent fellow and would believe whatever I told him. Very unlike the more suspicious kind of devil who will never believe a straight account of anything, if he has not been there himself and seen the whole thing with his own eyes."

2

I MADE some little interruption, such as I make from time to time to forestall any unmannerly discussion that might arise in the club. I think such interruptions are a good thing.

"Well," said Jorkens, "we parted then, and I remember my words to Twohey: 'I don't think it will take me more than three or four minutes, even in the dark, to do the longest part of the wood.'

"'Well,' said Twohey, 'the last man I knew that tried it allowed himself three or four hours.'

"'Three or four hours!' I exclaimed.

"'Aye, and it wasn't long enough,' said Twohey. 'Dawn didn't come up for another two hours after that. But maybe your honor will do it, being fresh from London and all, and with the help of your Oxford-and-Cambridge education.'

"'He was a polite and pleasant fellow, though pig-headed about the witch.

"'Well, I was staying at a little inn, where they made me very comfortable, and I spent a holiday of a week there and got a bit of fishing.'

"'A holiday from what?' asked Terbut, who happened to be in the club.

"'Oh, from one thing and another," said Jorkens. 'From one thing and another. Various little things, including a bit of work. You may have tried it once, only don't let's talk about it. No, I was on my holiday.

"'Well, I told them I was going out for a short walk after supper. I wasn't a quarter of an hour's walk from the wood, so I told them I would be back in about half an hour; and they said they would let me in any time, up to eleven o'clock. It was in the early summer, after the May fly had gone down, and the cornrake had just arrived from the South: I heard its voice as I went in over the fields. There was a line of distant mountains low in the sky; I never knew the names of them; and I waited till they had wholly disappeared, and everything got dim, though some luminous trace of day was still overhead and a glimmer shone on the fields.

"'As I left the road I heard the bark of one dog, and then an intense stillness, that was broken after a while by the voice of the cornrake. A dim white moth flew low above the tops of the grasses, bringing a gleam of light that was noticeable and welcome in the huge area of darkness that was gaining upon the world, and somehow gained on one's spirits, so that one felt all through one the unreasonable awe of the night, an awe that one tried to avoid by keeping away from trees, and out in the open spaces where the last of the daylight lingered. It is not a feeling that I can explain, because reason has no concern with it. Nor was there any sense in avoiding trees in the fields, when the purpose of my journey was to enter a wood.

"'Soon I saw a huge shape standing behind an ash tree, watching me. It turned out to be a horse. It scarcely moved as I went by. Movement, it seemed to feel, was for the daytime, and everything was too hushed and still for it to move now. I went on from the silent figure and came to still cattle, some standing, some lying down, all equally still. The hush had deepened, and now held everything.

"'Over a little hill not far away, I saw one light that was all alone in the dimness, glittering over the top of a little hill, a golden radiance that seemed, small though it was, to be perhaps the first flash of the rising moon; but the moon was in another part of the sky, and I saw it later, a blurred mass of fine

gold, nearly hidden in mist. This light, then, which did not increase, was the bright light of a window, the one light in all the valley when all else was curtained. I wondered for a while at the glare of it. Then it occurred to me that it must be the house of the priest, and that perhaps he kept that light shining so late as a kind of warning that he was there, to whomever might be wandering at such an hour. Again a moth passed by me, and then I came to the wood. At the edge of it somebody had lately cut an ash tree, and the stump of it shone white; that and the gleam of the moth and the far-off glow from the hill were the last lights I saw for some time.

"As I entered the little wood, I saw at once, what is obvious to anyone who has seen a wood after dark, that the little clump was different from what it had been in the day. It looked larger, for one thing; and besides that, it looked menacing. But then, for some reason or other, woods at night always do. I don't quite know why. I suppose that it is just the way they are made. Well, I didn't think much of that, and for a while I got on very well. The only thing that was troubling me was the faint glow in the sky, which I was afraid might possibly make it an unfair test, as it could be argued that it was not entirely night while any light was there. But I thought I would go on and then run through the wood again later, so as to make quite sure.

"I was among large leaves of cow-parsnip at first, growing underneath hazels; then a faint glow came from the white trunks of birches; but very soon, as I got deeper into the wood, I was unable to tell them from the gray trunk of an occasional oak, except by feeling the bark, and that was not of much use to me, as, from what I had seen of the little grove in the distance, I did not know that there were any oak trees there, so that they did not help to show me where I was. The birches that stood in what was the witch's garden were close to the point at which I had entered the wood, and I expected to go through them and then through the hazels, and so come to the road. But soon I saw no more the glow of the birches, and there were hazels all round me, as I could tell by their shapes. I was surprised at seeing no birches, but I knew the direction of the road and I aimed to come out exactly at a gate that I knew there was on the road-side, leading into the wood.

3

PERHAPS I may offer a suggestion to anyone who may be lost in a wood at night. Mistake North for East, and the other points of the compass will come out wrong too. So I went on through the wood, thinking I knew the way. Of course I would have been bound to have come out somewhere, if I had kept straight on in so small a wood, but I got di-

verted by water. Whether it was the same long strip appearing again and again I do not know, but it prevented my going straight; and not only that, but it was no guide to me whatever, for I knew nothing of any stream that entered the wood, and could not make out what water was doing there. Perhaps it was a deep marshy ditch that guarded one side of Witch Wood, or there may have been four of them and I may have come on them all: whatever it was, I was continually being turned by it. Not that it seemed at first to matter, as I still thought I knew where the road was, but it made my journey slower, because the water often turned me from clearer spaces, through which I intended to walk, into thicker parts of the wood, and some of these were so thick that I had to vary my direction again.

"I went on and on for a very long while through the wood, and the night grew darker, and any glimmer of light that still remained was where it was no use to me up overhead, except where it suddenly flashed in patches of water; and the cow-parsnip had ceased, as though I had changed my climate. There had been a kind of hush when I first entered Witch Wood, as though everything had suddenly held its breath; no dog barked, the cornrake had ceased, there was no sound from the cattle; and this silence continued the whole time that I was in the wood. If I could have heard any sounds I had heard before, they might have given me some direction, but the curse didn't seem to allow that. That was what I wanted, direction; any direction at all. For I was beginning now to see that my idea of the direction of the road was all wrong. Birches by now had taken the place of hazels, and there was an occasional dark pine: I was in an entirely different country. My theory that I knew the way, my knowledge that I was in a little grove, my belief that I could cross it in three minutes, all had to go by the board, and I had to acknowledge the fact that I was lost in a forest. I knew that some forests went for a thousand miles, that some of them ran right into the Arctic.

"It was no use arguing with myself any longer that I knew where I was. The most important thing for me to do then was to start all over again, unhindered by any theory that I could get out of the wood, and, looking at things in an entirely new light, to try and find out where I was. The birches somehow seemed to suggest Russia. You may think that mistaken of me, but I had recognized by now that I knew nothing of my whereabouts whatever and that I might just as likely be in one place as any other. That is how I felt when my cocksureness was gone. I had thought I could stroll through that wood and that the witch's curses were nothing, and now I was in her garden with dark forest all round me. And, if any vestige of my confidence remained, any reliance whatever on any preconceived thing, all that was swept away by finding those birches at the end of an hour's walk, when I

had expected to find them in the first few yards. Obviously they could not be the same birches, and might be any forest whatever.

"What I mean is that by clinging to the belief that I was in a small grove in Ireland I could not get any farther: my only chance was to give up the idea that was doing me no good, and to get as far away from it as I could. That is why I examined the possibility of being lost in a birch forest somewhere in Russia. The wrong idea perhaps, but better than the one that I clung to so long and that had left me all that time completely lost in the wood.

4

WELL, I traveled on through the forest a very long way, through the faint gleam of the birches. And at last I said, 'Wherever this forest is, I am obviously lost in it, and I've nothing to guide me. What's the use of going on?' A man who has traveled as much as I have is never helpless, especially if he has water somewhere near and has got a box of matches; and a man who's traveled at all always has matches; so I decided to make myself comfortable for the night. Nothing burns better than birch bark, and I stripped off a good lot of it and soon I had a fire that would burn anything I threw down on it; and I piled on branches that I broke from the trees, and logs and sticks that I found in the dark of the weeds, for I fancied a big fire would be necessary to keep me warm in those latitudes, where those dense birch forests grew, as soon as the night should settle down to grow colder. I felt no cold as yet, on account of my long hard walk, but I was glad of the warmth of the fire and glad of the rest.

"The fire was soon burning well, brilliantly lighting up the birches around me, but it did not show me my way, for, bright though it made the ground that had been so dark to my footsteps, a circle of darkness seemed to draw in round it that was even blacker than it had been before. For a moment the clear bright ground for a few paces all round me tempted me to try to look for my way again, but I had the sense to look at the darkness that hung so close all round and to accept the obvious fact that I was lost, and to make it no worse by wandering. After that I was really quite comfortable, lying on a few handfuls of twigs that kept off most of the wet and getting all the warmth that I wanted from the fire, and warmth is one of the first of our necessities. The bright light of the flames added cheerfulness and I settled down to wait for the dawn, which is early at that time of year, when the curse, as I gathered from Twohey, usually lifted, apart from which I should be able to see my way. The great hush continued, and I heard no sound at all from outside the wood. I got another damp log or two and threw them onto the fire, which was do-

ing too well to be harmed by their being damp, and then I settled down to try to sleep, with the fire on my face and a cool wind on my neck.

"But I could not get to sleep for a long time; and, just as I thought that I was going to do so, I heard my first sound from outside, the sound of a cock crowing from some cottage far over the fields, as early as that in the night, for, at any rate in the wood, there was yet no trace of dawn. I listened for a while, and it crowed again. And then I got the idea that, whatever Twohey had said, it was not so much the dawn that abated curses, as the cockcrow that usually accompanied it, and came often a little before. So I threw a bit more stuff down on the fire, for it had now sunk low, and as soon as ever I had it blazing well I started off again on my journey through Witch Wood. And this time, though I still had no point to make for, and had quite given up my futile belief that I knew the way to go, I had, as I had not had before, a point from which I was able to move away, and this at least was a help to prevent me moving in circles.

"So I set out, looking often over my shoulder, to see that the fire behind me was receding as it should. And in a surprisingly short time I saw another light, that was shining through the branches of the hazels before me, a pale golden light. It was the light of the priest's window shining over the fields. What it was doing at such an hour I could have no idea, but that of course was no affair of mine. There it shone and I walked through Witch Wood towards it, and soon was out in the field where the cattle were, still lying or standing motionless. And I heard the cornerake again. And I went back past the same horse, that was standing still by his tree, and back through the hush of the night. I came to the inn before there was as yet any sign of the dawn. For a moment I wondered what excuse to give, and then the right idea came to me; I threw pebbles up at the window and, when it opened, I gave them the bare truth: I said I was lost in Witch Wood. And they understood me at once. All people are suspicious of strangers, and any excuse that I gave for being so late would have been examined very thoroughly, and it might have been a long time before they opened the door, but the bare truth about Witch Wood went straight to their hearts and they let me in at once.

"Next day I saw Twohey and told him straight out that his witch had won.

"Ah, and so she would," said Twohey.

"Are there many other curses like that," I asked him, "being laid down hereabouts now?"

"Ah," said Twohey, "there are not."

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Ah," he said, "I don't know what's come over the country. The witches are no good any longer. The wickedness has gone out of them. I don't know what's wrong at all. But it's not like what it was in the old days."



THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

MRS. MIKE

The Story of Katherine Mary Flannigan

by BENEDICT and NANCY FREEDMAN

SUMMARY. — In the spring of 1907, Katherine Mary O'Fallon of Boston was shipped to the cattle ranch of her uncle, John Kennedy. Kathy had weak lungs, and the doctor had prescribed the cold, dry climate of Alberta. White girls were scarce in Alberta, pretty girls still scarcer; and at her first dance, sixteen-year-old Kathy received twenty proposals, including marriage. The proposal she wanted came after the dance, from a handsome, red-coated Mounty, Mike Flannigan. She became Mrs. Mike in the fall of 1907, and with him set out on the three-month trek by dog sled to Hudson's Hope, a trading post on the Peace River, where he was stationed. In that raw, frozen, empty land Mike was the Law. He had to act as doctor, too, and Kathy's frail lungs gave him anguish on that long trip, but from the moment they stumbled over the snowy threshold at Hudson's Hope, she began to gain strength.

This is the second installment of a book which is the March selection of the Literary Guild, and of which we are serializing approximately half.

15

THEY had taken the Union Jack from in front of the Hudson's Bay Company store and were flying it down by the pier. It waved good-bye and so did we to the men in the boats. There were three large canoes piled with the winter's catch of furs. The men would take the pelts three hundred miles by water to Peace River Crossing, from where they would go by overland trail another four hundred miles to Edmonton. That trip had taken us three months in winter. In summer, traveling by water, it would be longer. I felt sorry for the wives of the men who were leaving. They did not talk or wave so much as the others.

The trappers crowded the pier, pointing with pride to the canoes, identifying their own furs, laughing and telling stories of how that beaver and that mink tangled with their lines. "Look how low is *bateau* in the water, eh! Heavy with the winter's work. *C'est bon.*" And they waved their sweaty, bright-colored handkerchiefs at the Indians in the canoes, and yelled messages at them: "Tell that little *klooch* at Grouard that I'm still thinking of her!" Or, "You get to Peace River Crossing, you tell one Baldy Red I cut his heart out he no pay me that five bucks!"

Mike shoved off the first canoe. A great shout went up from every throat — that is, from every throat but one. Atenou sat glumly, his face in his hands. I watched him as Mike shoved off the second and third boats. His expression of woe did not change. His eyes stared mournfully as the canoes flashed past him, but he did not move his head to follow their passage.

Something was wrong. This was not like Atenou. He was one of Chief Mustagan's best hunters, a man whom the Indian women watched with their slow eyes, for he had not yet taken a wife.

I walked over to him. "Atenou, is something wrong?" He lifted his eyes to me, then they closed from the exertion.

Maybe he's sick, I thought, but I didn't want to ask that because Indians are very susceptible to suggestion. Instead I said, "What is it?"

A low moan, that was all. It frightened me, and I called Mike.

"What's the matter with you, Atenou? You look like the last rose of summer."

Atenou answered Mike as he had me, with a wavering moan. Mike tried again, this time in Beaver. Atenou took his hands away from his face. One cheek was swelled out like a balloon.

"Toothache." Mike pronounced the word first in English and then in Beaver. Atenou held onto his jaw again. Mike forced his hands away and his mouth open. He asked questions which the Indian answered with grunts and groans. Mike's hand was in Atenou's mouth by now, and he did something inside it that brought a bellow. A pretty half-breed girl going by asked, "Atenou is singing with the toothache?"

Mike turned to me. "An abscess. The one in the back. All I did was press on it." He hauled Atenou to his feet. "Come on!" He marched off, piloting the brave toward the office.

I ran after them. "What are you going to do?"

"It's got to come out," Mike said.

"But —" Mike's look warned me into silence.

Atenou was completely docile. I guess he thought nothing worse could happen to him than what he was feeling now. But he was wrong.

Mike sat him in the big chair. "It's your wisdom tooth," he said. "It's got to come out."

Atenou gazed dully at him and made no answer. Mike went to the back of the room and unlocked one of the cupboards.

I followed him. "Mike," I whispered, "you don't know how to pull teeth!"

"Shhh!" Mike whispered back. "Do you want him to lose confidence in me?"

Mike got out a bottle of liquor and rummaged around until he found a whiskey glass. "Here, pour some out for him. Give him as much as he'll hold."

I took the bottle from Mike, and maybe my hand shook or maybe I looked a little white around the mouth, because Mike grinned at me and said, "Pour yourself a glass too." I ignored the suggestion.

Atenou looked very surprised when I handed him the forbidden firewater. But he drank it down and asked no questions. Every time I asked if he would have more, he grunted acceptance. I don't know how many glasses of whiskey I poured him. Finally I got tired and left him the bottle.

I walked back to see what Mike was doing. He was very busy. In front of him was spread a case of vicious-looking instruments supplied by the Canadian government. Also supplied by the government was the thin paper book of instructions which Mike was reading.

"What are you doing?" I asked with disapproval.

"Trying to find out if it's a bicuspid."

I recognized that dogged note in his voice. I said, "How do you go about it — just pull?"

Mike consulted the book. "Pull with a twisting motion, it says here."

"Twisting?" I asked dubiously.

"Certainly. You know what twisting is. A — a twist."

Poor Mike, I could see he was scared. "What can I do to help?"

"You can help me tie him if he's drunk enough."

He was drunk enough. He lolled back in the chair, humming a war chant and hiccoughing. We passed the rope back and forth over and under Atenou's body until, as Mike said, we had him hog-tied.

Then Mike told me to bring him the case of instruments. The sight of those dozen sharp hooked implements seemed to bring Atenou out of his drunk. Mike nodded toward the whiskey, and I poured another two glasses down his throat. With the third glass his head fell back, his eyes clouded over, and the stuff dribbled down his chin.

Mike took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves. We walked silently to the pump out back and washed our hands.

"Open a fresh roll of cotton," Mike said. I

nodded and followed him into the office. It took an awfully long time to find the cotton, and almost as long to open it. When I brought it to Mike, he was rereading the directions in that thin paper book. There was sweat on his forehead. He fingered through the instruments and picked out a pliers.

"Open your mouth," he said to Atenou. But Atenou was too drunk to understand him.

Mike turned to me. "Hold his nose, Kathy."

"What?"

"Hold his nose. He'll have to open his mouth then to breathe."

I could see Mike's point, but I didn't relish holding the nose of that drooling, drunken Indian, even if he was tied.

"Hurry up!" Mike said.

I moved close and bent over Atenou. The smell of him was indescribable, part whiskey and part — I don't know what. I took a deep breath, which I intended to hold until that tooth was out, and pressed the end of his nose between my thumb and forefinger. Nothing happened. I pressed harder: the mouth fell open. In went the silver pliers and Mike's hand up to the wrist. In a moment they were both out, but there was no tooth between the pliers.

"Holy St. Patrick, did he swallow it?"

"No," said Mike. "I haven't pulled it." He looked away from me. "I was thinking —" He stopped.

"Yes?" I said.

"I was thinking that maybe I could do with a small gulp of that whiskey myself."

It somehow pleased me, seeing Mike Flannigan in need of a drink like any other Irishman. And it was no small gulp that he had, either.

"Now it's your turn, Kathy."

I looked at him, then I looked at the dark shining nose I was soon to be holding. I took it straight from the bottle like a man. I coughed and choked and made a face, but a warm comfort spread inside me. I grabbed Atenou's nostrils and squeezed. Again the mouth dropped open, again the pliers and Mike's hand entered. I saw it give the twisting motion and the pull. I saw it give the twisting motion and the pull again. Mike braced his foot against the chair — twist, pull, a jerk, a yell from Atenou — and the tooth came out in the pliers. Mike waved it triumphantly in the air. I guess maybe he was a little drunk. I guess maybe I was too, but whether from whiskey or relief I don't know.

16

I TRAILED my hand in the water. It looked like the hand of a sea nymph who had somehow drifted into the Peace River. The current was carrying our canoe along swiftly, and the Indian in the bow held his paddle upraised, watching for snags. I let the water run through my fingers and kept my eyes on the woods, hoping I'd see a bear. I loved to

watch bears — from a distance. The day before, I had walked over to a flat rock, curled up on it, and there was a black bear eating red willow berries. He backed away, but stopped to turn up a rock and lick off the insects and bugs clinging to the bottom. That's when I jumped up and ran. A bear that will eat grubs off the bottom of a stone will eat anything, I reasoned, and that anything might be me.

Mike wasn't impressed. He said black bears were friendly, lumbering old cusses. Just the same, from then on I was doubly careful. I didn't want my baby born with a face like a black bear's.

Mike thought I was becoming unusually scary and fanciful. "It'll be a good thing when you have the baby and get over all this," he'd say.

I lay back among the cushions and half closed my eyes against the sun. It was lazy and peaceful after the excitement of leaving. Ours was the last boat of the season, and already Hudson's Hope was weeks away. Mike had been transferred to Grouard.

One by one, 'breed and Indian, they had come, and at our door each left a gift of food. The canoe was given us, and enough provisions for the six weeks it would take us to reach Grouard; and these people faced a long, hungry winter.

Everyone came down to the river to see us off. The flag was flown at the pier just as it was the day the fur brigade left. At the last, Chief Mustagan stepped forward and presented me with a suit of white caracul. To Mike he gave an ornately beaded quiver full of flint-tipped arrows. We shoved off, and I looked back at the waving hands, at the waving flag.

Tonight, as I laid our blankets on somebody else's bed and hung that somebody else's blanket up as a partition, I wondered about all these cabins we'd been sleeping in for the last few weeks. The owners of them we rarely saw. But on the wall or over the stove was usually a crudely painted sign. The one here said, "Make yourself to home, stranger, and shut the door when you leave." In the North no one ever locked his door, not even when leaving for the winter.

This whole system of Northern hospitality was a gigantic chain, for while we were eating this man's beans, he was undoubtedly farther up the trail, eating somebody else's.

I lay awake listening to the snores of the Indians who were rolled in their blankets on the other side of our partition. The baby was moving in me. It moved a lot now. I snuggled in against Mike. It was then I felt my first pain. The cramp grabbed hold, turned and twisted in me like a live thing. I clutched Mike.

He was awake instantly, bending over me. "Kathy!"

"It's the baby!" I tensed myself against the pain, but it had stopped. I began to cry.

"Kathy, darling. Girl, what is it? What's wrong?"

Nothing was wrong now, but I was scared. So was Mike.

"Kathy, are you — Is it bad?"

I cried harder, but against his arm, so the Indians couldn't hear.

"I don't want to have my baby here! You promised me we could get to Grouard, you promised me."

"Darling, I thought we could."

He began stroking me. I jumped away from him and said very viciously but very quietly, "You keep away from me!"

"Kathy." Mike said it in a stunned sort of way.

"You lied to me," I said into the pillow, "and now you can just leave me alone."

I knew I was unreasonable, that Mike had done his best. But I couldn't help it. I wanted a woman to help me. I would be ashamed in front of men. Oh, Mike was all right — but not those two Indians.

"Kathy," Mike said soothingly, "Kathy, girl."

"You've got to send those Indians away. I'm not going to have it if they're here. I won't, that's all. I just won't!"

Mike took my hand. "I'll send them away. I'll take care of you myself. It won't be anything, kitten. All women have babies. Haven't I always looked after you, darling? And I will now. Don't be afraid, girl, trust me."

"I don't trust you," I said, and pulled my hand away. "You said we'd get to Grouard. You said I didn't have to have it on the trail. You promised."

"Kathy." There was decision in Mike's voice. "Tell me exactly how you feel. Do you have any pains now?"

"No."

"And how many did you have before?"

"Well, one."

"You'd be having them fast and close if you were near birth. I can get you to Peace River Crossing by morning. There's a Scottish woman there, Mrs. Mathers, who used to be a trained nurse. Do you want to chance it?"

I threw my arms about his neck. "Mike, you're so good to me!"

17

IN LESS than ten minutes we and the two bewildered, sleepy Indians were in the canoe. Sometimes I slept and sometimes I looked into the dark water. It was a silent, unreal trip. The paddles dipped together. An owl hooted through the forest. I would rather have my baby beside the river, with the wind blowing clear and sharp, than have it in that close and musty cabin.

When I opened my eyes the stars had gone and the sky looked soft and pink. I reached up and kissed Mike's hair.

"Where's that baby?" he said and laughed.

We were no longer running in a gorge, but beside a grassy bank rising in terraces from the river bed. It was sunny meadowland, and there were wild

flowers, blue and red, and after a while a yellow kind. It was four hours before we came to Peace River Crossing.

"It's civilization," Mike said. "They've even got a telegraph."

He helped me out of the canoe. The ground felt unsteady under my feet. I held onto Mike and thought of one thing: getting to Mrs. Mathers's house. Twice Mike's name was called, and both times he answered without stopping.

"Here we are," he said, and we walked onto a porch that squeaked and moaned with every step. Mike knocked, and we stood there waiting. He knocked again, and the door opened a grudging crack.

"What do you want?" The voice was high-pitched and querulous.

"It's Sergeant Flannigan, Mrs. Mathers. I've brought my wife to you."

The door opened farther, and at first sight I didn't like her. She was a woman of fifty, with a lot of flesh, loose and gray. "You poor dear," she said. "Come in."

The house looked like her — big, rambling, and untidy. It smelled of food, and not only of today's food, but as though every meal had left its grease and its smell behind. She was telling me to take off my things. I did, but I felt uncomfortable the way she was looking at me. "This is silly," I told myself. "The woman's a trained nurse, she's got to look at me if she's going to help me." So I smiled and told her we'd traveled all night to get to her.

"My dear," she said, "I don't know how you stood the trip. I know of many a miscarriage brought on by less than you've been through."

Mike frowned, but she didn't seem to notice.

"Bed's the place for her, Sergeant. I'll let you know when she's all tucked in and comfy."

Mike gave me a reassuring grin as Mrs. Mathers led me off.

She turned back the bedding and smoothed the rumpled covers. I stood and looked at the room. I saw a cracked slop jar and basin, a dark dresser, and a straight-backed chair.

"Do you want me to help you out of your things, dearie?" The plump fingers reached toward me.

"No," I said, drawing back a little. "I can manage fine, thank you." But I didn't, not with her watching me. I fumbled at every button. I'd taken off my boots and my mackinaws when she came toward me with a string in her hand. At the end of it was tied a button.

"Now," she said, "stand still, Mrs. Flannigan, and we'll see something."

"What?" I asked.

"Well now, we'll just see," and she hung the string in front of my stomach and stilled it with her hand.

"If it's a boy, the string will move forward and backward. If it's a girl, it will swing right and left."

"Oh, please, I'm so tired. I want to get into bed."

She was indignant at that. "Well, if you're not even curious!" She handed me a flannel nightgown that from the size of it was hers, and watched me as I slipped it on.

"You're not built right," she said.

"What do you mean?" I felt frightened.

"You're just not. Too small all over."

I got into bed and pulled the covers up high.

"Some women aren't made for childbearing, and you're one of them."

"My grandmother had fourteen children," I said, "and my mother had three."

"What did I tell you? See how they're dwindling off?" She brought her face against mine. "It's a bad month too. August is the eighth month."

I made an effort to overcome the repulsion I felt.

"Too many eights," she said. "Eighth month of 1908 — and today, do you know what today is? The twenty-eighth! I doubt if we'll take that baby out of you alive."

I shrank back against the sheets. "Don't you say things like that! My baby's alive!"

"Of course your baby's all right. What are you talking about, Kathy?" Mike stood in the doorway.

I tried not to cry, but I did through every word. "She said I can't have a baby. She said —"

"What?" The word dropped from him like a bomb.

Mrs. Mathers began talking very fast. She scuttled over the words like a fat prairie chicken. "I said it would be a hard confinement, Sergeant. There's no use fooling ourselves, it will. If the worst comes to the worst —"

"Get out!" Mike said, and his lips barely moved.

Mrs. Mathers stood and looked at him as though she hadn't heard right. Mike didn't say anything more. He didn't have to. Just looking at him made me want to hide under the covers.

Mrs. Mathers said, "Humph!" and started for the door. It wasn't until she was safely out of the room that she muttered something about "my own house!"

Mike closed the door and came back to the bed. He spoke in a stern voice. "Forget that nonsense."

"But maybe she knows. Maybe she's right. After all, she's a trained nurse, Mike."

Mike took my hands away from my face and kissed them. "Listen, Kathy. This idea of bringing you down here wasn't so good. I didn't know anything about the woman — just that she was a trained nurse. That impressed me. I wanted you to have a trained nurse. I want you to have the best. And, by God, you're going to get it."

I tried not to smile. "Another idea, Mike?"

"And this time it's good, kitten. I'm going to telegraph Mrs. Carpentier to come up from Grouard and look after you."

"Mrs. Carpentier, who's she?"

Mike smiled. "Mrs. Carpentier is a good witch, a fairy godmother. You'll love her, Kathy."

"But who *is* she?"

"Well, she's Cree, full blood. Wonderful person. Been midwife to every woman within a hundred-mile radius."

Anything was better than Mrs. Mathers. "Can she be here in time?" I asked.

"She'll have to be."

Two nights later my pains began in earnest. Mrs. Carpentier was somewhere on the trail. Mrs. Mathers sulked in the next room, and it was Mike who sat with me. The pain ripped and tore me. I'd hold onto his hands and scream. He tied a sheet to the bedpost. I'd pull on it and pull until the pain stopped. Then I'd lie panting, gathering my strength to meet it again. Mike would wipe the sweat from my face.

It was one of these times when I lay exhausted, gasping for breath, that she came. I didn't notice that the door had opened. She was just standing there, looking down at me. Sarah, I thought, it's Sarah, from the Bible. I sighed and closed my eyes. I felt peace. The fear had gone.

The pain began again, seizing, grabbing, tearing. Then she spoke to me. "Sarah," I tried to say, but only wild screams came.

Her voice went on, like an undertone of river water, slow, strong, and clear. I clung to the sound. I held to it. The pain swept me into a black gulf that was wet, that was sticky, that was blood, that was sweat. But I knew that in the voice and behind it was the world. If I held on, I could get back to it, into it, through to it.

Something fragrant, slightly pungent, was in front of my nose. It smelled of the woods. I opened my eyes to see. Sarah was holding a glass for me. I drank. It was bitter and yet sweet.

"From root come medicine. Make nice baby come fast. Make mother strong. Grind the root, crush —" Crush! That's what they were doing to me, crushing.

"Mix with water. Name is squaw root. Squaw root for help squaw with baby." I lost the words, everything. Then Mike was kissing me, stroking me, putting the wet cloth on my face again.

"Darling, it's all over. We have a girl."

I smiled at him. I could hear Sarah moving. After a long time I was able to turn my head and watch her. She was rubbing oil on a tiny mite of a baby. They put her beside me, tucked her in my arms.

"A lovely girl baby," Sarah said.

I looked at Sarah. She was big, big as a man. Six feet tall and strong. There was a grace and dignity in her, and a kindness and a knowing that sixty years had brought. I thought of what Mike had called her, the good witch.

The little thing in my arms stirred. The movement gave me a happiness and a joy I had never known. I smiled at Mike, I smiled at Sarah.

"You must have had a lot of children," I said.

"Seventeen of my own. Many others, maybe hundreds, I brought into the world. I never lose

mother, and I never lose child, except once — in this house."

"In this house?" I held my own baby tighter.

"Yes," she said. "He was dead baby I take from Mrs. Mathers."

Mike's hand tightened over mine.

18

WE CALLED the baby Mary Aroon, after my grandmother, Bridget Aroon. Mary is the sweetest, most beautiful name there is, and I was always grateful to my own mother for squeezing it into my name.

Sarah left for Grouard two days after Mary Aroon was born. It was the day she went that I showed her the name Sarah in my Bible. I told her how Sarah had been the mother of a race. I told her that in my delirium, when I saw her standing in front of me, I had felt she *was* Sarah. Her hands had been strong, her voice gentle, and for me she had been that ancient mother of Israel.

"Mrs. Carpentier," I said, "I want to call you Sarah. May I?"

She ran her finger over the name in the book.

"It is the name between us," she said.

In a week I was strong enough to make the trip. Mike bought a cart and padded it with blankets. I lay in it and bounced the long way to Grouard. Many times I told Mike I'd rather be riding the horse, but he would smile and tell me I had a fine view of the sky.

Two men came riding up the trail to meet us. Constable Cameron had seen the smoke of our last campfire. The Indians, as usual, had known all about it even before he did. They told him it was Sergeant Mike, Mrs. Mike, and Mike's girl-child. So as we came over the top of Black Bear Hill, Ned Cameron came galloping up the other side, pulled in his horse, and saluted.

"Constable Cameron, sir. And this" — pointing to the slim youngster who rode behind him — "is Timmy Beauclaire, and I think, Mrs. Flannigan, he has a present for you."

"A puppy," the boy said. He pulled it out of his jacket. "Like it?"

"Very much," I said, and before I knew what I was doing, I showed him the baby, bundled in her fur bag. "Like it?"

He nodded, and we both laughed. He asked me what I would call the pup.

"Juno," I said.

"That's a funny name."

"It's Irish. All my dogs have been called Juno, and it's brought me pretty good luck, and so this one is going to be Juno too."

"Don't you want to see whether it's a him or a her first?"

Well, I did, but not with him around, so I said,

"Makes no difference. He's still Juno."

Timmy grinned. "You mean *she's* still Juno."

We drove up to a little cabin in a hollow. There were half a dozen people standing in front waiting for us. There were tall trees bending over the house. And there was a garden of the strangest, most beautiful flowers I have ever seen. This was home.

Sarah was the first to greet me and help me out of the cart. She took the baby from my arms and led me into the house.

"You sit down, rest first," she said. "I have soup ready and tea. Madeleine take care of baby." Sarah handed Mary Aroon to a dark plain girl of fourteen or fifteen.

I sank back into a chair, but I wasn't tired, just taking everything in—my new home, my new friends. Sarah was busy feeding me and introducing my guests.

"This is Timmy's mother, Mrs. Beauclaire. Mrs. Constance Beauclaire and Mr. Georges Beauclaire, her husband, and Madeleine and Barbette are her daughters."

Georges Beauclaire twitched his mustache, grunted something, shook my hand and left, clearly relieved at the chance to join the men outside. Beside the heavy, broad-shouldered man, Constance Beauclaire seemed delicate, shadowlike, and almost as young as their daughters. There was a foreign grace about the way she stood and walked. I saw a small, proud mouth, a slender straight nose, as rare in the North as a princess's coronet, and deep, brooding eyes of an unearthly blue. It was the lavender-blue that lights a lake for a moment after the sun has set. This was no trapper's wife.

"Katherine Mary," she repeated my name softly, and it sounded unusual and elegant in her liquid French speech. "You must tell me about Winnipeg and Montreal and Boston. Not much, what you can remember. They are not the cities I remember, but they will do."

"My mother lives in Boston," I said. "You are very much like her."

Sarah was bending over me, another bowl of soup in her lean hands. "Nice party?" she asked me.

"Yes," I said. "The best there ever was."

The sun was low, and its rays spread across the room, twinkling in the dust of many feet. Almost in a dream I spoke to Constance, and Sarah, and Sarah's husband, shy, silent Louis Carpentier, and the McTavish brothers, and Old Irish Bill, with his long hair and elfin eyes, and Madeleine cradling my baby and scolding Barbette, who wanted to play with her too, and Mike standing behind my chair, smiling at them all. When they had gone I went to the window and looked at my enchanted garden with its rows of flowers that never grew in a garden before.

It had been an evening of magic, but the morning was quite down to earth. The baby woke me, squalling; the puppy, Juno, got into a sack of flour; and a bear walked off with a bucket of milk I'd hung outside the window. I went out into my garden—and

they were all dead, every single flower, lying dead and withered on the ground. The enchantment was gone. I ran into the house and shook Mike awake.

"Mike," I sobbed, "my flowers!"

"I know, Kathy." He dressed quickly and drew me out to the garden. "Look." He pulled up one of the poor faded things. It came right up out of the ground. No roots, no stalk, no leaves. It was just a blossom, cut and stuck in the earth.

"They say Mrs. Marlin planted them. She's not right in the head, this Mrs. Marlin," Mike said unhappily. "She thought it would be a pretty welcome, Kathy. They're mostly wild flowers. They grow in the woods, in swamps, in very difficult places. She must have spent all day finding them, and then she put them in the ground to make you a garden."

I pressed his hand tightly. Suddenly I knew the enchantment hadn't gone. I thought of these people. None of them knew me. Yet Timmy brought me a puppy, and Sarah saved my life, and Old Irish Bill sang old Irish songs for me, and crazy Mrs. Marlin spent a day in the swamps so that I might have a pretty garden for an hour. I kissed Mike hard and walked back into the house. I picked up the baby, and she stopped crying. I dusted the puppy off and gave it a piece of dried fish. And as for the bear, if he liked my bucket of milk, he could have it!

19

MIKE wanted me to take a girl from the Mission to help with the house and the baby. I had completely forgotten my pleurisy, but every now and then I would catch Mike watching me with a worried eye. I still didn't stand straight enough or breathe deep enough to suit him.

"You don't have to take too much on you, Kathy," he said. "You can have one of the young girls at the Mission give you a hand with the housework."

"How young?" I said.

Mike laughed. "Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen," he said. "At what age do you get jealous?"

I gave him a push. "Who's jealous of you? You think you're such a dashing figure of a man in your red coat and all!" I looked him over and I had to admit, "Well, you are."

So we decided to get a girl, and I went to the Mission. I knocked at the door. It was opened by a cheerful-looking, red-faced Sister.

"I'm Mrs. Flannigan," I said.

"Don't stand there in this chill weather, child. Come inside."

She wouldn't let me talk in the hall, either, but took me to an inside room. Tea was served by an Indian girl of twelve or thirteen, primly dressed in long black stockings and a gingham pinafore. It was not until Sister Teresa had poured me a second cup that she felt she could ask my errand.

"I want to bring a girl home with me. I have a baby, and my husband says I should have a girl

to help me in the house. I'll take good care of her."

The Sister nodded. "You'd want one of our older girls, then. Well, the best thing to do is to let you meet them." She rose, and I followed her into the hall. "We've eighty children here at the present time. All ages. We've classes every morning. They're taught reading and writing."

We entered the kitchen. Four girls were at work there. They smiled shyly at me. When we were in the hall again, I asked the Sister to what age they kept the children.

"Until they're eighteen," she said.

It was with more assurance that I walked into the next room. Here there were thirty or forty children, all sizes, all ages, and all busy. There was cleaning and scrubbing going on. There was a lesson on the blackboard, there were looms, there were girls knitting, sewing, crocheting. There were children with books, and children with games. There were big girls looking after babies.

The Sister explained. "It's supervised play, of course. They are taught useful and instructive things." She stopped by one of the older girls.

"Amy here is an expert needlewoman." She held up a patchwork quilt. The stitches were tiny and regular.

"It's beautiful work," and I smiled at the girl.

She looked at me appraisingly with black shoe-button eyes and did not smile back.

We walked to another group.

"Louise is very good with children," the Sister said. "Quite dependable." She spoke of them as if they weren't there. Louise looked away, then back shyly, uncertainly. More girls, trustworthy, good housekeepers. I was getting them mixed up. Smooth braided hair, dark eyes, black stockings.

The Sister opened a door at the back of the room. Wails and sobs came from the dark interior, and I drew back nervously.

"It's punishment row," she explained.

The room was a linen closet with only one window very high up. A bench was placed in the center. On it sat three small children crying their eyes out, and a big girl looking pensively at the floor. At that moment Sister Teresa was called back. As soon as the door closed behind her the children stopped bawling, and began pulling at the big girl. "Go on, go on, Mamanowatum!"

The girl looked at me and smiled.

"What did Fleet Foot do then?" one of the little boys asked her.

"He went then alone into the forest. At his side ran the black wolf—" The door opened, the cries went up from the three simultaneously, and Mamanowatum's eyes rested modestly on the floor.

The Sister went right on about punishment row. It seemed Gerald had stolen from the apple bin, and Luke and Veronica had kicked each other and called names. The Sister hesitated when she came to Mamanowatum. "And Anne," she said, "has acted in a very foolish way."

I realized then that their Indian names weren't used. I said suddenly, "I'd like to take Anne home with me."

We were all surprised, the nun, Mamanowatum, and I. But the Sister recovered first. "She has a lovable disposition. But I feel I must warn you, Mrs. Flannigan, her needlework isn't what it should be. Still, she's very good with children." I pretended not to see the twinkling glance Mamanowatum shot at me.

"How old is she?" I asked.

"Fifteen," the Sister said and, clearing her throat, she added, "I think it would be best if you discussed your choice with our Mother Superior."

"Of course," I said. "But I want to ask Anne— Would you like to live with me? You could have your own bedroom, and there won't be too much to do."

The girl looked at me earnestly. "Yes, please."

I sat alone in the room where the Sister and I had had tea. It was important to me now. I wanted Mamanowatum.

The Sister came back, accompanied by the Mother Superior, a tall, austere woman. "Mrs. Flannigan?" she said and nodded courteously.

"I'm glad that you have come to see us. I'm sure you will give one of our girls a fine home."

"Yes," I said. "Anne."

"Mrs. Flannigan, I think you are a very generous person. I think you felt pity—" I started to deny it, but she stilled me with a glance. "Pity is one of the greatest qualities with which the human soul is endowed. Do not be ashamed of it."

"As I say, you felt sorry, seeing Anne sitting in punishment row along with the four- and five-year-olds. Having aroused such an emotion in you, naturally she stood out in your mind."

The shrewd gray eyes fascinated me. Was she right? Was that the way I felt? Then into my mind popped the merry face of Mamanowatum and the story she was telling about Fleet Foot.

"Well, my dear?"

I looked at the Mother Superior. "Can't I have her?"

She smiled at me; even the gray eyes smiled. "Mrs. Flannigan, if you don't intend to ask why Anne is being punished, I shall have to tell you. Anne has a fault, a serious fault—that of being too young."

"It's a fault she'll outgrow."

The Mother Superior didn't notice my joke. "Anne is young enough to imagine herself in love with Jonathan Forquet."

"She's in love?" I asked. And then, "Is that why she's being punished?"

"We have no reason to believe Anne has been immoral. I believe that she is merely headstrong."

"Is she too young to marry?" I asked.

"She's only fifteen."

"Yes," I said, remembering that I had been only a year older.

"The decision rests with you. And the responsibility, of course, if you decide to take her."

I knew I was getting into trouble. But I remembered Mamanowatum, and how grave her pretty, happy face had gotten when she looked up at me and said, "Yes, please."

"I'll look after Anne."

The Mother Superior rose. "Very well, Mrs. Flannigan. I hope both you and Anne will find happiness in the arrangement."

Before I could thank her, she was gone.

20

EVERYONE took to Mamanowatum. Mary Aroon cried to be picked up by her, and Juno followed her around the house. Mike was pleased with himself for having thought up the idea — and she was a great deal of help, but mostly she was a great deal of fun. Mamanowatum, her Indian name, means "Oh-Be-Joyful," and that is what we called her.

One day after Mike had left the house I went out to shake the rugs. And there on our front doorstep was a pile of the most beautiful skins I'd ever seen. Beaver, mink, otter, and lynx were stacked in a neat, gleaming pile. I couldn't believe my eyes. There must have been two hundred dollars' worth of pelts there. While I was standing, staring, Oh-Be-Joyful came out too. She gave a little cry and gathered the skins in her arms, burying her head in the soft pelts. She whispered into the warm fur in her Cree language.

"Oh-Be-Joyful, do you know whose furs these are?"

She lifted shining eyes to me. "Yes, Mrs. Mike, they are mine." She hugged them to her some more. "Are they not beautiful?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "They are. They're expensive. Too expensive to be lying around on the porch."

Oh-Be-Joyful examined each pelt, stroking it and exclaiming over it. "So young is the season for so pretty furs. He is clever, no?"

So that was it. "Oh-Be-Joyful," I said sternly, "where did these furs come from?"

She looked at me with such happiness that I was troubled. "From Jonathan," she said, and when she said it the name was beautiful.

"Who's Jonathan?" I asked.

"He is called Jonathan Forquet. He is maker of canoes. From the land of the Blackfeet and the land of the Beaver come men to buy from Jonathan the canoes."

"Really," I said in my coolest tones.

"The *bateau* sings the song of the currents, and the waters race to catch it. For Jonathan, he know the time to cut the birch bark. In the almost summer does he make the cut beneath the lowest branch, and another above the roots. With his knife he makes the line between, and with the flat side of his knife lifts the birch bark and takes it away in one

piece, without breaking. This I have seen him do."

"When did you see him making canoes?"

"In the almost summer." Her hands were still in the furs.

"When you were at the Mission?" I asked.

Now she understood. We looked at each other a long time. Her full lips went stubbornly together, but she made no answer.

"And while the good Sisters at the Mission took care of you and taught you, it was wrong to sneak away and be with Jonathan."

Her eyes were round with wonder at such a thought. "When I first look on him I know my home is where he is. He tell me of the four winds, he tell me of the forest spirits, on the hill he dance for me the dance of good harvest."

"Are you happy here, Oh-Be-Joyful?"

"I love you," she said.

It wasn't easy to harden my heart against that, but I wasn't going to let this pretty, bright-faced child become the squaw of Jonathan Forquet.

"Then you must promise me that while you stay here with us you won't see Jonathan."

She bowed her head. "I love him," she said.

I went right on, "I'll have to send you back to the Mission. They will keep you for three years yet; they'll watch you."

She smiled at that. "Jonathan, he go where he want."

I turned away and walked to the end of the porch. "I'll help you pack. There are some things of mine I'd like you to have. If you change your mind," I said, and stopped. Oh-Be-Joyful began to sob. I ran back and put my arms around her.

"Oh-Be-Joyful, don't cry!" But she cried harder.

"Oh, dear," I said, "I wish Mike were here."

It occurred to me that we would look pretty silly to anybody walking by, holding onto each other like that and crying. It was up to me to pull myself together. I did, and decided that, as I couldn't do anything with Oh-Be-Joyful, Mike would have to handle Jonathan, scare him away from the place or something.

When I had thought about it awhile I was sure Mike could manage it, and that Oh-Be-Joyful wouldn't have to go back after all. But of course I couldn't tell her that I intended to get rid of Jonathan. So after I had jumped up, feeling everything was solved, she continued to sit there staring down into the pile of furs.

I wanted to get her busy at something. "Help me tie up these pelts. We'll take them over to the Company store, and they'll give them to Jonathan next time he's in."

She gathered the furs in her arms. "They are mine," she said.

"Oh-Be-Joyful, the furs are Jonathan's. You can't accept a present worth several hundred dollars from him."

"When brave lay gift before door and woman take it in, it mean she have him as husband."

"Then you most certainly will not take it in."

"I take," she said.

"Oh-Be-Joyful, you give me those furs!"

Her grip tightened on them. There were tears in her eyes, but she said nothing.

I walked back into the house. I felt confused. I wasn't so sure that the Mother Superior had been right. And I wasn't at all sure that Oh-Be-Joyful was wrong. I walked back out on the porch. Oh-Be-Joyful still sat there, her eyes big with misery. I put my hand on her head and stroked the thick black hair.

"What's he like?" I asked her.

She caught my hand and pressed it. "He tall and straight as young fir tree. He walk in the ways of our people. He hunt alone, no brother sit at his campfire. He is silent like the woods, and when he speaks, it is with knowing. With much care he take bark from tree, that tree is not hurt. Yet great fierceness is in his soul, and around his neck hang the teeth of Mish-e-muk-wa, the bear. I want much, but never him speak love to me. Now today he lay the furs before the door as my father lay furs before the tepee of my mother. Should I send them back to the lonely campfire?"

"Oh, dear," I said again. "I wish Mike were here."

21

WHAT I needed was a chance to talk about it with Mike. So I packed up a lunch and took it to his office. There was a great deal of loud talk coming from the office, and as I passed the window I glanced in. A swarthy 'breed with a dirty yellow handkerchief knotted around his head was saying, "He try kill me every night."

"Now wait a minute," Mike said. "Let's get this straight."

I decided I'd better not interrupt them, so I took out a sandwich and began to eat.

Mike said, "Then you don't know why Jonathan wants to kill you?"

At the name Jonathan, I choked on my sandwich.

Yellow Handkerchief's voice was surly. "I tell you, no. Him hate me very much. Him make up this lie."

"About you stealing from his trap lines?" Mike asked. "You're sure it's a lie?"

"You think I steal from trap line?" Yellow Handkerchief roared. "You think I thief? Then good-bye!"

I drew myself to one side so as not to be crushed as he stamped out. But he didn't stamp out, for Mike said quickly, "Now look here, Cardinal, let's not be so touchy. If your life's been threatened, I'm on your side; but I've got to know how matters stand before I can take any steps."

"I told you how they stand. That snake Jonathan Forquet come every night to my house and shoot at me with bow and arrows."

"How many nights has he done this?"

"Three."

"And how close does he come?"

"Damn close. He pin my sleeve to table, him let fly arrow one-half inch from my head. Last night arrow she hitting between my fingers."

"He might be just trying to scare you."

"He try kill me," Yellow Handkerchief said with conviction.

"Well, whether he is or not, he can't go around shooting at people."

"I tell you, him try kill me. Him say to me, 'I kill you, Cardinal, you dirty dog, you steal from my traps.' And it is a lie and he knows it, but he shoot anyway."

"All right," Mike said. "I'll bring him in."

The door opened suddenly. Yellow Handkerchief's boots left gray prints on the thin layer of November snow.

Mike looked at me sternly. "Kathy, what's the idea, sitting out here in this rotten weather?"

"I had to talk to you about Jonathan."

Mike walked back in and sat down with a sigh. "Then you might as well have joined the party. That's all I've been doing, talking about Jonathan."

"Is he really a killer?" I asked.

Mike grinned.

"Listen, it's no laughing matter, because Oh-Be-Joyful loves Jonathan."

"Yes," Mike said, "you told me about it."

"But now it's worse. Today he dumped a whole bunch of skins on our porch."

At last Mike looked concerned. "He wants to take her off, huh?"

"Yes," I said. "That's what it means. And I couldn't get her to promise not to go. You've simply got to do something about it, Mike. You've got to talk to him, tell him to keep away, and put the fear of God into him so he'll do it."

"Jonathan doesn't scare easy," Mike said.

"That's too bad for him. Then you'll have to put him in jail as Mr. Cardinal suggested."

"Good God, Kathy, I can't put a man in jail because he's in love!"

"But he's dangerous. Suppose he kills Mr. Cardinal, how would you feel? And how would I feel? Because by that time he would have run off with Oh-Be-Joyful too."

"Kathy, you're working yourself up over nothing. I think that Cardinal *did* rob his traps. And Jonathan took this way of scaring him off. Trap-stealing is the most serious crime in the Northwest. You can see why. It's a man's livelihood."

"Then why didn't he come to you?"

"He's Indian, that's why."

It seemed to me Mike was being unfair. "You're taking Jonathan's side against Mr. Cardinal's," I said.

Mike said very evenly, "I'm trying not to take any side until I know more about things."

"You don't like Mr. Cardinal."

"Of course I don't like him. He's got a reputation that smells like dead fish from here to Calgary."

22

MIKE set out the next morning to find Jonathan and bring him in. I don't know how Oh-Be-Joyful knew it, but she did. We were silent and avoided looking at each other. When I fed the baby, there was no calling back and forth about the new tooth, or any laughing over the way she talked to herself. Oh-Be-Joyful used to pretend Mary Aroon was speaking Cree, and she would answer everything the baby said. It was very funny, but there was no fun in anything today.

It had been such a long day, and now it was past supertime and no Mike. So many things can happen to a man on the trail. Especially if he's out to bring someone in who, maybe, doesn't want to be brought in.

"I wonder what's keeping Sergeant Mike," I said. And just then I heard him clumping with his snowshoes on the porch. I opened the door, and a gust of snow swirled in my face.

"Mike," I called. He grabbed me to him in a rough snowy kiss. Not until he bent to unstrap his snowshoes did I realize there was someone with him, standing silent in the dark.

"Come in," I said. The Indian boy followed closely behind Mike. I slammed the door shut against the wind.

"Kathy," said Mike, "this is Jonathan Forquet."

Jonathan nodded courteously, but there was no smile on his lips. I noticed this because I noticed his mouth in particular. It was full, with a clean sweeping outline. He held himself well, proudly or perhaps defiantly. His long dark eyes swept over the room. They came to rest on Oh-Be-Joyful, who stood in the farthest corner, hardly breathing. Jonathan's face did not soften. He gave her no sign, but he looked for a long minute.

I was angry with Mike, terribly angry, for having brought Jonathan to the house. I wanted a chance to tell him so, so I said, "You'll have to help me carve the meat," and I led the way to the kitchen. As soon as the door swung to behind us I turned on him, blazing mad.

"Mike Flannigan, what on earth are you thinking of, bringing that boy here? Didn't you see the way he looked at Oh-Be-Joyful? Oh, you're crazy, just crazy!"

"Kathy, I brought him here because I didn't know what else to do with him. And I think," he added slowly, "that that's what you would have wanted me to do."

"Oh, Mike, if they hear about this at the Mission, they'll take Oh-Be-Joyful back. They'll think you're deliberately encouraging it. And you are."

He swung me around to him. "You're going to listen to me, you little minx. I brought Jonathan

here so you could put a meal into him. The boy is starving. He fainted on the trail coming in."

"Is he really starving, Mike?"

"When I found him, he was peeling the bark from a jack pine and sucking at the sap. You've got to be pretty hungry to do that. He's sick. That's why it took me so long to bring him in. But he's a plucky kid. Jumped away from that jack pine like a shot when he heard me coming. Afraid I'd guess what he was doing. And on the trail, not a word out of him. I didn't realize there was much wrong, he walked along with me quietly enough, and then all at once just crumpled up on the snow. He lay there as if he were dead. I built a fire and erected a lean-to to shelter him from the wind, and all that time he didn't move. I started chafing him then and loosening his clothing. I noticed that his skin was discolored around his waist. I opened his shirt and found that his whole body was terribly bruised. For a while I thought that one of the ribs was broken. He must have been kicked fifty times in the side. That's the only thing that could account for it."

"You think that Cardinal beat him up?" I asked.

"Yes," Mike said, "that's what I think. I visited Jonathan's trap lines, and there are signs of a scuffle. There have been heavy snows since then, but once a man sets foot, or in this case, snowshoe, on a snow-covered rock or a fallen tree, he leaves an impression no snowfall will obliterate."

"What does Jonathan say?"

"Nothing."

"You mean he wouldn't tell you how he got hurt?"

"He wouldn't," Mike said.

"But why?"

"Because of that devilish pride of his. He got the worst of things, didn't he? First Cardinal robs him, and then he beats him up. Jonathan wants revenge, and he doesn't want me spoiling it by sending Cardinal to jail. My job is plainly to keep the boy from becoming a killer."

"And mine," I said, "is to feed him before he faints in my living room."

I carried the dishes to the table. Jonathan stood leaning against the door. He wasn't the kind to lean if he could stand. I set down the platter of meat. "Well," I said, "I guess we eat."

Mike turned to Jonathan. "Pull up a chair." Jonathan did not move. He said, "Already I eat much today."

"Of course you have," I said, "but you've been out on the trail with Mike for hours. I know Mike's always starving when he's been out all day like this." I cursed the evil luck that made me use the word "starving," for Jonathan said, with a half smile on his face, "Me, I do not starve."

Oh-Be-Joyful spoke softly to him in Cree, but he would not look at her.

"I'll feel very sorry if you do not accept my hospitality, Jonathan," Mike said.

Jonathan held that little mocking smile on his face and said nothing.

I sat down abruptly with my back to him. It was a terrible meal. Who could eat anything with that hungry boy watching us silently? Oh-Be-Joyful didn't touch a thing. Mike ate steadily without once looking up from his plate. I stood it until the meal was nearly through, but when Oh-Be-Joyful pushed away the stewed plums which were her favorite dessert, I pushed back my chair and said, "Jonathan Forquet, you've spoiled everybody else's dinner by your stubbornness, and I hope you're satisfied!"

His eyes met mine. They were young and troubled. "I — I did not know," he said.

"Well, you know now. Next time I cook a meal, and you're around, you're going to eat it whether you like it or not."

"Kathy," Mike said.

"I don't care, it's perfectly ridiculous. Jonathan is pretending he isn't sick or hungry, and we're pretending with him." Somewhere in the middle of this I heard Mike groan, but I went right on, "I'm going to feed you, Jonathan, and then I'm going to put you to bed. And in the morning when you wake up, I'll ask you if it was all right that I did it."

Jonathan moved from the door and stood straight and tall in front of me.

"I don't care," I said again. "It's your own fault. It's the only way you let a person treat you."

He smiled at me, and his eyes were friendly. "Mrs. Mike, I ask you, please you give me to eat, yes?"

He sat at the table and ate my dinner. He ate with his left hand. It was stiff, and he had difficulty raising it, but the other hand hung at his side, unusable. He ate slowly and very little. When he had finished he looked to Mike and me and said gravely, "I have eaten in the house of my friends."

"Yes," Mike said, "you have."

Oh-Be-Joyful was filled with delight by what had happened. She smiled secret smiles to herself and moved busily around the room. Jonathan watched her with pleasure.

"She is too young," I whispered. "You will let her stay awhile with me." I waited.

The words came so low from him I scarcely heard them. "It is well."

The next morning we heard that Cardinal had left. He had gone in the night to do his winter's trapping farther north.

23

I EXPECTED another baby sometime in July. I was determined that this one would be just as strong and healthy as Mary Aroon. The bitter pessimism the women of Grouard had adopted didn't touch me. I wasn't resigned to losing six children to raise three. Every one of mine was going to grow up!

This was good country, I felt. I had come here weak and pale, coughing, hunched over, with shooting pains in my chest. Now I was well, I ran my own house, I had a child and would have more. Surely in this cold clean air of the North my children would thrive. I tucked the blanket up over the back of my baby's neck, kissed the top of her head, and gave her a nice bright green piece of cloth to play with.

Sarah had given me a small bottle full of brown powder. I secretly gave Mary Aroon a pinch in a little water, once a week. I was afraid Mike would disapprove. After all, I didn't know what the brown powder was. Probably a doctor from the outside or a pharmacist would have laughed and said it wasn't anything, meaning anything in their books.

But Sarah told me, and I believed: "Better, Mrs. Mike, to give medicine for sickness before than after. This way, when sickness come into baby, medicine is already there waiting."

So I took the scratched little bottle, which from its shape was probably once an iodine bottle in a prospector's first-aid kit, and I put it on the back of the shelf behind the salt and pepper and sugar.

"Sarah," I had asked her, "how do you know all these things?"

"Mrs. Mike, I know from my mother and from many old men and women who knew from before; I know from trying and mixing, myself; I know from the look of the plants; I know from things I am told when I sleep. You give your baby this now, she will have good stomach, good liver, she will never be sick. And you come yourself," looking at me critically, "come in January, and I start giving you squaw root. By the time your new baby comes, it will be quick and easy, like that!" And she brushed one hand swiftly against the other.

Therefore in January I dutifully walked down to the Carpentiers' cabin on the lake. Sarah appeared at the entrance of a shed which ran along the south side of the cabin. She looked very tall and commanding. "Come up here," she said.

I had been to her cabin only three or four times, and I had never been in the shed. Things grew and hung in that damp musty place that belonged at the bottom of swamps, under rocks, or in nightmares. From the door I could see thick, fleshy stems, slightly hairy, spread over a rack to dry. On the ground in front of me was a long-dead stump with strange warts on its dried-up roots, and unhealthy-colored toadstools like shelves on the sides. One of the toadstools, thin and crumbling in its rottenness, was carefully supported by a network of string. Along the side of the shed was a long table, completely bare except for a dead muskrat pinned to the wood. The air was full of the smell of decay. Even the sunlight was transformed into a weird silvery light by the curtain of cobwebs which hung over the lattice. I shivered a little as I stepped into Sarah's workroom.

"Sit down, Mrs. Mike." She pulled a chair out

of the shadow for me. I sat down, looking around me nervously.

"My plants," Sarah said. "Beaver oil for put beaver smell on trap, I sell to trappers. Rub on trap, lay trail on ground, fool wolf. Wolf not get man smell, get beaver smell, come fall in trap. White trapper use musk, fish oil, other things, but beaver oil best."

I turned my head, and something curved and sharp swung against my cheek. It was a clawing foot with nails protruding. It hung from a buckskin thong.

"Nothing," Sarah said. "A lion's claw. When bad things grow in the body and swell it, it is good to hang this claw by the bed and pray to the Maker-of-Claws to tear out the evil."

She reached under the table and picked up a large tin can. She tilted it to show me the pale brown chunks it held. "Touch it," she said. I touched. It was rubbery, yet soft. "I take plant, squeeze out milk, dry in sun, becomes like this — good for heart, good for liver, makes to cough." She pinched off a piece, swallowed it, and coughed, a dry sharp cough. She smiled broadly and offered the can to me. I shook my head.

"No, I don't feel like coughing," I said, trying to laugh. The next moment I jumped. Something had moved in the gray corner across from me. I couldn't see well. It was in the shadows, but it seemed about the size of a puppy, it hopped like a toad, and a hoarse cry came from it. Sarah picked up a large cardboard packing case and put it over the thing.

"Nothing, an animal," she smiled.

"Yes," I said.

"Mrs. Mike," she said, taking my hand, "never be frightened of things because of their looks. Ugly mud flower" — she tilted the can again — "make well the heart. Pretty root" — and this time she picked up a long curling tuber — "kill a man."

"You don't like this room," Sarah continued, "because she smell a lot, because she is dark, because these things in it not your friends. But I like smell, I like dark, and all things here my friends — even him." She reached out her heavy foot and gently touched the box. There was an answering thump from within, and again that cry. The animal under the box began moving around restlessly.

I followed Sarah down the shed while she exhibited her treasures to me: bearberry leaves drying on a plank, starweed soaking in a bucket of water, peels of slippery-elm bark stacked in a corner, stalks of trumpetweed crushed in a stone bowl. Here were remedies for sore throat, for rheumatism, for snake bite, for unreturned love, for headache, for a broken leg, for a balky horse, for bad hunting, for all the ills and afflictions of man. I forgot the wet cobwebs, the toadstools, and the animal under the box. Curiously I asked her if she had any deadly poisons.

"Much easier to kill than make well," she said. "Anyone can pick up rock, crush in head of a man. Take wise man to fix. I could go in wood, pick here, there, many poisons. In pot here under table I have a little bit musquash — beaver poison — I keep covered so dog won't eat. This grow in wood, and anything come along and eat, little by little legs get stiff, body get stiff, no move, no breathe, then die. Musquash bad medicine."

24

GOOD! I come for bad medicine." A woman stood in the doorway at the other end of the shed. She leaned forward in a half crouch, taut and intent. "I — Mrs. Mike," the woman caught sight of me and raised her head. "How are you, Mrs. Mike? I am Mrs. Marlin. I just come by to talk," she added defensively.

"Mrs. Marlin!" I cried. "I've wanted to see you, to thank you."

"Thank me?"

"For my flowers. They were lovely."

She lifted a thin hand to her face and looked at me wonderingly. Mrs. Marlin had that fragile exotic beauty that comes of the mixing of many races. Her eyes were deep blue, yet the sockets they were set in were slightly slant. Perhaps a Russo-Chinese prospector had met the French-Indian *klooch* that was her great-grandmother, and touches of Scottish and Irish had been added since. There were faint echoes of all races in her beauty, and this made the whole in some way inharmonious. It was an alien loveliness that delighted the eye but disturbed the soul.

"Flowers?" She paused. "I remember. I planted garden for you, Mrs. Mike. It is pretty, no?"

"I'm afraid they died," I said uncomfortably.

"Yes, I knew. What I touch — it dies."

Sarah stepped forward. "You go now!"

Mrs. Marlin sat down stubbornly on the cardboard box. The rustling inside began again, but she didn't appear to hear it.

"I think she wants to speak to you alone," I said to Sarah.

"She not belong here. You go!" Sarah shook the young woman roughly.

Mrs. Marlin spoke in a sly, simple way. "You make death medicine, give me."

"I have no death medicine," Sarah said. "Who you want kill?"

"No man — no woman," Mrs. Marlin crooned.

I leaned forward. Under the table my foot kicked an iron pot. Beaver poison? I remembered. Little by little the legs get stiff, the body gets stiff —

"Law get you if you kill. Redcoat get you," Sarah was saying.

"I no kill person."

"Animal?"

Then, after a long pause, "I know who is this

no-man-no-woman," Sarah said ironically. "No. You right. Law not get you. Redcoat not get you. Very easy — if I help." Slowly Sarah's large hand closed on the woman's shoulder. With a jerk she pulled her to her feet. "But — I not help!"

Mrs. Marlin shook herself free. She said bitterly, "You not help, I do myself, with knife maybe, with this hand maybe —" And she held out her trembling right hand, the fingers clawing in a terrifying gesture.

They stood there facing each other, motionless, silent, eyes expressionless, a violent wordless battle going on between them. I saw Sarah's face fall slack, saw the heavy wrinkles in her cheeks deepen.

"Yes," she said at last, in a voice so low and husky that I could barely make out the words, "I give."

Mrs. Marlin said nothing. Her lips parted slightly and bared her clenched teeth, her eyes widened, and she turned the clawing hand palm up. That was all.

Sarah took a jug out of the cupboard, fished around for a small bottle, and carefully poured a sticky black syrup from one to the other.

Mrs. Marlin seized the bottle and silently fled.

Sarah immediately lit a fire in the stove. After a few minutes she choked it down and covered the hot coals with a bunch of dried sweet grass. Thick white scented smoke poured out of the stove, and Sarah passed her hands through it again and again with a washing motion.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I make myself clean." After a while she said, "You should know what this about, Mrs. Mike."

"I don't want to," I said. "I think I'd better go home. I don't feel very strong."

"Mrs. Mike," Sarah said gently.

"Well, I'm afraid for my baby," I said defiantly. "This has been a strain."

"Don't worry about your baby, Mrs. Mike. You love, you want to have, you will get. She too, that woman, will have child. But she hate, she don't want. She tell you herself, she want kill it. Kill it before it begin to live. Not one look does it get at world, at bright sun. No, not one yell does it make for show its own strength. No, into ground she put it, before it have one chance to walk on ground." Sarah stopped and added heavily, "Me, I help."

"No, you can't," I whispered. "Take back the medicine."

"Many times before, woman come ask me for to help kill baby. I say no. I bring maybe five hundred baby into light, only lose one. I not help kill them. All right. Two, two-three year ago, Indian woman come. Have some reason, not want baby. I say, no help. She go away. She do nothing. Just sit and hate child. Hate all day. Not sleep. Hate all night. Day come when child is born. She reach down to kill him, to choke him. Pull him out by

head. Twist head. Break arm. Crush little fingers. Bend soft back. Old, old woman take away broken baby."

The cardboard box was moving. Sarah put her hand on it, to steady it. But the rustling inside continued.

"Old, old woman give me child. I keep. I try fix. But can't fix good."

For the first time I noticed the air holes punched in the box. Then I understood. That's where she kept it, that broken, misshapen child. I watched, horrified, as the box rocked and swayed. I leaped up as it overturned.

The thing sat there. It was a giant frog, blinking at us. Sarah took advantage of its surprise and clapped the box over it again.

"What did you do with that baby?" I asked. I was shaking all over.

"The baby? Oh, him not live long." The good witch sighed. "Just as well, I not fix too good."

25

MARY AROON was in the midst of her bath when an Indian threw open the door, letting in cold drafts of air.

"Shut the door!" I yelled. But he didn't, so I jumped up myself and slammed it to.

"Sergeant Mike, Sergeant Mike!" the Indian said in a voice of terror.

"At the office."

"Him not there." The man opened the door.

"What is it?" I cried.

"Larry Carpentier, him in bear trap!" He was gone. I sat down slowly.

Larry, Sarah's boy! They'd be taking him to her cabin. Oh-Be-Joyful lifted Mary Aroon from the tub and wrapped her in a blanket. She came to me holding the baby.

"You go?" she asked.

"Yes." I got into my furs, my fingers working automatically at the buttonholes.

"You think him hurt bad?" Oh-Be-Joyful asked.

"I don't know. Get the baby dressed, Oh-Be-Joyful. Feed her at four."

I walked on snowshoes out into the white crisp world. Poor Sarah. Seventeen children, six raised, and now this! A bear trap. They had them at the Company store. Terrible things. Two sets of steel jaws with teeth six inches long that interlocked, that bit in, that mangled.

And it had to be Sarah's son. Big strong Sarah, her back was used to bending under troubles. And Larry. It seemed to me that Sarah spoke more of Larry than the others. He was a mild-mannered young man of twenty-five. He caught wild horses up in the Yellow Pass and bred the strongest sled dogs in the North. He had a well-stocked barn, and cattle. In the summer the trappers bought the fruit he raised.

The smoke of the Carpentier cabin darkened the sky in front of me. A scream, a terrible scream came from inside, then another. I tried to undo my snowshoes. My hands trembled. The mittens were stiff with ice. Again the screaming. A man's screams are terrible. With my heart beating so it choked me, I pushed open the door and stood, staring.

Larry lay on the table, and all his blood seemed to be beside him. From his foot to his knee, he was held by a rusted steel trap, the teeth of which clamped together, cutting entirely through the leg in thirty different places.

"Water," Sarah said, without turning around. "Boil it."

I couldn't move because then I saw what she held in her hands. It was a saw. She raised it. Larry's eyes followed the motion. She set the saw in the groove she had already made in the flesh above the knee. Back and forth. I saw the sweat break on the boy's face. I heard the crunching of the leg bone. Again the screams. The terrible agony of his screams.

"Water," Sarah said.

I moved forward. I pumped, I filled a kettle, I lifted it to the stove. The cries drew me back. His nails dug long furrows in the wood of the table. His dark eyes rolled back under his lids, leaving white, unseeing holes. The smooth muscles moved in Sarah's arms. Back and forth, back and forth. The trap bumped and clanged against the table. Sarah's strong man's hand pressed the saw's teeth deeper into the wound. It quivered, it quivered like jelly. A strange laughter stirred me. Mother and child, I thought. Mother and child. Then Sarah began hacking. The bone chipped and splintered. I looked at her face, at the clamped lips. I looked at her hands. My God, I thought, how can she do it! I looked again at her face, relentless and calm. Then I understood. Sarah had gone mad. The good witch was evil. Her boy lay under her hands, twisting, screaming, while she hacked at him calmly with a saw. I stared at a flap of hanging flesh. It grew, it grew until it covered the whole room and had wrapped me in its soft bloody folds. The color deepened. It turned black, but I knew it was still blood. The screams faded, receded, became a buzzing that finally turned into a voice.

"Mrs. Flannigan."

I opened my eyes and looked into the face of Bishop Grouard. I struggled to get up, but his firm hand on my shoulder kept me down.

"You're all right, my dear. Easy now. That's it."

I raised myself slowly into a sitting position, and he propped a pillow behind me. There were no more screams. Only a low moaning came from the boy on the table.

Mike stood over him with the saw in his hand. As I watched, he lowered it, wiped his face with the arm of his jacket, and turned to Sarah.

"It's off."

Sarah nodded, dabbed at the stump with water, cleaning and washing. Then she wrapped it in a steaming flannel poultice which she clamped into place.

Mike walked up to the head of the table and put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "You'll be all right now, Larry." Larry tried to speak, his face convulsed with the effort, but no words came.

Mike made a shrewd guess. "Don't worry about a thing. I'll look after your stock until you're up and around." The boy sighed. His face relaxed. Mike moved softly away. "Don't worry," he said to Sarah in an undertone.

Sarah was heating another poultice and measuring clear drops of fluid into a dish filled with something that looked like mustard. She nodded when Mike spoke to her, but did not look up from her work. Poor Sarah. My heart overflowed for her. I hadn't been any help to her. Not any. What strength was in her, in her hands and in her soul! I was ashamed. Not for having fainted, but for having been mad myself, and I must have been, to have had such thoughts about her.

Mike walked over to me and helped me to my feet. The Bishop rose too, and the three of us went out together. We buckled on our snowshoes silently, without looking at each other. We had gone maybe a quarter of a mile, when Bishop Grouard said, "A wonderful woman. A heroic woman."

"Amazing strength," Mike said. "That leg bone was really hanging by shreds when I took over."

The Bishop must have seen that I was crying, because he said, "We'll have him up and about. I feel confident of that. So confident that I'm starting to work on a wooden leg."

When we came to our house, I asked the Bishop in, but he shook his head and held out a fur mitten to us. "It was good of you, Sergeant, to put the boy's mind at rest, but just the same you've cut out a job for yourself, looking after the stock."

"All in the line of duty. Article 37, Section C, in the Mounties' *Handbook of Regulations*. Anyway, you're the one that's taken on the big job — making him a wooden leg."

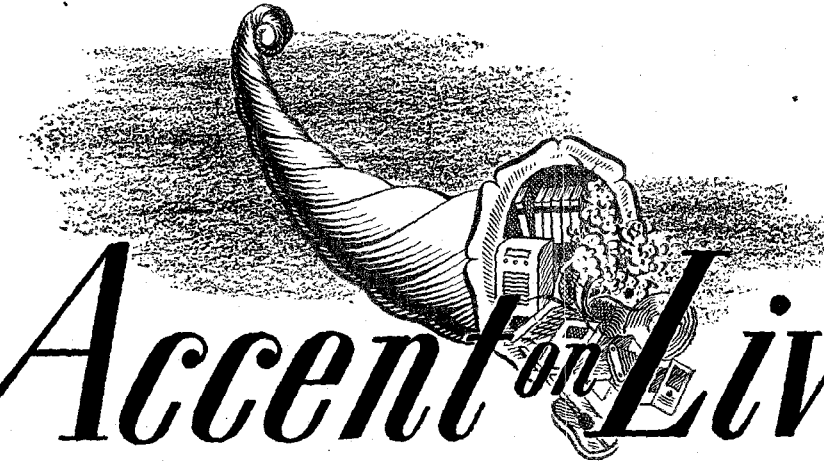
"All in the line of duty. See the Gospel according to St. Matthew, Chapter 25, Verse 40." Bishop Grouard smiled at us and walked on.

That night, when the supper things were cleared away and Mike was out tending to Larry's stock, I got down the book of *Regulations* Mike had referred to. I thumbed through it carefully and then shut it with a smile. There was no Article 37, Section C.

I peeped in at Mary Aroon. She was sound asleep. I got out the Bible and opened it. There was a Chapter 25 in the Gospel of St. Matthew, and at Verse 40, I read:—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

(To be concluded)



Accent on Living

This Month

David Cohn's case for the domestic science of the nineties (page 108) is bound to be judged against the techniques of 1947. From our own experience, we incline to size up the latter—the wonders of the present day—in terms of a “modern house” in a certain Middle Western city. The house is said to have won a prize in an architectural competition; it is said, also, to have cost around \$30,000 to build, even though it consists only of a living room, dining room, bedroom, bath, and kitchen, all on one floor.

Located on a city street, the house commands no view whatever, but this did not deter the designer from giving it a complete plate-glass façade. He then surrounded the property with a high wall of painted wood, which encloses the house and a small flagstone terrace. The “view” the year round consists of the wooden fence plus the baking-hot stones of the terrace in the summer, and, in the winter, a layer of dirty snow.

Despite the high wall, the upper floors of neighboring houses afford a direct scrutiny of the interior through the plate-glass façade. This circumstance, coupled with the fact that no one would get much satisfaction from the “view” of the courtyard and wall, has caused the occupants to curtain the whole expanse of glass with heavy net. At this point, the result is a scoreless tie; the design opens up a vista and promptly shuts it off again.

In order that the wooden wall would not cut off all summer breezes, the original designer left a space of about six inches under the bottom of the panels. But the first set of occupants found that passers-by, tormented by curiosity and the opportunity, were actually kneeling down on the side-

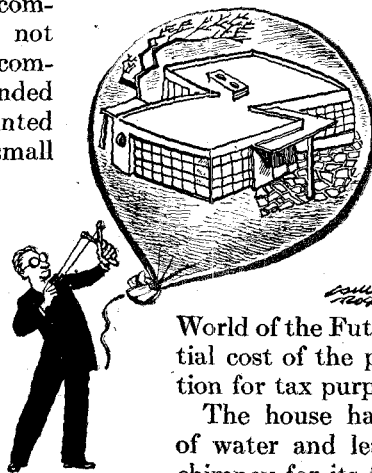
walk outside to peer under and see what on earth was going on behind the wall. The next occupants filled in the gap, and the terrace is now really stuffy all summer in anything short of an easterly gale. Here again, Mother Nature seems to have fought at least a draw.

The house has no old-fashioned windows that open and shut; ventilation, except that given by two tiny blowers, is achieved by opening the doors. Unfortunately, the glass façade and metal door-frames did not lend themselves to the attachment of an ordinary screen door, and the house has had no screens at all. Naturally enough, it is full of flies and mosquitoes in warm weather. The glass side gets the summer sun for a full half day, and even with the doors open, the curtains drawn (and the flies making free with the place), the house is astonishingly hot. It ought to be inexpensive to heat in the winter, but so ought almost any four-room bungalow. Score: A saving of perhaps \$50 a year for the

World of the Future (offset, certainly, by the high initial cost of the property and a thumping big valuation for tax purposes).

The house has a flat roof which collects pools of water and leaks. The designer put up a short chimney for its fireplace in order to give the building a squatty appearance. He succeeded, but the fireplace smokes. The property has no service areas, and although the occupants send their laundry out, they are obliged to dry the dish towels on a rack on the terrace or out on the sidewalk at the rear.

We encountered another contrast with David Cohn's point of view in a recent issue of an illustrated magazine, an article hymning the beauty and utility of highly functional all-purpose china and glassware of the modern period and deriding



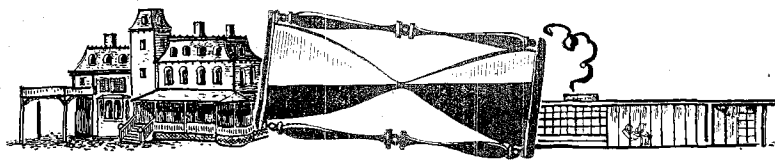
the heavily stocked shelves of the nineties. Whereas Grandmother was pleased to serve celery in a celery dish, the article chortled, an up-to-date piece of crockery would do for anything from a lamb chop to a chocolate éclair, pre-sliced bread, or corner-store hors d'oeuvres fresh from the deep freeze. Why not give each member of the household an Army mess kit in Orrefors glass or Scandinavian silver and let it go at that?

Our own taste, we fear, is more radical. Iconoclastic and bold, we prefer windows and screens, a roomy clothesyard with grass in it, and a fireplace that draws. With Mr. Cohn, we enjoy napkins, tablecloths, and, we should add, huge linen face towels. We are opposed to "all-purpose" wineglasses and streamlined dining rooms. The more silver on the sideboard and the more apple-

cheeked domestics to polish it, the better. We like to be reminded, by a variety of fine china, that our forebears, too, lived extravagantly and enjoyed themselves without worrying too much about a few extra dishes to wash.

Our belief in the dining room of the nineties was reinforced some years ago by a carving accessory which we saw at dinner with some old-style New Yorkers. We have never seen the gadget elsewhere — an ornamented silver knob with a silver socket and thumbscrew, made to encase and adorn the end bone of a leg of lamb or, on this occasion, an outsize ham. Fit for nothing else, it was nevertheless functional; it was also handsome, lavish, and bespoke a certain stubborn opulence. We commend the item to modernists in general.

C. W. M.



FOOD

Take Two Thousand Cucumbers

By DAVID L. COHN

TAKE two thousand cucumbers," begins the recipe for making pickles as set out in *The Home Queen Cook Book*, published more than fifty years ago in Chicago. The modern family, shrunk to the pitiful dimensions of Papa, Mama, Junior, Sister, would pale at the notion of taking two thousand cucumbers to make its pickles even if it could be aroused from the torpor induced by buying everything ready-made — a narcotic habit which, more than Federal planning, marks the ultimate decay of American self-reliance. The family of the nineties, as all know but few admit, belongs to the dead past, together with brewery horses, torchlight parades, plush lap robes for buggies, and the quaint concept, once so prevalent here, that God helps those who help themselves. The family is now but a sociological convention useful for freshman textbooks; a legal fiction convenient for the settlement of tribal disputes and the inheritance of property; an outmoded fact employed occasionally by orators who call it the keystone of the nation.

Whatever sociologists, lawyers, and orators may say, it is clear that the family is a poor and feeble thing. Tied to the can opener and the electric refrigerator which perpetuates the tastelessness of the tasteless, it is frightened into stomach ulcers by horrendous advertisements which make it fear that the vitamins of its assembly-line foods are

not sufficient to sustain even the feeble pulse of its languid life. Shadowy patron of the self-service grocery store where ghost deals with robot in an inhuman world of tin cans, glass, and cellophane, stranger to the sweet pungency of dill, the cool rustic masonry of great stone crocks, the homely but subtle chemistry of pickling, and unable to do anything on its own, such a family would never attempt to convert a cucumber patch into pickles.

But in the nineties — a period already sere and ivied — things were different. We were a lusty race. The grocery cat slept soundly in the cracker barrel while midnight mice created a delicate fretwork of droppings along the grocery shelves. Cheese and women came in generous rounds. Beds were as broad as a battlefield, and many a family contained enough boys for a baseball team. Windows were closed at night to keep out fevers bred by night air. Everybody wore long woolen underwear in winter and drank sassafras tea in spring to thin the blood. Gentlemen sported fur derbies and luxuriant whiskers; the more effete carried the fashionable gold-mounted combination toothpick and ear spoon. Ladies played croquet on green lawns in the long summer twilight, had about

them an aura of verbena or heliotrope, and, so it is said, would accept no presents from men — except books, candy, flowers — unless they were of the family or were engaged to the ladies. Men lived in big houses, had big families, ate hugely, drank gallons of patent medicines to cure heartburn, cycled a hundred miles in order to win the Century Medal of the League of American Wheelmen, and occupied six full feet of earth when they died.



DAVID L. COHN is a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic*.



This was of course at a time before the land had become enriched by the blessings of vitamins, psychiatry, Elizabeth Arden, canned mayonnaise, rayon, and mail-order courses in charm. By way of partial recompense, however, for these benefactions yet to come, fat fryers were two for a quarter, eggs a dime a dozen, and the country was safely in the hands of the Republican Party — as it had always been and would continue to be. In that pastoral day, when Pa caned Junior's bottom with no Freud to stay his hand, and women planned meals while God planned families, the American household regarded it as a matter of course that it should take two thousand cucumbers to make its pickles.

The people of the period lived harmoniously. Their lustiness was not without elegance, just as, in superior men, in the best bacon, in the most venerable cheeses, refinement contains touches of earthiness, fat meat alternates with lean, delicacy of flavor is pointed up by vigorousness of odor. Consider, for example, the napkin. A long step upward from the primeval was taken when man, distinguishing himself in this wise from beast, first



began to take his food to his mouth instead of taking his mouth to the food. He made a longer step when he abandoned sand, bark, or the sleeve of his shirt for the napkin. He was then, however little he knew it, on his way toward the palace of the Mogul emperors at Delhi, Hampton Court, and Versailles.

The napkin, at first crude, eventually became fine linen, while laws of elegance decreed that it should not be laid limply upon the table but should be folded into pleasing shapes and so become a graceful accessory to the board. For civilized people know that the eye as well as the nose is adjunct to the palate, and when these form a trinity, salivary juices and conversation flow freely, contentment stands behind the chair of each guest, and the gracious host, beaming, is beamed upon.

As the Prophet is known by nine and ninety names and he who would acquire merit in heaven seeks to learn them all, so there was, in the Arcadian time of which I speak, a multiplicity of ways of folding napkins, all of which the diligent housewife aspired to master. The reason for this, *The Home Queen* says, was that "modern refinement demands that the dining room, the table, and all that is placed upon it shall be made as attractive as possible. From this requirement have arisen the many fanciful forms into which napkins may be folded as described in this department."

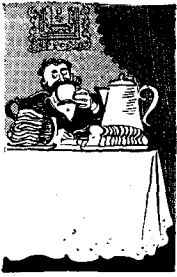


I list here a number of ornamental napkin foldings for whatever antiquarian interest they may have for the deracinated, harried, pigeon-loft-dwelling, gulp-and-gallop people of our times. This is more by way of stirring perhaps a faint pride of ancestry in their sluggish blood than out of hope of weaning them from the dark corners — called "dinettes" or "breakfast rooms" — in which they cheerlessly ingest congealed messes concocted for them by distant corporations. Nor do I cherish the fruitless dream that I shall, in this manner, shame them into making joyous bonfires of the miserable little squares of coarse paper nowadays called napkins. As the dimensions of the American economy have expanded, so have the dimensions of American living shrunk; but it is the province of the historian to record rather than to exhort.

Easiest of napkin foldings — and therefore the favorite of brides — was the Escutcheon. More difficult, but more pleasing to the eye, was the Crown. This handsome design required well-starched napkins; the bread was placed inside, underneath the crown, and the base was ornamented with a slight wreath of flowers. A pretty addition was made to the Cocked Hat or Boat by attaching to it, with a ribbon, the menu card and the name card, to resemble a sail. The Double Horn of Plenty was favored for Christmas dinners. One horn contained holly; the other, fruits and nuts. But whatever the design — whether it was the Minarettes, the Archbishop's Mitre, or the Colonne de Triomphe — rigid specifications were set. Napkins must be of fine quality, dampened with starch before folding, smoothed with a hot iron, and folded while warm. *The Home Queen*, looking upon all this and finding it good, reaffirms the ancient wisdom: "Every good housekeeper is a benefactor of the race."

The housekeeper's day began with providing a substantial breakfast for her family. This meal was not then, as it now is, a birdbath of fruit juice, cereal, and coffee, followed by a bird peck on Mama's forehead before rushing to the office. On the contrary, we are told, "the custom of swallowing a cup of coffee and 'snatching a bite,' before going to business, cannot be too strongly deprecated. It is doing much to lay the foundations for dyspepsia and nervousness." Yet breakfast, during which "one may read letters and glance over the newspaper," after a turn perhaps at the back-yard woodpile for exercise, was relatively simple. It was a mere matter of oatmeal with cream, followed by meat and vegetables, hot cakes and coffee, and "ripe fruit in its season."





The midday meal, when men strolled leisurely down the leafy streets of spring to their homes for dinner, was designed to be more sustaining than the morning whimsy. It consisted, typically, of bean soup, thick slices of roast beef with browned gravy, baked sturgeon, mashed potatoes, green peas, beets, macaroni and cheese, light bread, biscuits, lemon pie, plum pudding, cheese, coffee. After dinner the household took a nap. Then the leaden deer on the lawns and the leaden hounds and the leaden rabbits abandoned their accustomed places to play with one another in blue Ohio haze. Mr. McKinley sat ponderously upon the Constitution in the White House, his mighty limbs protecting it from evildoers.

The sun went down, birds returned to their nests, men to their homes, and it was suppertime. This was of course a snack after the large midday dinner: cold roast beef, chicken croquettes, pickled peaches, potato salad, canned egg plums, ribbon cake, coffee.

The cocktail party, that flagellant form of whirling-dervish entertainment which at its rush-hour moments is the equivalent (in the Russian expression) of having the devil thresh peas on your face, was unknown in the nineties. (So, for that matter, were aspirin and the income tax.) But garden parties were often given. The hours were from one to six. Luncheon was served at two o'clock, and "it is customary to have a brass band or trained glee club, or both, to enliven the occasion." Gentlemen — such were the austerities of the manners of the time — were expected to remain awake and vertical throughout the afternoon. Outdoor luncheons being informal, the company, however accustomed to eating lustily, found almost picnic-primitive fare at table: baked fowl, boned fowl, baked fish, cold tongue, raw oysters, lobster salad, chicken salad, vegetables, sandwiches, cheese, jellies, preserved fruits, Bavarian cream, chocolate cream, ices, cakes, fruits, confectionery.

Everything in this country was then on a massive scale: mountains, lakes, forests, floods, blizzards, men's and ladies' figures, whiskers, bosoms, lodge emblems, furniture, draperies, jewelry, houses, families, meals. Giants, living their lives against a stupendous continental backdrop, the people behaved becomingly. Thus the standard number of guests for a garden party was evidently one hundred, or its multiple, for *The Home Queen* tells readers THE QUANTITY OF MATERIAL REQUIRED FOR ENTERTAINING ONE HUNDRED PERSONS.

Many things in the United States are still on a massive scale: mountains, lakes, floods, dams, dust storms, political errors, veterans' conventions, pre-election promises, cultivated blueberries, neuroses, the



national debt, stomach ulcers, and the divorce rate. But Polyphemus has become a pigeon. He lives with a wispy mate in a tiny cubicle, has one or two feeble offspring, nibbles at leafy vegetables, moults early, and dying without having lived, is laid upon a narrow shelf in a corporate-owned mausoleum, whose stock is a legal investment for the trust funds of widows and orphans.

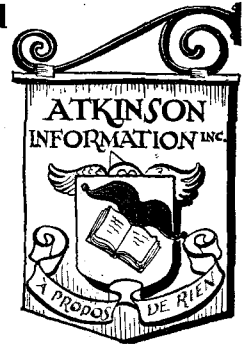
Sometimes civilizations die and we mourn their passing without deploring it, since death comes to all living things. Sometimes they are destroyed. Then, as in Athenian Greece and Aztec Mexico, we preserve the monuments of their greatness and are enriched by their achievements. But our civilization is withering away. Lettuce salad is the opium of the people.

PRESS

There Are Thirteen Feathers in a Swallow's Tail

By PERCY ATKINSON

THERE is a certain afternoon periodical in New York that calls itself a newspaper — as indeed it is, and a very good one too. But it is even more than that. It is a consistent and conscientious distributor of useless information.



Here and there throughout the paper, wherever there is a chink or cranny of space to spare, the editor inserts a line or two — seldom more than four lines — to the effect that "the annual average rainfall in Siberia is 2½ inches per month," or some other equally inane and inconsequential fact that couldn't possibly be of the slightest interest or profit to any living soul. If this happened only once or twice, or even now and then, in the course of a week, a month, or a year, one might accredit it to an occasional impish impulse on the part of a compositor. But since this has been going on for years, and happens several times regularly in every issue, one can only infer that it must be the result of a studied and determined editorial policy.

Moreover, in these days of paper shortages when space is doubly precious, no responsible editor would deliberately waste even a slight chemical trace of newsprint on trifles. So it must be that these nuggets of useless information fulfill some constructive purpose or perform some necessary function that the editor recognizes and his public welcomes. For an editor of a highly successful metropolitan newspaper is fundamentally interested in just one thing — circulation.

PERCY ATKINSON is a New Yorker, an advertising man. This is his first appearance in the *Atlantic*.

All this led me to the conclusion that useless information has some peculiar mission or fascination. In further support of this conclusion, witness the success of "Information Please," the Quiz Kids, the Answer Man, and scores of other radio programs whose chief claim to attention is the distribution of knowledge without wisdom, facts without value, information without terminal facilities.

It occurred to me that the public might welcome an opportunity to acquire, effortlessly and systematically, *one* item of useless information *each day*. Why they should want this information — what they would do with it after they got it — seemed to me beside the point, and surely no concern of mine.

Consequently I set up a modest organization for this purpose, charging subscribers to my service the small and insignificant amount of 10 cents an item, or \$30 by the year.

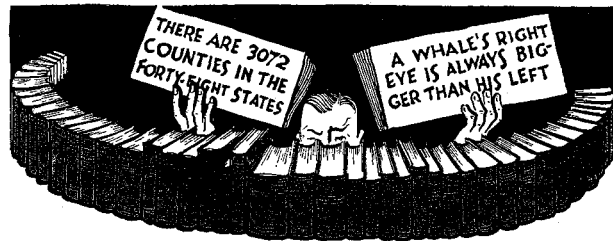
The idea caught on almost immediately — that is, in a modified sort of way. Some 300 men and women in various parts of the country responded to my initial overture, each enclosing check or cash to cover a year's subscription, the whole amounting to some \$9000, which you must admit is no trifling sum. More promotion and more cash followed until, in a short time, I had approximately 10,000 subscribers (netting about \$30,000), which was all I could handle since I was the sole owner and proprietor of the business as well as its entire personnel and working force. The useful money flowed in, the useless information flowed out, and everyone seemed quite happy about it all. Letters of appreciation were not unusual. I quote from several: —

"Thanks for letting me know that in Russia nearly 200 different racial groups live side by side. I cannot imagine a fact more devoid of interest or utility. Keep up the good work."

"When I learned from you that geologists have demonstrated that certain portions of the Atlantic Ocean once were above the surface of the sea water, I knew that I was confronted by one of the most utterly inutile observations it has ever been my good fortune to encounter. It came as I was just about as discouraged as I ever have been at any time in my life over the absolutely indisputable fact that I shall not be able to have a new automobile this year. This throws an altogether new light on the matter, which doesn't help in the least."

"Picture my delight when my little blue envelope came this morning and I found out that California has 46 junior colleges. I don't even know what this means, and I care less."

"My maternal grandfather is ninety-two years old, and for some reason or other has seemed to lose interest in life. When you wrote me that it would take an Oxford graduate 103,456 years to read every book in the south wing of the New York Public Library, I passed the information along to him and for the first time in his life Grandpa expressed a desire to play a Chopin nocturne on the piano."



Despite all my precautions, however, useful facts were bound to creep in occasionally. It just couldn't be helped. A case of this kind follows: —

"Six weeks ago I subscribed to your service, your beguiling prospectus having made me feel amply confident that you could, and would, keep your promise to mail me one item of useless information daily.

"Each day when I entered my office, there it was in its neat blue envelope marked *Private*. Each day I read all the rest of my correspondence first, holding until the last that cherished little nugget which never failed to arrive. One day it was, as you may recall, 'Mount Pelée is 1717 miles distant from New York.' Another time, 'Linen was first woven by the Copts.' And so it went, day after day, to my amazement, amusement, and delight.

"Then came: 'There are thirteen feathers in a swallow's tail.'

"I was delighted. I read it four or five times, and each time it seemed more useless than the time before. 'Who cares,' I chuckled, 'how many feathers there are in a swallow's tail?' The swallow perhaps and maybe a few of his, or her, intimate friends. But who else? Believe it or not, to coin a phrase, I began to care. Please cancel my subscription."

As time went on, more and more complaints came pouring in. Useful items had a way of slipping through that defied my powers of discrimination or detection to circumvent them. Unable to stand the pace any longer, I suspended operations. I wrote my subscribers that I might be reached in the future at Pale Face, Oklahoma. And that was probably about the most useless, as well as the most inaccurate, information they ever received from me.

The Basic Error

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

It wasn't the fault of the tree and the roseate fruit
That man was harnessed to drag the burden of grief.
Nor was it the weakness of poor young gullible Eve
That made the tenancy in Eden so brief.

The blame was not on the tempting and treacherous
snake,

Though generations have cursed his scales and hissed
him.

The basic error lay in man's design,

Which included glands, a brain, and a nervous
system.

FACTS

Jurors

By STEWART BEACH

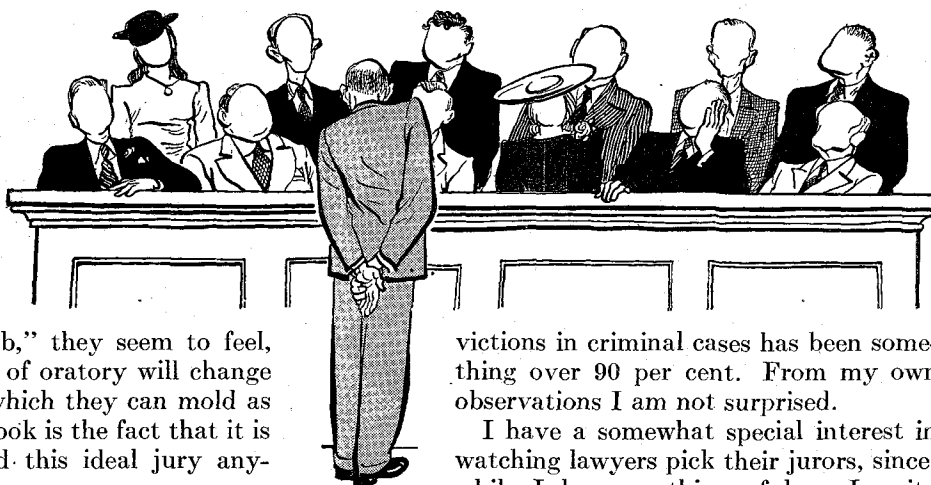
A GOOD many lawyers I have observed in action retain a curiously dated impression of the men and women who make up today's juries. Give them "twelve good men and dumb," they seem to feel, and a few well-chosen bursts of oratory will change this human clay into putty which they can mold as they desire. What they overlook is the fact that it is practically impossible to find this ideal jury anywhere in America today.

After witnessing the selection of a great many juries, I have reached the conclusion that lawyers rarely have any real grounds for rejecting jurors on the evidence produced in their examination, unless a man's unfitness to reach an honest verdict is apparent almost from the outset. I doubt that justice is often served by flagrant overworking of the peremptory challenge. An unconscionable amount of time is spent in spinning out these interrogations. My own impression is that most of the questions jurors are asked defeat their very purpose of furnishing clues to a man's prejudice.

I doubt, too, that jurors are impressed by histrionic talent in court. It has been my experience that just the opposite is true. Men are wary of being taken in by emotional appeals on the part of gifted attorneys. Their attitude was nicely expressed by a prospective juror who, during examination by a famous trial lawyer some years ago, maintained stoutly that he was prejudiced against the defendant. When pressed for an explanation he said, quite honestly I am sure, "Well, sir, when they call *you* in, I figure they are really in trouble."

Despite their expert knowledge of the law, attorneys are completely insulated from a most important part of courtroom drama — the reactions of those who sit in judgment on their clients. They have never been one of the twelve who sit in the jury box and gather about a table in the jury room. To make up this deficiency, it seems to me they rely heavily on the pleasant folklore left by legal giants who like to recall in their memoirs the shrewd intuition which sensed an unfavorable juror, or the impassioned plea which won freedom for some mother's son of doubtful innocence. What these memoirs fail to prove — beyond a quite reasonable doubt — is that the verdict was won because of, rather than in spite of, these bits of courtroom strategy.

How little oratory proves today — in New York County, at least — should be apparent from the fact that during the past decade the record of con-



victions in criminal cases has been something over 90 per cent. From my own observations I am not surprised.

I have a somewhat special interest in watching lawyers pick their jurors, since, while I know nothing of law, I write fiction in which the study of character is also important. During long hours spent in courtrooms, waiting to be accepted or challenged, I used to amuse myself by trying to size up each new candidate as he was examined.

It is a nice problem to type a man as he sits in the witness chair beside the judge. You learn his name and address, what he does for a living, whether he has relatives or friends involved in the case, whether he knows anyone in the police department or the district attorney's office. You ask him the special questions designed to draw forth any unhappy experience in his past which might prejudice him in the case on trial. From then on, the only useful purpose of a lawyer's questions is to establish some bond of understanding with the man, gently probing for a reliable clue to what his reactions would be as the evidence unfolded.

Yet that is exactly what fails to emerge from most examinations I have heard, and for a very simple reason. After the biographical data have been extracted, the lawyer launches on a series of legalistic questions which can be productive of no more response than an uninflected "Yes" or "No." The questions are as stereotyped as though they were read from an old script, rehearsed till the actors are stale in their parts. Speech is one of the most animate clues to character. But the prospective juror, sitting sober-faced and self-conscious before the room filled with people, is thrown no lines by the lawyer that give him a chance to disclose more about himself than his acute discomfort or boredom.

Sometimes the examination is prolonged by lengthy hypothetical questions. Conceivably these queries may occasionally dig out a prejudice, though I have never happened to hear such a result. The principal effect when such a question is droned out over and over again with each man examined is to arouse impatience in the members of the panel waiting to be called.

Such a question was introduced in a case I remember, concerned with two young men who had set out to commit a robbery. Because their victim had died, however, they were being tried for first-

STEWART BEACH gave up his work as editor and author to serve as a colonel in the Army's Public Relations Bureau during the war.

degree murder, since under New York law to cause death during the commission of a felony leaves the perpetrator open to trial on a capital charge. The prosecution said it would show that death had resulted from a blow struck by one of the defendants.

In examining jurors, defense counsel asked a windy question which went something like this: "If it should appear, through competent medical testimony which may be introduced, that the deceased suffered from a heart ailment, and if it were brought out, through this same authoritative medical testimony, that his heart condition was such that the deceased might have died at any time, would you accept that testimony?"

All the men examined answered "Yes," as I should have. I felt His Honor might have something to say about the law on men who died of weak hearts when they were faced by the pistols of a pair of young brigands. But I never found out. The twelve men and two alternates were chosen before my name was drawn.

There seems to be no consistency in the test of a juror's fitness. Once when I answered "Yes" as counsel asked me whether I knew anyone in the district attorney's office, I was immediately excused by agreement between both sides. I had said I knew the district attorney himself and when I walked out of the courtroom that day I congratulated myself that I should never have to serve on a jury as long as he was in office. But the next time that I answered "Yes" to that question and explained that the district attorney was a friend of mine, the lawyer said, "Well, that wouldn't prejudice you in this case, would it?" I was so surprised that I was shaken out of the usual monosyllable to answer, "No, of course not." But it was all right. I was challenged, anyway.

In my debut as a juror, it happened that my name was the first to be drawn from the wheel, and I sat uncomfortably in the witness chair for half an hour while an assistant district attorney briefed the panel on the case. At last he turned to me and when he learned that I had never served on a jury in any court he asked for agreement by the defense to my release. Even the judge concurred, with the observation that "we shouldn't start him out on a murder case." Since that time I have seen other men accepted for murder juries without experience on any case. Were these lawyers more shrewd? Or less?

Some attorneys make a deliberate attempt to impress jurors favorably with their personality during the process of examination. Occasionally, I should guess, the results are different from those they expect. I remember one case when the jury box had been filled at a single drawing and a sort of mass examination was in progress with the evident intent of shortening the selection. Defense counsel, whose name was well known for his theatrical conduct of cases, strolled over to lean winningly on the rail, where he delivered himself of a discourse which was fatuous to the point of embarrassment. Finally the

judge admonished him. "When you have finished making love to these people," he snapped, "perhaps we can get on with the selection of a jury."

Few individuals like to serve on juries. No matter how busy they may be, their lives are interrupted by a legal summons as peremptory as any military order. There was no appeal when I was last a jurymen in New York. No matter what the emergency in a man's life, he was denied access to the judge until his name was drawn from the wheel, and that might mean two or three days. One wretched friend of mine, after taking his pregnant wife to a hospital in the early morning, subways downtown to twist and turn in a courtroom seat, having been refused the right to appeal to a reasonable judge to excuse him.

But when a man has been chosen as one of the twelve, he forgets his impatience with the long process of getting a jury and gives undivided attention to discharging an ancient duty as a citizen of his community. In this mood he expects to cut through any attempt to cloud his judgment of the facts as presented by the evidence. If he had any doubt of what was expected of him before, it was cleared away by the questions the attorneys asked during his examination. Is it any wonder that he rejects appeals to his emotions which seem directly contrary to the intent of his interrogation?

The fact is that in his zealotry to avoid emotional entanglements, the average jurymen becomes what the Army calls a "guardhouse lawyer." For the duration of the case he is an amateur of the law, engrossed in rules of evidence as he picks them up in court, sitting in cold judgment on each new witness. Emotional summations do not impress him. In the jury room he is anxious to discharge his responsibility in full accord with the law. Whatever his opinion may be of the guilt of the accused, he is bound to assure himself that it has been proved beyond a reasonable doubt. Otherwise, he will vote for acquittal. He asks for repeats of His Honor's charge on points of law. His final decision is apt to depend on the crisp efficiency with which each attorney has conducted his side of the case.

Juries develop little sympathy with the accused in a criminal case, despite the evident feeling of defense counsel that this is the easy road to acquittal. As a matter of practical observation, the personality of the lawyer himself has far more influence on the jury than the plight of the defendant.



The defendant is very largely a lay figure in the courtroom scene. He sits at a table, whispering now and then with his counsel. But attention is focused on the attorney, not on the defendant. Even if he takes the stand himself, he is little more than another in the parade of witnesses. He is a climactic witness perhaps. But nevertheless he is a witness. Jurymen give him no more heed in most cases than they pay to all the others.

You survey witnesses with all the honesty you can muster from a jury box. Respectability is no guarantee of credibility. Once I was serving in Federal Court during the trial of two men charged with extracting money from an arrested felon on the promise they would gain him a lighter sentence. The prosecution's array of witnesses gave the appearance of telling anything but the whole truth until a notorious gangster was called to the stand.

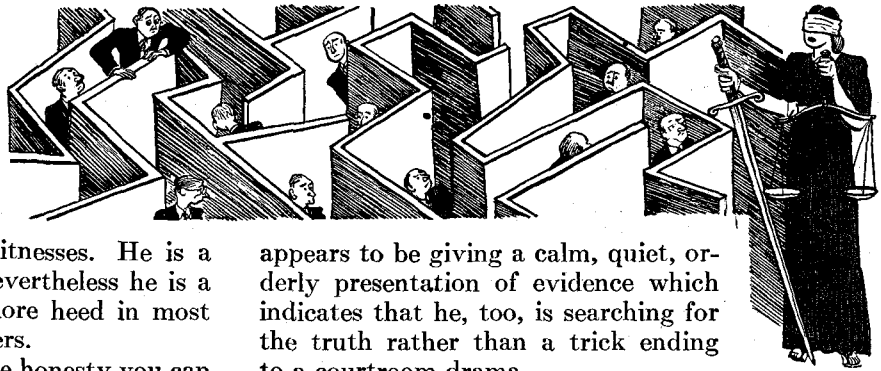
The defense did its best to discredit him. With stern sarcasm, after finding the witness claimed no visible means of support, defendant's counsel asked, "And what have you been doing in New York these past six months?" "I've been sick," the gangster said. "Oh, you've been sick, have you?" and there was quick and phony indignation in the tone. "Perhaps you will tell the court just what has been the matter with you that you've been kept from earning an honest living like other men."

There was a perceptible pause. Then the witness answered, "I got a bullet in my head!" The candor of this reply delighted the court as much as it upset the attorney, and destroyed the value of further cross-examination. Incidentally, the gangster was the first witness the jury had entirely believed.

The finest flowering of courtroom dramatics I ever observed came in the summation of a defense attorney who had been unable to shake the prosecution's witnesses as they spun a web of guilt around his client. At the height of his final plea he became so impassioned that he actually shook saliva from his mouth, narrowly missing an alarmed woman juror. If the evidence had not pointed so incontrovertibly to the guilt of the accused, I think this final bit of trumped-up fury might have succeeded in prejudicing the jury. I wonder if lawyers ever think of that.

Old-fashioned Fourth of July oratory has long since disappeared from all but the most rural village bandstands. Perhaps it no longer thrives even there. But it lingers on in courtrooms, where attorneys still believe they can win poor cases by smothering a juror with appeals to sentiment and emotion.

Can they? I doubt it. I believe that American citizens reject instinctively attempts to confuse their judgment. I believe that appeals through the back door to their emotions do nothing more than arouse their suspicion that if the attorney had much of a case he would not need to depend on such methods. I believe they are impressed by the attorney who



appears to be giving a calm, quiet, orderly presentation of evidence which indicates that he, too, is searching for the truth rather than a trick ending to a courtroom drama.

To my way of thinking, it would be a healthy move if the immunity of lawyers to jury service were withdrawn — in criminal cases at least. A lawyer's business would be disrupted no more by time spent in learning to view the courtroom from the other side of the railing than is that of hundreds of others who must appear no matter what crisis is present in their personal lives. Is there any reason why a lawyer should not reach an honest verdict, bound by the same test which is imposed on other citizens: "Would you judge the facts on the evidence as it is presented in this court?"

As for the possible barrier of his legal knowledge, could any lawyer fail to bow to higher authority when he was asked, "And would you take the law as it is given by His Honor?"

I am sure he would answer meekly, if perhaps reluctantly, as does every other citizen, with an uninflected "Yes."

Wooden Things

By HOWARD GRIFFIN

ARCHWAYS and passageways,
Diminishing in time,
Door jambs that obtrude the feet,
Rafters of grime.

A cradle-Ark, neatly joined,
Without a wreath,
Set in motion, to and fro,
By initial breath.

We dream our early nights upon
A vaster bed of pine;
But at the end our dreams converge
To a thinner line.

Coffins, cradles, beds of state;
A wooden bow; a wooden dart;
And plain little wooden rings
With initials charred.

Thimbles and theater swords,
The sadness of wooden things,
Old saints with wooden lyres
And moonlit, wooden wings.

THE PREVENTION OF LITERATURE

by GEORGE ORWELL

I

FREEDOM of speech and of the press are usually attacked by arguments which are not worth bothering about. Anyone who has experience in lecturing and debating knows them backwards. Here I am not trying to deal with the familiar claim that freedom is an illusion, or with the claim that there is more freedom in totalitarian countries than in democratic ones, but with the much more tenable and dangerous proposition that freedom is undesirable and that intellectual honesty is a form of antisocial selfishness.

Though other aspects of the matter are usually in the foreground, the controversy over freedom of speech and of the press is at bottom a controversy over the desirability, or otherwise, of telling lies. What is really at issue is the right to report contemporary events truthfully, or as truthfully as is consistent with the ignorance, bias, and self-deception from which every observer necessarily suffers. In saying this I may seem to be saying that straightforward reportage is the only branch of literature that matters; but I will try to show later that at every literary level, and probably in every one of the arts, the same issue arises in more or less subtilized forms. Meanwhile, it is necessary to strip away the irrelevancies in which this controversy is usually wrapped up.

The enemies of intellectual liberty always try to present their case as a plea for discipline versus individualism. The issue truth-versus-untruth is as far as possible kept in the background. Although the point of emphasis may vary, the writer who refuses to sell his opinions is always branded as a mere egoist. He is accused, that is, either of wanting to shut himself up in an ivory tower, or of making an exhibitionist display of his own person-

ality, or of resisting the inevitable current of history in an attempt to cling to unjustified privileges. The Catholic and the Communist are alike in assuming that an opponent cannot be both honest and intelligent. Each of them tacitly claims that "the truth" has already been revealed, and that the heretic, if he is not simply a fool, is secretly aware of "the truth" and merely resists it out of selfish motives.

In Communist literature the attack on intellectual liberty is usually masked by oratory about "petty-bourgeois individualism," "the illusions of nineteenth-century liberalism," etc., and backed up by words of abuse such as "romantic" and "sentimental," which, since they do not have any agreed meaning, are difficult to answer. In this way the controversy is maneuvered away from its real issue. One can accept, and most enlightened people would accept, the Communist thesis that pure freedom will only exist in a classless society, and that one is most nearly free when one is working to bring about such a society. But slipped in with this is the quite unfounded claim that the Communist Party is itself aiming at the establishment of the classless society, and that in the U.S.S.R. this aim is actually on the way to being realized. If the first claim is allowed to entail the second, there is almost no assault on common sense and common decency that cannot be justified. But meanwhile, the real point has been dodged. Freedom of the intellect means the freedom to report what one has seen, heard, and felt, and not to be obliged to fabricate imaginary facts and feelings. The familiar tirades against "escapism," "individualism," "romanticism," and so forth, are merely a forensic device, the aim of which is to make the perversion of history seem respectable.

Fifteen years ago, when one defended the freedom of the intellect, one had to defend it against Conservatives, against Catholics, and to some extent — for in England they were not of great importance — against Fascists. Today one has to de-

English novelist and critic, GEORGE ORWELL served as a volunteer in the Spanish Civil War, and in fighting against Franco came to detest tyranny, whether of Communist or Fascist origin. His latest novel, *Animal Farm*, was a sweeping success last autumn, and in it, as in this vigorous essay, he derides the captivity of the Party line.

send it against Communists and "fellow travelers." One ought not to exaggerate the direct influence of the small English Communist Party, but there can be no question about the poisonous effect of the Russian *mythos* on English intellectual life. Because of it, known facts are suppressed and distorted to such an extent as to make it doubtful whether a true history of our times can ever be written.

Let me give just one instance out of the hundreds that could be cited. When Germany collapsed, it was found that very large numbers of Soviet Russians—mostly, no doubt, from non-political motives—had changed sides and were fighting for the Germans. Also, a small but not negligible proportion of the Russian prisoners and displaced persons refused to go back to the U.S.S.R., and some of them, at least, were repatriated against their will. These facts, known to many journalists on the spot, went almost unmentioned in the British press, while at the same time Russophile publicists in England continued to justify the purges and deportations of 1936-1938 by claiming that the U.S.S.R. "had no quislings." The fog of lies and misinformation that surrounds such subjects as the Ukraine famine, the Spanish Civil War, Russian policy in Poland, and so forth, is not due entirely to conscious dishonesty, but any writer or journalist who is fully sympathetic to the U.S.S.R.—sympathetic, that is, in the way the Russians themselves would want him to be—does have to acquiesce in deliberate falsification on important issues.

2

I HAVE before me what must be a very rare pamphlet, written by Maxim Litvinoff in 1918 and outlining the recent events in the Russian Revolution. It makes no mention of Stalin, but gives high praise to Trotsky, and also to Zinoviev, Kamenev, and others. What could be the attitude of even the most intellectually scrupulous Communist towards such a pamphlet? At best, he would take the obscurantist attitude that it is an undesirable document and better suppressed. And if for some reason it should be decided to issue a garbled version of the pamphlet, denigrating Trotsky and inserting references to Stalin, no Communist who remained faithful to his party could protest. Forgeries almost as gross as this have been committed in recent years. But the significant thing is not that they happen, but that even when they are known, they provoke no reaction from the left-wing intelligentsia as a whole. The argument that to tell the truth would be "inopportune" or would "play into the hands of" somebody or other is felt to be unanswerable, and few people are bothered by the prospect that the lies which they condone will get out of the newspapers and into the history books.

The organized lying practiced by totalitarian states is not, as is sometimes claimed, a temporary expedient of the same nature as military deception. It is something integral to totalitarianism, something that would still continue even if concentration camps and secret police forces had ceased to be necessary. Among intelligent Communists there is an underground legend to the effect that although the Russian government is obliged now to deal in lying propaganda, frame-up trials, and so forth, it is secretly recording the facts and will publish them at some future time. We can, I believe, be quite certain that this is not the case, because the mentality implied by such an action is that of a liberal historian who believes that the past cannot be altered and that a correct knowledge of history is valuable as a matter of course. From the totalitarian point of view history is something to be created rather than learned.

A totalitarian state is in effect a theocracy, and its ruling caste, in order to keep its position, has to be thought of as infallible. But since, in practice, no one is infallible, it is frequently necessary to rearrange past events in order to show that this or that mistake was not made, or that this or that imaginary triumph actually happened. Then, again, every major change in policy demands a corresponding change of doctrine and a revaluation of prominent historical figures. This kind of thing happens everywhere, but clearly it is likelier to lead to outright falsification in societies where only one opinion is permissible at any given moment. Totalitarianism demands, in fact, the continuous alteration of the past, and in the long run probably demands a disbelief in the very existence of objective truth. The friends of totalitarianism in England usually tend to argue that since absolute truth is not attainable, a big lie is no worse than a little lie. It is pointed out that all historical records are biased and inaccurate, or, on the other hand, that modern physics has proved that what seems to us the real world is an illusion, so that to believe in the evidence of one's senses is simply vulgar philistinism.

A totalitarian society which succeeded in perpetuating itself would probably set up a schizophrenic system of thought, in which the laws of common sense held good in everyday life and in certain exact sciences, but could be disregarded by the politician, the historian, and the sociologist. Already there are countless people who would think it scandalous to falsify a scientific textbook, but would see nothing wrong in falsifying a historical fact. It is at the point where literature and politics cross that totalitarianism exerts its greatest pressure on the intellectual. The exact sciences are not, at this date, menaced to anything like the same extent. This difference partly accounts for the fact that in all countries it is easier for the scientists than for the writers to line up behind their respective governments.

It may seem that all this time I have been talking about the effects of censorship, not on literature as a whole, but merely on one department of political journalism. Granted that Soviet Russia constitutes a sort of forbidden area in the British press, granted that issues like Poland, the Spanish Civil War, the Russo-German pact, and so forth, are debarred from serious discussion, and that if you possess information that conflicts with the prevailing orthodoxy you are expected either to distort it or to keep quiet about it — granted all this, why should literature in the wider sense be affected? Is every writer a politician, and is every book necessarily a work of straightforward reportage? Even under the tightest dictatorship, cannot the individual writer remain free inside his own mind and distill or disguise his unorthodox ideas in such a way that the authorities will be too stupid to recognize them? And if the writer himself is in agreement with the prevailing orthodoxy, why should it have a cramping effect on him? Is not literature, or any of the arts, likeliest to flourish in societies in which there are no major conflicts of opinion and no sharp distinctions between the artist and his audience? Does one have to assume that every writer is a rebel, or even that a writer as such is an exceptional person?

Whenever one attempts to defend intellectual liberty against the claims of totalitarianism, one meets with these arguments in one form or another. They are based on a complete misunderstanding of what literature is, and how — one should perhaps rather say *why* — it comes into being. They assume that a writer is either a mere entertainer or else a venal hack who can switch from one line of propaganda to another as easily as an organ grinder changes tunes. But after all, how is it that books ever come to be written? Above a quite low level, literature is an attempt to influence the views of one's contemporaries by recording experience. And so far as freedom of expression is concerned, there is not much difference between a mere journalist and the most "unpolitical" imaginative writer. The journalist is unfree, and is conscious of unfreedom, when he is forced to write lies or suppress what seems to him important news: the imaginative writer is unfree when he has to falsify his subjective feelings, which from his point of view are facts. He may distort and caricature reality in order to make his meaning clearer, but he cannot misrepresent the scenery of his own mind: he cannot say with any conviction that he likes what he dislikes, or believes what he disbelieves. If he is forced to do so, the only result is that his creative faculties dry up.

Nor can the imaginative writer solve the problem by keeping away from controversial topics. There is no such thing as genuinely non-political literature, and least of all in an age like our own, when fears, hatreds, and loyalties of a directly political kind are near to the surface of everyone's

consciousness. Even a single taboo can have an all-round crippling effect upon the mind, because there is always the danger that any thought which is freely followed up may lead to the forbidden thought. It follows that the atmosphere of totalitarianism is deadly to any kind of prose writer, though a poet, at any rate a lyric poet, might possibly find it breathable. And in any totalitarian society that survives for more than a couple of generations, it is probable that prose literature, of the kind that has existed during the past four hundred years, must actually *come to an end*.

3

LITERATURE has sometimes flourished under despotic regimes, but, as has often been pointed out, the despotisms of the past were not totalitarian. Their repressive apparatus was always inefficient, their ruling classes were usually either corrupt or apathetic or half-liberal in outlook, and the prevailing religious doctrines usually worked against perfectionism and the notion of human infallibility. Even so, it is broadly true that prose literature has reached its highest levels during periods of democracy and free speculation. What is new in totalitarianism is that its doctrines are not only unchallengeable but also unstable. They have to be accepted on pain of damnation, but on the other hand they are always liable to be altered at a moment's notice.

Consider, for example, the various attitudes, completely incompatible with one another, which an English Communist or "fellow traveler" has had to adopt towards the war between Britain and Germany. For years before September, 1939, he was expected to be in a continuous stew about "the horrors of Nazism" and to twist everything he wrote into a denunciation of Hitler; after September, 1939, for twenty months, he had to believe that Germany was more sinned against than sinning, and the word "Nazi," at least so far as print went, had to drop right out of his vocabulary. Immediately after hearing the eight o'clock news bulletin on the morning of June 22, 1941, he had to start believing once again that Nazism was the most hideous evil the world had ever seen.

Now, it is easy for a politician to make such changes; for a writer the case is somewhat different. If he is to switch his allegiance at exactly the right moment, he must either tell lies about his subjective feelings, or else suppress them altogether. In either case he has destroyed his dynamo. Not only will ideas refuse to come to him, but the very words he uses will seem to stiffen under his touch. Political writing in our time consists almost entirely of prefabricated phrases bolted together like the pieces of a child's Meccano set. It is the unavoidable result of self-censorship. To write in plain, vigorous language one has to think

fearlessly, and if one thinks fearlessly one cannot be politically orthodox.

It might be otherwise in an "age of faith," when the prevailing orthodoxy has been long established and is not taken too seriously. In that case it would be possible, or might be possible, for large areas of one's mind to remain unaffected by what one officially believed. Even so, it is worth noticing that prose literature almost disappeared during the only age of faith that Europe has ever enjoyed. Throughout the whole of the Middle Ages there was almost no imaginative prose literature and very little in the way of historical writing; and the intellectual leaders of society expressed their most serious thoughts in a dead language which barely altered during a thousand years.

Totalitarianism, however, does not so much promise an age of faith as an age of schizophrenia. A society becomes totalitarian when its structure becomes flagrantly artificial: that is, when its ruling class has lost its function but succeeds in clinging to power by force or fraud. Such a society, no matter how long it persists, can never afford to become either tolerant or intellectually stable. It can never permit either the truthful recording of facts, or the emotional sincerity, that literary creation demands. But to be corrupted by totalitarianism one does not have to live in a totalitarian country. The mere prevalence of certain ideas can spread a poison that makes one subject after another impossible for literary purposes. Wherever there is an enforced orthodoxy — or even two orthodoxies, as often happens — good writing stops. This was well illustrated by the Spanish Civil War. To many English intellectuals the war was a deeply moving experience, but not an experience about which they could write sincerely. There were only two things that you were allowed to say, and both of them were palpable lies; as a result, the war produced acres of print but almost nothing worth reading.

4

It is not certain whether the effects of totalitarianism upon verse need be so deadly as its effects on prose. There is a whole series of converging reasons why it is somewhat easier for a poet than for a prose writer to feel at home in an authoritarian society. To begin with, bureaucrats and other "practical" men usually despise the poet too deeply to be much interested in what he is saying. Secondly, what the poet is saying — that is, what his poem "means" if translated into prose — is relatively unimportant even to himself. The thought contained in a poem is always simple, and is no more the primary purpose of the poem than the anecdote is the primary purpose of a picture. A poem is an arrangement of sounds and associations, as a painting is an arrangement of brush marks. For short snatches, indeed, as in the refrain of a song, poetry can even dispense with

meaning altogether. It is therefore fairly easy for a poet to keep away from dangerous subjects and avoid uttering heresies; and even when he does utter them, they may escape notice.

But above all, good verse, unlike good prose, is not necessarily an individual product. Certain kinds of poems, such as ballads, or, on the other hand, very artificial verse forms, can be composed coöperatively by groups of people. Whether the ancient English and Scottish ballads were originally produced by individuals, or by the people at large, is disputed; but at any rate they are non-individual in the sense that they constantly change in passing from mouth to mouth. Even in print no two versions of a ballad are ever quite the same. Many primitive peoples compose verse communally. Someone begins to improvise, probably accompanying himself on a musical instrument, somebody else chips in with a line or a rhyme when the first singer breaks down, and so the process continues until there exists a whole song or ballad which has no identifiable author.

In prose, this kind of intimate collaboration is quite impossible. Serious prose, in any case, has to be composed in solitude, whereas the excitement of being part of a group is actually an aid to certain kinds of versification. Verse — and perhaps good verse of its kind, though it would not be the highest kind — might survive under even the most inquisitorial regime. Even in a society where liberty and individuality had been extinguished, there would still be need either for patriotic songs and heroic ballads celebrating victories, or for elaborate exercises in flattery; and these are the kinds of poetry that can be written to order, or composed communally, without necessarily lacking artistic value. Prose is a different matter, since the prose writer cannot narrow the range of his thoughts without killing his inventiveness.

But the history of totalitarian societies, or of groups of people who have adopted the totalitarian outlook, suggests that loss of liberty is inimical to *all* forms of literature. German literature almost disappeared during the Hitler regime, and the case was not much better in Italy. Russian literature, so far as one can judge by translations, has deteriorated markedly since the early days of the Revolution, though some of the verse appears to be better than the prose. Few if any Russian novels that it is possible to take seriously have been translated for about fifteen years. In Western Europe and America large sections of the literary intelligentsia have either passed through the Communist Party or been warmly sympathetic to it, but this whole leftward movement has produced extraordinarily few books worth reading. Orthodox Catholicism, again, seems to have a crushing effect upon certain literary forms, especially the novel. During a period of three hundred years, how many people have been at once good novelists and good Catholics?

The fact is that certain themes cannot be celebrated in words, and tyranny is one of them. No one ever wrote a good book in praise of the Inquisition. Poetry *might* survive in a totalitarian age, and certain arts or half-arts, such as architecture, might even find tyranny beneficial, but the prose writer would have no choice between silence and death. Prose literature as we know it is the product of rationalism, of the Protestant centuries, of the autonomous individual. And the destruction of intellectual liberty cripples the journalist, the sociological writer, the historian, the novelist, the critic, and the poet, in that order. In the future it is possible that a new kind of literature, not involving individual feeling or truthful observation, may arise, but no such thing is at present imaginable. It seems much likelier that if the liberal culture that we have lived in since the Renaissance actually comes to an end, the literary art will perish with it.

5

MEANWHILE totalitarianism has not fully triumphed anywhere. Our own society is still, broadly speaking, liberal. To exercise your right of free speech you have to fight against economic pressure and against strong sections of public opinion, but not, as yet, against a secret police force. You can say or print almost anything so long as you are willing to do it in a hole-and-corner way. But what is sinister is that the conscious enemies of liberty are those to whom liberty ought to mean most. The public do not care about the matter one way or the other. They are not in favor of persecuting the heretic, and they will not exert themselves to defend him. They are at once too sane and too stupid to acquire the totalitarian outlook. The direct, conscious attack on intellectual decency comes from the intellectuals themselves.

It is possible that the Russophile intelligentsia, if they had not succumbed to the Russian myth, would have succumbed to another of much the same kind. But at any rate the Russian myth is there, and the corruption it causes stinks. When one sees highly educated men looking on indifferently at oppression and persecution, one wonders which to despise more, their cynicism or their shortsightedness. Many scientists, for example, are uncritical admirers of the U.S.S.R. They appear to think that the destruction of liberty is of no importance so long as their own line of work is for the moment unaffected. The U.S.S.R. is a large, rapidly developing country which has acute need of scientific workers and, consequently, treats them generously. Provided that they steer clear of dangerous subjects such as psychology, scientists are privileged persons.

Writers, on the other hand, are viciously persecuted. It is true that literary prostitutes like

Ilya Ehrenburg or Alexei Tolstoy are paid huge sums of money, but the only thing which is of any value to the writer as such — his freedom of expression — is taken away from him. Some, at least, of the English scientists who speak so enthusiastically of the opportunities enjoyed by scientists in Russia are capable of understanding this. But their reflection appears to be: "Writers are persecuted in Russia. So what? I am not a writer." They do not see that *any* attack on intellectual liberty, and on the concept of objective truth, threatens in the long run every department of thought.

For the moment, the totalitarian state tolerates the scientist because it needs him. Even in Nazi Germany, scientists, other than Jews, were relatively well treated, and the German scientific community, as a whole, offered no resistance to Hitler. At this stage of history, even the most autocratic ruler is forced to take account of physical reality, partly because of the lingering on of liberal habits of thought, partly because of the need to prepare for war. So long as physical reality cannot be altogether ignored, so long as two and two have to make four when you are, for example, drawing the blueprint of an aeroplane, the scientist has his function, and can even be allowed a measure of liberty. His awakening will come later, when the totalitarian state is firmly established. Meanwhile, if he wants to safeguard the integrity of science, it is his job to develop some kind of solidarity with his literary colleagues and not regard it as a matter of indifference when writers are silenced or driven to suicide, and newspapers systematically falsified.

But however it may be with the physical sciences, or with music, painting, and architecture, it is — as I have tried to show — certain that literature is doomed if liberty of thought perishes. Not only is it doomed in any country which retains a totalitarian structure; but any writer who adopts the totalitarian outlook, who finds excuses for persecution and the falsification of reality, thereby destroys himself as a writer. There is no way out of this. No tirades against "individualism" and "the ivory tower," no pious platitudes to the effect that "true individuality is only attained through identification with the community," can get over the fact that a bought mind is a spoiled mind. Unless spontaneity enters at some point or another, literary creation is impossible, and language itself becomes ossified. At some time in the future, if the human mind becomes something totally different from what it now is, we may learn to separate literary creation from intellectual honesty. At present we know only that the imagination, like certain wild animals, will not breed in captivity. Any writer or journalist who denies that fact — and nearly all the current praise of the Soviet Union contains or implies such a denial — is, in effect, demanding his own destruction.

» Following what the American press called a "literary purge" in Moscow, this open letter of affirmation to American authors was written by one of the leading authors in the U.S.S.R.

WRITERS MUST BE OUR CONSCIENCE

by LEONID LEONOV

1

WE ARE contemporaries of the greatest victory that our arms and ideas have ever known. The most impressive duel in history, unexampled in expenditure of effort, sacrifice, and participants involved, has just ended. On a stupendous battlefield we have heard once more the impact of opposing ideas: that of the most honorable progress with the dark, brute forces which are peculiar to — here I hesitate, wondering to which distant geological epoch I may refer without fear of disparaging that virgin and primeval age. We have seen for ourselves what fascism and its dark apostles mean. In its fierceness and the significance of its outcome this battle was far beyond anything of its kind that history can show. And once more light has triumphed over darkness.

We have entered an age when wars have acquired peculiar and hitherto unknown features. Henceforth in war between belligerents who are technically equal, victory will be won by those whose ideas are progressive, because in these lie the hope and future of mankind. Mankind will not and must not die to please maniacs and fascist adventurers of the Hitler type. Mankind has far more important work in the future.

It seems then that our duty as writers is to depict through the medium of literary characters the essential content of our ideas, which but recently reduced to a malodorous epilogue a dozen of the greatest scoundrels of all times and peoples. This formed part of the creative minimum program of our literature and drama. It appears that the repertories of our theaters were formed on old-fashioned lines in a haphazard way, each selecting whatever appealed to him most, and this is pointed out in the decision of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (B) on Repertories of Dramatic Theaters. Among the art directors of our theaters were some easily tempted by the cheap,

adulterated, and merely amusing. I have in mind not only dramas with foreign labels but also some domestic products which are obviously a rehash from a foreign dialect, the brand of the firm of their origin clearly discernible through Soviet words.

The sphere of duties of our men of letters, as of others, is clearly defined in the decision of the Central Committee. Our plays and theatrical productions in general should reflect the life of Soviet society and its steady progress, help in furthering the development of the best sides of Soviet character, shown with particular force during the great patriotic war. Furthermore, we must take an active part in the education of the Soviet people, respond to their high cultural needs, educate Soviet youth — vigorous, optimistic, devoted to country, and confident in the victory of our cause, a youth that fears no obstacles and can cope with any hardships. The decision points out, too, that authors who can write plays should cooperate in the essential task of building up theater repertories worthy of the contemporary audience.

Playwriting is the most difficult genre as regards the amount of work involved, and the highest and most accessible form of literature. Since the embellishment permissible in literature is absent here, the author is obliged to reveal at once the motor nerve of the event; thus the spectator is in the position of impartial judge of characters who represent the struggle taking place in human society. The Soviet spectator of today is keenly interested in the most progressive problems of the age. Upon prompt, correct, and successful solution to these questions depends the welfare of every citizen, perhaps even of the State; not only that, it may be of importance to the existence of mankind. Science has released elements that, unless curbed in good time by the combined efforts of reason and conscience, may make havoc of those priceless shrines of mankind that still survive.

That is why the audience regards with disapproval the questionable behavior of authors who waste their talent on description of minor trifles of philistine existence; when the house is on fire it would be stupid, to say the least, to begin by sav-

The author of this letter to American writers is prominent in Soviet literature. LEONID LEONOV is known abroad through his novels and plays, *The Badgers*, *Soti*, *Invasion*, *Skutarevsky*, *Road to the Ocean*, and *Letter to an Unknown Friend*. This last was broadcast to America during the war, and evoked many sympathetic opinions.

ing the piano or old family photographs instead of the children. What the theater needs today is not so much the professional playwright capable of turning out an entertaining four-act show, but thinkers our country sends ahead — not perhaps to reconnoiter and map paths to the future, but to picture it for us in poetic imagery. The playwright should be guided by this in his range of themes and ideas if he wants to move with the times and be of service to progressive society.

All key tasks on which the Soviet people are working hard in every field of economic and cultural life — from the gigantic canvases of the new five-year plan to the smallest manifestations of heroism in the recent war years — are sources of inspiration for the playwright. We need not take our cue from the newspapers, it seems to me, in order to distinguish the important from the insignificant. In estimating the subject, we proceed primarily from the standpoint of its trend and effectiveness.

The great battle for the conscience of mankind is fought to the death; the entire reactionary world is rallied against us; observe and make note of facts that show how the advance of Soviet humanism gains ground daily, how old bastions of culture that the old world prided itself upon, and which decayed from neglect, are gradually passing into our hands. Our enemy has always been base and adroit, treacherous, and, if not clever, then crafty; but all this, as you may observe, bears the mark of doom which must inevitably confront every reactionary who does not want to understand the revolutionary significance of new developments.

The importance of every victory is judged by the strength of the enemy who is crushed and brought to his knees. The writer is obliged, therefore, to preserve in his art the political proportions and perspectives that he sees. In order to do this he must broaden his mental horizon; Soviet writers must climb higher towards the peak from which the Stalin outlook on the world can be obtained. Then from this height the enemy's efforts at the foot of the hill will seem insignificant indeed.

2

THERE is a great deal of discussion among our writers about the dramatic collision. Where are we to seek this collision in which the stuff of the dramatic plot is leavened? I omit all details of these purely professional debates; they are fruitless because they are conducted in crowded smoky rooms. These are questions which can be decided only in the open air under the overcast sky where the enemy reconnaissance plane may be hiding in the clouds; these professional problems should be decided in wide spaces where one can see the horizons of the country, which must be guarded at all costs against future invasions. The remarkable thing is that

these very questions suggested themselves to us at the time when we were all threatened by the furnaces of Maidanek and Babi Yar.¹ What has changed since that time in the plane of big history? Has that "longest night" of mankind passed already?

Today the complexity and responsibility of our craft are borne in upon us when we find ourselves facing paper alone. But we may as well admit that no one else can help us to overcome these difficulties. You and I are not building factories or gathering harvest; we are writing. People have no time to undertake the solution of our narrow professional problems — they need our work, our scenarios and plays, our novels and stories, and it is our duty to provide them just as other people provide us with factories and bread, tanks and boots.

The whole point is that the old conception of the plot of the play was evolved in the world of yesterday, a world we have left forever. Its laws had already lost their force on that boundary that we crossed in 1917. Everything ages — not only locomobiles or ridiculous old tanks that moved at a speed of five kilometers an hour, but the entire technology of the drama with all its outdated love triangles and other figures which seem sheer nonsense to the contemporary audience.

The world climate has changed; other mechanisms of human feelings have been set in motion demanding other means for their presentation in literature. There is no doubt that bacteria of the old feelings of age-old human passions are still active; but in our country they will vanish sooner than in the West, where they will continue to exist for long in dark recesses of the human soul until they are dislodged and swept away by the cleansing waters of a powerful new social stream. At the same time, however, all noble new impulses and emotions of the human soul worthier of the high name of man which seemed unusual only yesterday will become the leading daily passions of the art of tomorrow. They will be the new form of energy moving the harmonious and beautiful mechanism of human art, of human civilization. This new form of energy will naturally require a new technology. Let us consider this beforehand.

It concerns all fields of human endeavor: this was the case, for example, in aviation. The old hard-worked propeller is no longer so effective as it seemed some fifty years ago. It has reached its limit, and whatever the number of its revolutions today, it would have lagged behind the demands of our times. But to stop here would mean endangering the security of the State. So the new jet engine was invented to succeed it, and the youthful resonance of the jet drowns the quavering old propeller. It was always like this: the cart ceded the road to the automobile. The time will come when this new and apparently perfect machine will rest its rusty mechanism in the dusty quiet of the museum.

¹ Nazi concentration camps.

Let us see whether the technology of playwriting is not subject to changes as times change and we change with them. Let us seek the new elements not in languid meditation but in our daily work. Let us all consider it; there are heights that cannot be taken singlehanded. Where are we to look for dramatic collisions when Shylocks, Macbeths, Hamlets, and Lears have disappeared from the scene? I have no remedies ready for this, for I am your contemporary. I am merely venturing to confide my supposition that the store of future themes and inspirations will not be found in the polluted fountain of life in dark caves of fate and baser human passions, but in the wide country of the future where labor is ruler, noble human labor that transforms the world. This, it seems to me, is the most significant word in our present vocabulary.

Our new hero differs in one respect from all literary characters of the past. They were mainly men of property. Society discerned the constructive power of labor—the real creator of human treasures—only by the luxury of palaces and the extent of territory acquired. But the audience of yesterday was not interested in knowing how the leading character of the play obtained his means of subsistence.

The contemporary author can no longer plan his heroes as he pleases—the truth of art lies elsewhere nowadays. Our hero cannot go out with the girl to stroll in the Bois de Boulogne on a weekday or try his luck in the casino—even if they existed. The author must follow him to the workshop, the laboratory, or the scaffolding of a great construction site. He is therefore obliged to know not only the hero's trade or profession, the belt connecting him with the entire social machine, but also to penetrate to his psychology, even into his reflexes, for the artist and the doctor, to take two examples, may react differently to the same stimulus. The scope of our work is broadened infinitely, and in this I see immense enrichment of our media. In the first place new colors, forms, situations, and melodies, unknown to the artist of yesterday, will emerge. This is the significance of the changes tak-

ing place in the world as they apply to our literary craft, and I think that truly great fame awaits the man of letters who succeeds in raising his work to the level of the demands of the new socialist humanism.

The theater looks to us for plays; in particular our oldest theater, the *Maly* [the Little Theater], where Russian stagecraft matured. This theater has always been in the vanguard, and all that we can reproach it with is that its progress has not always coincided with the tempo of the age. But this is partly our fault; for it is our business to give form to the creative initiative of the theater.

We ought to have the greatest respect for the actors who devote their lives to the embodiment of our characters on the stage. Let us remember one thing. We are always behind the curtain of the director's box and we always have the right, as Chekhov had during the performance of *The Seagull*, to slip out by the back door, whereas the actor must remain before the footlights to the bitter end, to face the audience's bewilderment or obvious disapproval.

A bad part cripples the actor, and inadequacy in this respect leads eventually to the theater's deterioration. Good plays are needed. Therefore the plays the theater expects of us should possess artistic merits up to the standards of the theater. The theater agrees to devote a great deal of time to coöperation with the author; it would be wrong then for the author to require the theater to lower its artistic standards.

In short, I imagine the play as a clock in which every part has its own place, and the movements of some are conditioned by the others, and human destiny turns its twenty-four-hour cycle on this face, and a speck of dust may interrupt the wonderful process by which the author's dream becomes reality. And since the decision of the Central Committee of the CPSU(B) on Repertories of Dramatic Theaters requires this clock to show the people the time they are living in, it is more necessary that this clock should go well and justify its primary purpose.



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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

I HAVE been contemplating certain changes which have occurred in the American reader in our lifetime — changes which, as a guinea pig, I have felt since about 1910; changes which for us all have been so enormously accelerated by the two world wars. In approaching the subject, I must first try to identify the earliest and deepest impression I received from the printed word.

I remember the hero worship with which I read, or had read to me, Howard Pyle's *Robin Hood*; I remember being moved to tears by the animal tales of Ernest Thompson Seton; I remember a boy's natural affiliation with Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, and the fun of George Ade's *Fables in Slang*; I remember the awe and the cruelty of the Bible stories as they were read aloud, and later the beauty and mystification of New Testament and Old as, verse by verse, my god-mother and I went through them both; I remember how my mother's singing of the old ballads would suddenly pierce me with grief; I remember that it was Keats who first led me to the hilltop of poetry, and Rudyard Kipling who, step by step from *Just So Stories* to the *Jungle Book*, from *Stalky and Co.* to *Puck of Pook's Hill* to *Soldiers Three*, conducted my imagination through boarding school and the barracks and into the living room of maturity.

But you must not get the idea that I skipped toward this liberation with an eager mind. Boys are much more resistant to books than girls, and certainly I was no exception. Indeed, I remember how this resistance backed up. I remember my English teacher telling me that I ought to enjoy Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. But I didn't. I remember our snail and compulsory progress through *The Deserted Village*, and how we in the class resisted every para-

graph of the way. And slipping back to an earlier year, I remember my mother telling me of her favorite books, *The Scottish Chiefs*, *David Copperfield*, and *Ivanhoe*, and of what fun they would be. But at the time — and this I think is important — at the time they reached me, and in their dog-eared Victorian format, those books were just so much spinach.

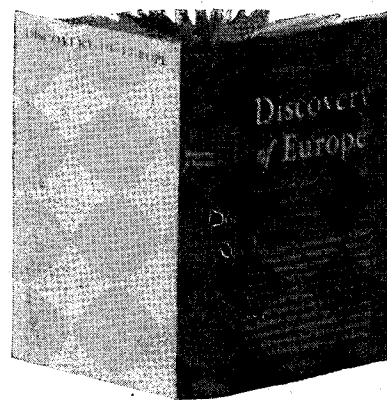
I remember my first visit to withdraw a book from the Public Library in my home town in New Jersey. Did I have my parent's card or that of my older cousin? That I can't remember. What I do remember is entering the House of Books and sidling up to the efficient, intelligent queen who presided at the front desk. She looked down, our eyes met, and I said hesitantly that I wanted a book. What kind of book? Whatever she thought best. A messenger was dispatched and after a decent interval I was presented with a two-volume biography of George Washington in fine type. I carried it home with mingled feelings of pride and dismay. Twice I worked my way through the opening page and twice I drowned in that sober type. Then I marched the books back, and it was not until I was sixteen, not until I had lost and found the open sesame of reading, that I re-entered Mr. Carnegie's treasury. For five of my most impressionable years, *St. Nicholas Magazine* meant more to me than any reading stimulus I received from English teacher or librarian.

New incentives for reading

In some ways the generations of adolescents who came after me have had a better break. Photographs which were a crudity in the magazines of my youth have become accurate, illuminating, and historical. The skillful use of half-tones and the ever improving beauty of color printing have done much to remove the curse on textbooks and compulsory classics. When Harcourt, Brace published their first live *College Omnibus*, including Strachey's *Queen Victoria*, a play by Eugene O'Neill, and short stories by Willa Cather and Sherwood Anderson, and when editors like Louis Untermeyer infused an anthology of poetry with taste, biography, and wit, the teaching and the reading of English took on a zest which had been hard to find in my day.

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Slowly but steadily it was recognized that not all children can read with a common facility, and that there is a considerable minority who by reason of their "left control" have to work hard to acquire the knack of reading from left to right. They were bright in mind but bewildered and punishingly slow in early classwork, and for their benefit Remedial Reading as a special but not ignominious treatment was prescribed for school after school. This also took the curse off books for a group who in my time were labeled willy-nilly as candidates for science or for father's business. Since they could not read, *ergo* they must be scientists or Babbitts.

Remedial Reading, even though it has the bitter sound of medicine, was one of a number of indications that our teaching was proving more sensitive and responsive. The librarians for their part discovered a new interest in rooms for children, rooms made comfortable with low chairs and tables, rooms brightened with reproductions by the great illustrators — Rackham, Remington, Howard Pyle, and Wyeth — rooms where, on Saturday morning or shopping days, youngsters could assemble to be read aloud to, perhaps to see a puppet show, but best of all to handle and enjoy books more inviting than a two-volume biography of Washington.

The most signal advantage for the adolescents who came after me was also the most costly. For a century our system of public education had been whittling down our illiteracy and producing from high school and state university hundreds of thousands of men and women who carried on a modicum of reading in their private lives. I doubt if any people in history ever developed in such complacent privacy as we did from 1787 to 1916, and some of that complacency shows in the list of untroubled best-sellers we were reading.

Then, in 1917, we were dislodged from our continental privacy. Men whose education was interrupted for two years' service in France, as mine was, lost their insularity and their security and gained a new wonder about our place in the world. Men whose experience in the years 1940-1945 trebled mine in time, space, and hazard have come back sobered, anxious, and avid to know more. Today, with every college bursting at the seams, with some state universities numbering in excess of 20,000 students, and with two million veterans (and their wives) adding maturity to eagerness, our cornucopia of public education is full to running over. Thomas Jefferson could never have imagined so many readers at work on the nation's tuition.

In what temper do they come to their books? I have found them mature in approach, hungry for books, many of them aspiring to write, and most of them hard workers. I note that they are much less credulous than I was when I returned to college in 1919. Twenty-five years of propaganda have shaken the faith we used to attach to print. "All I know is just what I read in the papers," Will Rogers used to say, twirling his lariat, and the audience would laugh

with him in skepticism. Today the public is reading more and more but believing less and less.

I note what seems to me a new form of complacency, the mental laziness induced by the picture books. Photographs can jolt, scar, titillate, amuse, and chronicle but they cannot teach a man to think.

And what is going on among the young levels, among the two to three million adolescents who will want to follow their GI brothers to college if only there is someone to foot the bill? Think for a moment of the thirteen-year-olds. At the time of Pearl Harbor they were playing war with full sound-effects. I remember my own boy — then six — when I had urged him to tell me a story, beginning, "Once upon a time there was a little girl who had a nice machine gun . . ." I should like to think that the abhorrence of war was deep in them. But I honestly don't know.

Meantime we may wonder whether books will ever be as compelling a part of their lives as they are of yours and mine. In the comics, on the radio, and in the movies they are entertained by lively arts requiring a minimum of exertion; they are regaled by the great common denominators of comedy and fear. That Box on the bedside table and Those Programs are as much fun as my weekly visit to vaudeville used to be — but without the cost or smell. With such distraction blowing through the mind like an electric fan, what happens to thought, to the logical process? What happens to reading?

California bus ride

In *The Wayward Bus*, John Steinbeck is writing about a busload of assorted Americans who are marooned overnight at a California crossroads. The driver and his pimply mechanic patch up the rear end in the early dawn, but as day breaks and the rain comes down, the journey is further imperiled by a spring flood which deluges the San Juan valley, threatening the bridges and turning the old stagecoach road into a slithering morass.

This is Mr. Steinbeck's first full-length novel since *The Grapes of Wrath*. In the intervening eight years he served as a war correspondent with the American troops in Europe. He has been decorated by the King of Norway for the writing of his war book and play, *The Moon Is Down*, and he has published a novelette loosely tied together with the title of *Cannery Row*. But *The Wayward Bus* is a novel of much the same architecture as *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, and to those of us who admire Mr. Steinbeck, it is refreshing to see the warm flow of vitality which surges up in his pages, and to mark such changes as have occurred in his style and in his philosophy since he wrote his great story of the Okies.

The bus, the vehicle of this story, is nicknamed "Sweetheart," and its owner and driver Juan Chicoy, part Mexican, part Irish, a dark, handsome man of fifty, sets the keynote of the story. His wife is insanely in love with him and a little afraid of him too, "because he was a man, and there aren't very

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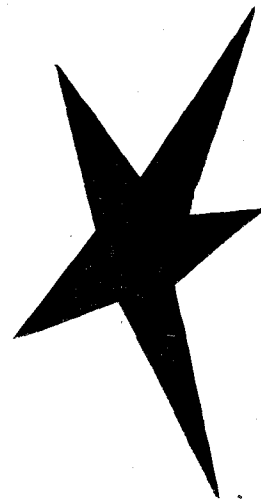
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THE MOUNTAIN LION, a new novel by Jean Stafford, author of BOSTON ADVENTURE, will be published on March 1st.

many of them, as Alice Chicoy had found out"; and the novelist adds, "There aren't very many of them in the world, as everyone finds out sooner or later."

Juan controls the story as he controls the bus: he has the resourcefulness of a good mechanic, the magnetism and understanding of a man who gets on with other people. When the bus passengers vote as to whether or not they will risk the bridge, it is Juan's common sense which draws the line and suggests the choice. He is of that tribe of *paisano*, truck driver, fruit picker, and mechanic which Mr. Steinbeck has discovered to us before; his sex is strong in him and he dominates every other man in the story, throwing into caricature Mr. Pritchard, the business executive, and Ernest, trick salesman and war hero.

Juan sets the keynote of sex, and to it Alice, his blowsy wife, and the passengers respond or recoil. The adventure of these people as they intermingle and feel each other out is told with a close perspiring intimacy which may seem repellent to nice readers, but it is only fair to suggest that with such sharp anatomical details the novelist is cutting away the gloss, the hypocrisy, the over-advertised glamour of American daily life. He is indeed using the very details which advertising stresses, but with a sharp knife instead of soft soap. He is vulgarly intent on identifying human nature for what it is. To Mr. Steinbeck feminine beauty is no deeper than the make-up. His portraits of Mildred Pritchard and Camille are a repudiation of "those bright, improbable girls with pumped-up breasts and no hips," those Hollywood visions of mediocrity.

There are five noticeable women in this book: Alice, Juan's wife, with her rage ("the uncontrolled pleasure rising in her chest and throat"), her jealousy, and her alcoholic self-pity; Bernice Pritchard ("one of the sweetest, most unselfish people you will ever meet"), as pretty and as untouchable as dry ice; Mildred, her myopic, man-hungry daughter; Norma, the pathetic infatuate of Hollywood; and, last of all, Camille, a wise, defiant tramp with her musky heritage. To Camille, as to Mrs. Pritchard, sex is repellent, though for quite opposite reasons. To the reader the intensification of this instinct among this jostled and confined company may seem forced and a little tedious. Are we all really so possessed? Would we too have caught the contagion of that bus? Is there no motive, no gratification, more compelling in a California spring? I sound like a rock-bound Puritan, but the question persists in my mind.

Very lovely, very sensuous the country is in Mr. Steinbeck's rippling prose. "The San Juan road ran straight for a long way through level fields, and the fields were not fenced because cattle didn't wander any more. The land was too valuable for grazing. The fields were open to the highway. They terminated in ditches beside the road. And in the ditches the wild mustard grew rankly and the wild turnip with its little purple flowers. The ditches were lined with blue lupines. The poppies were tightly rolled, for the open flowers had been beaten off by the rain."

Very natural and funny, and at times very candid, is the talk, as when, for instance, Camille turns down Mr. Pritchard with the remark that she "is not going to be nibbled to death by ducks," or when Alice exclaims that Pimples "could eat pies standing on his head in a washtub of flat beer on Palm Sunday." But, for all this animal magnetism and photographic reality, one ends by wondering if American life is actually so empty, so devoid of meaning, so lonely for the Juans, the Pritchards, and the Camilles of today. God help us if it is.

Artist on the air

It was Wilson Harris, the editor of the *Spectator*, who took me to call on Sir Max Beerbohm in the summer of 1943. We walked beneath the giant beeches of Abingdon, I with thanksgiving in my heart, until at last we came to the two-room gatehouse in which the essayist and his lady were ensconced. Here lived one to whom I have been profoundly grateful ever since, in the 1920's, I first read *Zuleika Dobson* and *Seven Men* — a writer who combines the beauty and precision of an artist with the wit and illumination of a ruminator. His prose, that of a perfectionist, had set an example for my generation: poised, flexible, and unerring in its point, it obeyed his whim, his parody (as in *A Christmas Garland*), or his recollection with a skill which made a junior envious. And now here he was, dwelling with tranquillity in this tiny space and, as we took tea, modestly describing an essay he was writing for the BBC.

To his broadcasts Max Beerbohm brought the same fastidious touch we have seen in his caricatures and prose. To England, which was blitzed, blacked out, and depressed, he sang — yes, sang — the old songs of Music Halls now forty years forgotten; he would remind his listeners of how mankind has always loved speed, and then, by the deftest transition, draw them back to the England of his youth, when pedestrians could still walk for thought. "No doubt we pedestrians are very trying," he said to soothe his motorist friend. "But you must remember that, after all, we were on the roads for many, many centuries before you came along in your splendid car. And remember, it isn't we that are threatening to kill *you*. It is you that are threatening to kill *us*. And if we are rather flustered, and occasionally do the wrong thing, you should make allowances — and, if the worst comes to the worst, lay some flowers on our graves."

Or he would jibe his listeners about modern advertising or the changes that have overtaken London or the faded glories of the Edwardian (please observe that "v") top hat. And in perhaps the best essay of them all, "Fenestralia," he demonstrates again the incomparable teamwork of the artist's eye and the ruminating mind. *Mainly on the Air* is a charming little book for any booklover, and not the least of its charms are the typography, paper, and binding which preserve so tastefully the spirit of its originator.



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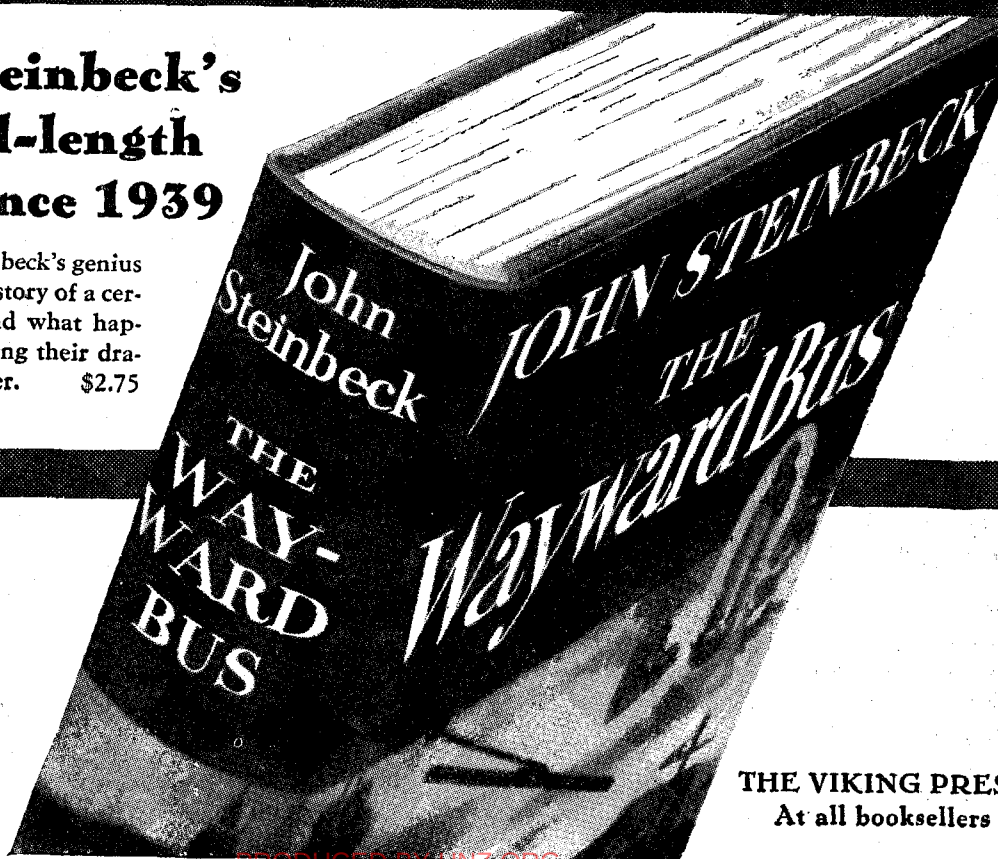
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UNHAPPY SPAIN

by A. W.

THE FORGING OF A REBEL, by *Arturo Barea* (Reynal and Hitchcock, \$5.00)

COMPLACENT DICTATOR, by *Sir Samuel Hoare* (Knopf, \$3.50)

THE RED DOMINATION IN SPAIN, *drawn up by the Ministry of Justice* (Madrid, 1946)

In 1820 the Duke of Wellington wrote in a memorandum to Viscount Castlereagh: "There is no country in Europe in the affairs of which foreigners can interfere with so little advantage as Spain." Although the Iron Duke's words were based on first-hand experience, there are many fervent non-thinkers in this and other countries who are once more proposing to interfere in the current affairs of Spain. That, if they do so, little advantage will result to anyone of genuine good will is a conviction reinforced by a reading of the three volumes listed above.

There is a growing consciousness in the democratic countries that a new examination of historical facts and a possible revision of opinion concerning the Spanish Civil War and the Spanish position during World War II are due and overdue. For ten years the Nationalist Revolt, headed by General Franco, and the government which he formed after the defeat of the Popular Front have been held up to the world as an unqualified record of black reaction and terror. Few revolutionary efforts have ever had so continuously hostile a press as those of Nationalist Spain. The reasons are obvious enough. First, the world knows little about Spain or Spanish politics. Second, the Nationalist movement incurred the enduring, implacable enmity of Communist Russia. Hitler and Stalin might join hands when the gesture seemed expedient, but Franco was always the unbending enemy of the Soviets, their Public Enemy No. 1, to be destroyed by any means whatsoever. Third, the Revolution, the Falange, the Nationalist Government, were linked by ideological sympathy with our own enemies, with the powers we hated most and with which we were engaged in doubtful and dreadful battle. Given these circumstances and years of unbridled and unanswered propaganda, there is good reason for our conviction that Franco's government is beyond the pale and should be barred from the comity of nations.

These books do not disprove the indictments. The first two are frankly hostile and the third may be dismissed as an *ex parte* plea that the Communists and Anarchists were worse than the Nationalists. But they do throw light on actual conditions; they present the circumstance which controlled or produced the event, the problems which faced, not American or English newspaper readers, but the unhappy Spaniard, caught in the trap of inexorable conflicts.

Señor Barea's book is long, long. He has no gift

of omission. But those strong spirits who read honestly on to the end will be rewarded by the breadth and sincerity of his story. They cannot fail to be convinced of his sobriety, his entire good faith, and his conviction. Perhaps his reiterated detail is necessary to paint justly the somber picture of Spanish poverty, corruption, and distrust. The son of a widowed washerwoman in Madrid, his childhood was one of continuous struggle and bitter destitution, a period when he learned once and for all the lessons of grinding Spanish poverty, from which there seemed to be no release, no escape. Being intelligent, he acquired some education in the parish schools and began to emerge from the proletariat and to join the edges of the clerkly caste. All this period the author presents in great detail, with a kind of fascinated, nostalgic horror. Whatever he might become, he could never forget his origin. He was a proletarian.

From his precarious clerkdom in a bank, he was drafted into the Army and sent to Morocco in 1920. His military service in that small, dreadful war, that inglorious misery of blood and death, left him after a year a physical wreck, and grievously shaken in mind and spirit. There he had met firsthand the ultimate horrors of war and experienced complete disillusion as to the honesty of man. Returned to Morocco after sick leave at home, he encountered less fighting but more dishonesty. The whole Army was corrupt, it seemed. Every officer was a grafter; the generals were incompetent careerists; the rank and file ranged from illiterate peasant boys to the wild criminals of the Spanish Foreign Legion.

This last organization, more terrible than its French original, represented the desperate mercenary of all time. A spellbinder like Lt. Col. Millán Astray might inspire these hopeless men by addressing them as "*Caballeros legionarios!*", "the Betrothed of Death," and send them into battle shouting "*Viva la Muerte!*" But when out of the line, only the most hideous discipline could hold them. One day, Barea writes, a soldier of the *Tercio* refused to eat the rotten food of their mess. "He took the mess tin and shoved it back. The officer on duty shot him clean through the head. The next man refused the filled tin. The officer shot him. The third wavered, carried his mess tin away from the field kitchen and smashed it on the ground. The officer shot him. The others ate their portions.

"A few days later three officers of that Company were killed in action at Akarrat, shot in the back."

Among the officers of this almost bestial body was one who stood out by sheer force of military power, as hard a soldier as Spain has produced since Hernán Cortés. This, contrary to our mental picture of the man, was Francisco Franco, who in his early thirties rose to the command of the Legion. Barea quotes a Legionnaire:—

"You see, Franco . . . No, look. The *Tercio's* rather like being in a penitentiary. The most courageous brute is the master of the jail. And something

[Knopf has the Novels for 1947]

WEB OF LUCIFER

A Novel of the Borgia Fury

by Maurice Samuel

This, I think, will most certainly be recognized as one of the year's most distinguished novels. I can recall no other book that re-creates so brilliantly the violent beauty of Italy during the Renaissance.

Mr. Samuel tells a story of love, hope, decency, and idealism at war with craft and brute power. Told against the turbulent and compelling background of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Italy, *Web of Lucifer* is a historical novel of grand scope and passionate sweep.

Giacomo Orso learns from his sweetheart Leonora and his teacher Fra Matteo to believe that a great moral leader will shortly unify and liberate Italy.

Web of Lucifer tells what happens to him when, under the spell of this naïve conviction, he falls into the clutches of Cesare Borgia and under the tutorship of Machiavelli. Its climax comes with his disillusionment, the re-establishing of his idealism and hope, and his final joyful recognition of the power of love.

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of this sort has happened to that man. He's hated, just as the convicts hate the bravest killer in their jail, and he's obeyed and respected — he imposes himself on all the others. . . . You know how many officers of the Legion have been killed by a shot in the back during an attack. Now, there are many who would wish to shoot Franco in the back, but not one of them has the courage to do it. They're afraid that he might turn his head and see them just when they have taken aim at him."

"But surely it is the same story with Millán Astray."

"Oh, no. One couldn't take a pot-shot at Millán Astray, he takes too good care of himself. But it wouldn't be difficult to fire at Franco. He takes the lead in an advance. . . . I've seen him walk upright in front of all the others, while they hardly dared to lift their heads from the ground, the bullets fell so thick. And who would shoot him in the back then? You just stay there with your mouth open, half-hoping that the Moors'll get him at any moment, and half-afraid of it, because if they did, you would run away. . . . It's funny because he's still so young."

And, as the author added, when Franco had been promoted to chief: "But from being a hero of this kind to being a rebel — and a Fascist — there is only one step."

The Moroccan War bled Spain white in men and treasure. The horror it inspired brought about the dictatorship of Primo and the fall of the monarchy. Barea is weakest in his description of the years between Alfonso's flight and the establishment of the Popular Front. He was confused, himself. A Socialist, a member of his Union, deeply concerned by the profound corruption of Spanish life, the entrenched greed of the capitalists, the scoundrelism of the politicians, and the misery of the working class, he was for the people as against their rulers and exploiters, but he could not subscribe to the doctrines of the Communists or the Anarchists. Yet these two parties, superior in numbers and organization, were clearly taking over the government of the Popular Front. They were bitterly hostile and antagonistic.

Barea abhorred the excesses and atrocities which marked the usurpation of power by the "parties," when the Popular Front dissolved under the fact of the Franco revolution. He chose the people's cause as his upbringing and sympathies forced him to do. Propertied people, the Army, the church, the haves as against the have-nots, chose the revolutionary side as the force of liberation, the upholders of Law and Order.

It is impossible for an outsider to assess the rightness or wrongness of either side. Our sympathies have been totally enlisted on the part of the "Loyalists," as democratic forces fighting in the battle against Fascism. That picture is woefully inadequate. The long, gallant battle of the Loyalists was led by the organized forces of Anarchy and Communism, which have little or nothing to do with Democracy. These two dreary doctrines can only

take root and thrive in a soil of ignorance and misery, and Spain provided such a soil. The guilt for the civil war does not lie with the Fascists or the Communists, but with the sad, proud, willful wrongness of Spanish life. "*Pobre España*" produced these two contenders for dictatorship, both of them wrong — from the standpoint of a happier land. Barea served to the best of his ability the government of his choice. Ill health, overwork, "shell shock," and Communist discipline overcame him before the end of the war, and he escaped to begin life as a writer with a new wife and a new hope.

This review is longer than the importance of his autobiography warrants as a work of literature. But a full consideration of the book is justified for its careful presentation of an episode of great significance to all thoughtful people in the world today.

The account rendered by Sir Samuel Hoare, now Viscount Templewood, of his very important mission to Spain from 1940 to the end of 1944 lacks fireworks and, at times, suffers from understatement or undue insistence on trivia. But this competent former member of the Chamberlain Government, assigned to a strange and almost impossible task, was quick to seize the essential purpose and method of his undertaking and to adhere to them with complete consistency and ultimate success. His job was to keep Spain from joining with the Axis and to keep Hitler out of Spain. It was a diplomatic job with a high strategical purpose. It was immensely difficult. Not only were the fortunes of the United Kingdom at the lowest point, not only were almost all Spaniards convinced that an Axis victory was inevitable, but the Spanish government was in full sympathy with Hitler and even with Mussolini. The Spanish press and the police were under German domination; the German Army stood at the Spanish border; German agents and diplomats and propagandists were everywhere.

Sir Samuel set himself first to create good will and an atmosphere of confidence. With firmness and patience he stuck to his guns, which must, at times, have seemed to be loaded with cotton wool, and helped to maintain an always precarious status quo until the tide turned. There is much that is quotable and many anecdotes of lively interest in this book. Throughout, the author understood the situation, summed it up justly, and acted wisely to promote his country's cause.

It is, however, in his opinions of Franco and Franco's policies that Sir Samuel's judgment seems to have been affected by his natural antipathies. To him Franco, as the friend of the Axis and the unfriend of England, was to be cajoled and threatened into maintaining an attitude of non-belligerency. Sir Samuel could promise economic assistance and assure the dictator that the Allies were bound to win in the long run, and he could keep on protesting and complaining about unneutral acts and the treatment of British representatives and nationals. But all his blows seemed like punching a feather pillow. Franco



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was evasive; action bogged down in bureaucratic delays and subterfuge; the Caudillo's suavity thinly veiled the hostility of his subordinates. Above all, Sir Samuel felt impotent before what he constantly refers to as the incredible "complacency" of the Spanish dictator. A plump, mousy little man, like a quiet country doctor, could this be the brilliant, ruthless soldier? How could he be so complacent, so cloaked with a smug infallibility? Sir Samuel seems to have avoided the obvious answer: that Franco, in about as hot a spot as a dictator could be placed, a grain between two millstones, with dreadful forces pulling him this way and that, with nothing before him but the prospect of being damned if he did and damned if he didn't, must have possessed a complacency founded in *sang-froid* and a complete self-confidence. He *did* pull his country unharmed through four years of daily crisis and, even if he was quite repulsive in his opinions or his methods, he succeeded in playing both ends against the middle and saved Spain. No mouselike nonentity could have achieved this miracle.

Sir Samuel became a friend of Spain and the Spaniards. His conclusions on the Spanish question are worth quoting. Why, he asks, had Spain lost the poise and balance of its great days and "drifted into resentful isolation from the rest of civilized Europe"? His answer is that the most important reasons are:

First, a Spanish disinclination to finish off the simple and necessary tasks of life, second, the Spanish failure to achieve community of thought and action between the government and the people.

As a political being, "the ordinary Spaniard regards the government, be it monarchist, republican or military, as his chief enemy, while the government in its turn regards him as a potential criminal to be watched and controlled with 'unceasing vigilance.'"

Spanish governments have been consistently bad. For example: —

In the last century Spain had tried every form and shade of Government from the extreme right to the extreme left, and every one, with the exception of the constitutional liberalism of Alfonso XII's reign, had not only failed but ended in force. There had been thirteen different constitutions and only one chief of state had succeeded in avoiding exile or disgrace. . . .

The Republicans in particular suffered from their past. The Civil War had left in the hearts of the great majority of Spaniards in Spain a profound desire for order, and a passionate fear of anarchy. However good may have been the intentions of the Republican leaders in 1931, the fact remained that the subsequent five years was a period of autocracy alternating with anarchy. In the ninety-six months of the Republic's life, there were no less than thirty-three ministries, and the ambitious Constitution of 11,000 words was superseded for eighty-six months out of the ninety-six by a Law of Public Safety that abrogated every personal liberty. Worse, however, than the abrogation of personal rights was the anarchy that broke out in the later years of the regime.

Franco promised at least stability, but his great and unforgivable fault lay in his unwillingness to forgive his opponents and heal the wounds of civil war. A proper and satisfactory government for the Spanish people has yet to be found, but there is every reason to believe it cannot be imposed by foreigners.

The proofreading of this volume is not up to Knopf's usual standard. Sir Samuel is made to deliver a speech in 1936 which he obviously delivered in 1940. "Ambadress" becomes "Ambassadors," to everyone's confusion. But these are tiny faults in a volume of great interest and vigor.

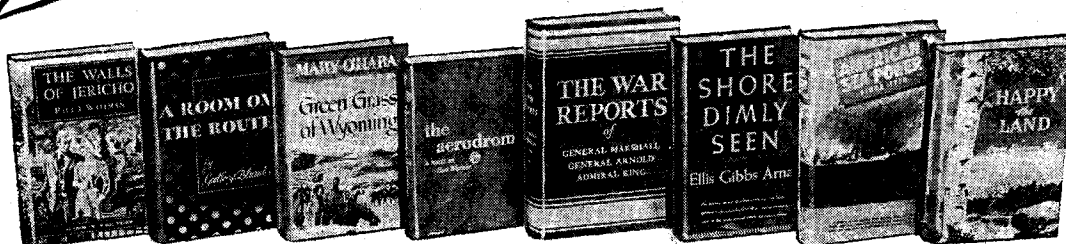
Having been brought up on a sound New England diet of Prescott and Motley, with overtones from *Westward Ho!* and grisly hints from Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, to say nothing of General Weyler and the "Spanish War," this reviewer for a long time nursed the comfortable belief that Spaniards delighted in cruelty, that they rejoiced in the thumbscrew and the rack as other people enjoy music or perfumery. Mature experience in Spain has weakened this conviction, but it is probably true that Spanish civilization, which certainly does not *enjoy* the suffering of beasts or humans, is less sensitive to it than our own. It accepts the ugly facts of blood and death. It is definitely, in its hard Latin logic, not squeamish.

Therefore it is not surprising that *The Red Domination of Spain* should be illustrated with no end of repulsive photographs of murdered priests, nuns, and civil persons, in full, horrid detail. The lists of these "martyrs" are tragically long. The recital of crimes by the Loyalist "*checas*," the bewildering documentation — all this may be accepted as substantially true. But, at this late date, the necessity for proving that there were massacres and church burnings by the "Loyalists" seems superfluous. The public has accepted these incidents as among the mournful facts of revolution; their full-dress rehearsal, ten years later, is no more valuable than the flogging of a dead horse. As well produce affidavits to prove that tumbrils rolled and heads fell during the Terror in Paris. Let us hope that the Japanese are not moved a decade from now to document — with photographs — a new edition of *Hiroshima*.

One wonders, if the Spanish government thought this volume necessary or valuable for propaganda in the U.K. and the U.S.A., why someone was not secured who could translate the original documents into good journalistic English. Instead, the job was turned over, apparently, to some local scholar who rendered Anarchist as Anarquist, Confessional as Confessionary, economic as economical, and so on, and pursued a plodding course of literal translation which makes little or no sense to Anglo-Saxon readers.

Here are the documents without index or table of contents but with all their miserable *tu quoque's* to prove that atrocious deeds were done by the officials of the Popular Front. They demonstrate the obvious. File them away!

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SOME RECENT BOOKS ABOUT ART

by MACKINLEY HELM

IN 1867 the young French painter Frédéric Bazille told his family in provincial Montpellier that "a dozen young people of talent" were thinking of hiring a hall, somewhere in Paris, to exhibit paintings rejected by the jurors of the official Salon. John Rewald's *The History of Impressionism* (Museum of Modern Art; Simon and Schuster, \$10.00) reconstructs this group of *refusés* painters and, in a swiftly paced, thickly peopled, and richly documented narrative, traces its wavering fortunes over thirty-odd years.

The pathetic hero of the piece is patient Camille Pissarro from the Danish West Indies, age 37, a pupil of Corot. Pissarro lost 1500 pictures in the war with the Prussians and wearily thought, What's the difference, they never caught on! Claude Monet, who had early learned to paint out-of-doors with Eugène Boudin, a pioneer realist, had been touched now by Courbet's broader treatment of landscape, and at 27 was looked up to by his fellows and scorned by the critics for his looseness of form. Renoir, likewise 27, had saved up enough money as a painter of porcelain to treat himself to some fun, as he called it, in the forests near Paris. Sisley, the Englishman, had once made the Salon, but like his friend Renoir he was turned down in this year.

Fantin-Latour, turning 30, made the 1867 Salon with a portrait of Édouard Manet, and after that, pursuing a dry style of photographic exactness, began to lose interest in the new movement. Berthe Morisot, a lone woman, had painted with Corot and was honored by being copied by Manet. Armand Guillaumin and Antoine Guillemet, whose names were only less confusing than Manet and Monet, owed their place in the developing school as much to the gentle Pissarro as to their own rather frail efforts to copy Courbet; and Bracquemond, an engraver introduced by Fantin-Latour, served his purpose by posing for the impoverished painters.

The greatest prestige was enjoyed by Degas, then 33, and Édouard Manet, who had turned 35. But Degas kept looking back in the academic direction, while Manet kept his eye peeled on the Legion of Honor a few paces ahead. And as for the rough youth from Aix, Paul Cézanne, he was never quite one of the group, although, as he later said with some truth, he was Pissarro's disciple. Bazille himself, the school's tragic hero, was cut off at 30 in battle, long before the "young people of talent" got around to finding a hall they could pay for; it was not until 1874 that they gave the joint exhibition which led to the coining—in utmost derision—of the impressionist name.

Rewald brilliantly keeps these impressionist stars in clear focus through the long years of disaster and occasional triumph. Abundantly and unforgettably

illustrated, in all the right places, the text proceeds through the solid years of impressionist growth down to the collapse of the school some six years after Zola foretold it.

Further impressionist works can be found amongst a miscellany of undated, uncatalogued, and unnumbered nineteenth-century prints—etchings, stereotypes, copperplates, dry points, woodcuts, and lithographs (especially lithographs)—in a work entitled *The Etchings of the French Impressionists and Their Contemporaries* (Hyperion, Paris; Crown, New York, \$7.50). Six pages of text by Edward T. Chase illustrate Hyperion's perennial problem of the constitution of the impressionist school in particular and of book titles in general. In attempting to bridge the gap between title and contents, the Introduction tries to persuade the reader that engraving, in its "generic sense," includes lithography, a wax-pencil process, and that an impressionist was practically anyone who failed to find space in the official Salon. Actually, fewer than half of the reproduced prints are etchings and only one third of them were made by impressionists.

The copperplate portrait of Edmond de Goncourt by Félix Bracquemond, Berthe Morisot's lithograph of Manet, the etched self-portrait and the studies of Mary Cassatt and Manet by Degas, Pissarro's Cézanne, and Cézanne's self-portrait might engage the subsequent interest of John Rewald's readers; but the "etchings" are so shabbily reproduced in the Hyperion collection that they are hardly worth looking at.

A more conscientious view of the obligations of printers will be found in the magnificent folio, *Honoré Daumier: 240 Lithographs* (Reynal and Hitchcock, \$12.50). The plates for this work—the subject was an unresponsive idol of the younger impressionists—were printed in Zurich on paper which simulates the color and texture of the nineteenth-century newsprint upon which Daumier's political cartoons and social satires first appeared. Dr. Wilhelm Wartmann's systematic theme-by-theme sampling of about one sixteenth of the great print-maker's output ranges from 1830, the year of the accession of Louis-Philippe, to the fall of Paris, 1871; Bernard Lemann's Introduction is an eloquent yet reticent piece of biographical and critical scholarship; and there is an annotated and dated Index of Plates in which James Galston has usefully turned the original captions into English.

Most of the modern paintings in *The Art of Russia*, edited by Helen Rubissow (Philosophical Library, \$6.00), would have been quite at home in the Parisian Salons from which the great French impressionists were so fatuously excluded: for Soviet painting, as one of Russia's foremost critics is here quoted as saying, seeds upon the "verifying" nineteenth-century art, which told readable stories. Kandinsky, the greatest of Russian artists in Western opinion, has had to give way to "social realists" who for the most part ought to be writers.

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The Museum of Modern Art scores a second time in a season in *Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art*, by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. (Simon and Schuster, \$6.00). Primarily planned to set forth 330 handsome examples of the artist's work in twenty-odd mediums, Barr's exemplary monograph provides a continuous and logical text which carries the reader through all of Picasso's manifold "periods." Barr has opposed, in the painter's defense against a mounting charge of insincerity, a more than wayward and only less than predetermined order of stylistic development. To prove that Picasso is not merely capricious, Barr shows that unchanging facts of his character, such as his predisposition to think well of plain people, are revealed time and again in his pictures. His variability, on the other hand, has to do only with professional problems.

As an artist and not an intellectual (not that Barr says as much!), Picasso is subject to rapid change of impressions, and as he has gone about feasting his eyes in turn upon classical sculptures, archaic Iberian carvings, and primitive fetiches, his techniques have varied. Yet this remarkable artist never forgets, never loses, anything he has learned: so that in the midst of antics which have caused his fetiches the consternation of mislaying their members along with their organs, he could return, at the drop of a hat, to neoclassical line and romantic contour.

The illustrations for *Picasso: The Recent Years, 1939-1946*, by Harriet and Sidney Janis (Doubleday, \$7.50), are designed to answer the specific question, What did Picasso do during the war? Somewhat less temperate than Alfred Barr, the Janises display their rich plates and photographs and say, Peace, it was wonderful! It may be thought, however, that the Janis collection suffers from the nearly undiluted unpleasantness of the subject matter of the later pictures. However vapid much of Picasso's neo-classical and romantic painting may prove to be in the future, it now makes a restful contrast to the grotesqueries. It is fun, though, to see what the world's most famous painter *was* doing in the midst of the war. And I dare say that if one could see more of the astonishing color, one would feel that the jolly new still-lives of leeks and tomatoes could once again give us pleasure and not merely inform or correct us.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM AND THE SWORD

Ruth Benedict

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Mrs. BENEDICT's study of Japanese culture is brilliant, provocative, irritating, and highly readable. The brilliance lies primarily in her method, an application of a kind of anthropological analysis to everyday Japanese life. She is at her best in describing the way in which a Japanese child gradually learns the patterns of Japanese culture, particularly the patterns of self-discipline, of hierarchy, and of obligations to parents, to friends, to the state, and to the Emperor. She is amazingly successful in exposing — and, we trust, in forestalling — certain

possibilities of conflict between the Japanese and our occupation forces, and she strikes some telling blows against the American provincialism which has been so conspicuous in the behavior of our troops abroad.

Thanks to her skill in narration, certain pages, notably those on the Japanese belief that their idealism would give them military victory over American materialism, and those on the distinction between the "shame" culture of the Japanese and the "guilt" culture of America, have an exciting march and sweep to them. She gives a convincing analysis of why Japanese prisoners freely revealed military secrets, and there is an interesting discussion of the Emperor as South Seas "Sacred Chief."

The Chrysanthemum and the Sword is, however, an irritating work because of many unnecessary and careless errors in minor details of history and linguistics. These will probably provide happy hunting for the experts whose special provinces she has invaded. A more serious weakness is that she discusses Japanese ethics without much reference to the Japanese economy. Surely the elaborate system of obligations within a fairly large group which she describes so well is in part a protection against the ever present menace of disaster from famine, fire, and earthquakes. There is a certain inflexibility in Mrs. Benedict's concept of patterns of culture; perhaps more allowance could have been made for factors which are gradually changing the Japanese way of life, such as industrialization.

In spite of its limitations, this is a significant pioneer work on the everyday matters which cause friction between cultures. At times it gives the reader the exhilarating sensation of standing as a dispassionate observer outside both his own culture and that of the Japanese. A similar work on Russia, written with a better knowledge of history and a more critical approach to the materials, might conceivably be a major factor in preventing a third world war.

JOHN ASHMEAD, JR.

SHELLEY: A LIFE STORY

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Edmund Blunden

VIKING

THE first five chapters of Edmund Blunden's book on Shelley are written in a prose surprisingly slipshod and cumbersome. Two sentences taken at random will suffice to demonstrate this. The first refers to Shelley's expulsion from Oxford: "Wherever it is reviewed, few will judge that Shelley was not extremely unfortunate at so early a stage in an undergraduate's life." Such a tangle of negatives is enough to break a brain in pieces. Again, "Harriet and Eliza were unlucky in making their first voyage on the Irish Sea which drove their ship north, but after twenty-eight hours she arrived somewhere, and they went on by land to Dublin." This is the kind of structure sometimes known as an "omnibus sentence."

Had Mr. Blunden continued in this vein he would have found himself without readers. But in Chapter Six the style gradually clears. The final chapter is again inferior. Between these two sections lies the best general biography of Shelley yet to appear. The facts are set at new and effective angles. The people and landscapes are wonderfully alive. The criticisms are brilliant and — in a time when Shelley's abstract manner of writing is in disfavor — warmly persuasive.

Mr. Blunden is the constant champion of Shelley and



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his poetry, but he neither withholds nor softens ugly truths. He emphasizes the poet's masculinity in contrast to Miss Curran's well-known and effeminate portrait, as well as Matthew Arnold's phrase, "beautiful and ineffectual angel," and substitutes the figure of a passionate reformer and altruist. Of course, in the light of R. M. Smith's *Shelley Legend*, which was not published in time to be available to Mr. Blunden, many might conclude that Shelley was neither altruist nor angel, but the devil incarnate.

Taken phase by phase, there was nothing in Shelley's life that became him like the leaving of it. That romantic exit had such diverse consequences as an inspired line from the Danish poet Holger Drachmann, and an accusation against Mary Shelley of using the poet's incinerated heart as a bookmark. In life, Shelley followed the pattern of Greek tragedy in that he always started the machinery of his own calamities. Even Lord Eldon's bitterly denounced verdict concerning the custody of Shelley's children was inevitable. No modern judge would decide otherwise. However radiantly Shelley captured the grandeur of the human spirit in general, in particular his treatment of individuals ranged from fatuousness to savagery.

The excellence of Mr. Blunden's book is shown by the success with which he manages to enlist the sympathy of the reader with his subject. He subtly undermines natural objections to abominable conduct, and in the end his hero-poet emerges from a soft glow to the full light of enthusiasm, which holds us for one enchanted moment without dissent.

ROBERT HILLIER

THE ANCIENT MAYA

\$10.00

Sylvanus G. Morley

STANFORD UNIV. PRESS

AT LAST we have a good-sized, well-illustrated, and general book on the Maya. This is said with almost a sigh of relief, for in both teaching and museum work one is continually called upon to recommend reading to the surprisingly large number of persons interested in learning about Maya archaeology, and there has been no single book suitable as an introduction and general summary of this complex field. Sylvanus Morley has given us a weighty and scholarly work of 500 fact-laden pages, but it is readable as well. The text is magnificently supplemented with 95 full-page plates, and numerous maps, tables, and text figures.

For the last forty years Dr. Morley has been continuously at work either excavating and exploring among the ruined Maya cities or thinking and writing about them. He was in charge of the Carnegie Institution's extensive excavations at Chichen Itzá in Yucatán, and, while on one of his many trips into the jungles of the Petén in northern Guatemala, he discovered the now famous site of Uaxactun, among other things notable for having the earliest recorded date known on a stone monument. His special interest has been in the Maya hieroglyphic inscriptions, and his two most important scientific publications deal primarily with these rock-cut records. The first is *The Inscriptions at Copan*, and the second his great five-volume *Inscriptions of Petén*.

The present book is a condensation of the enormous mass of material presented in these and all of Dr. Morley's other scientific publications, plus a summation of all other published material on the Maya. The picture is continuous, for Dr. Morley is no less interested in the humble Maya of today than he is in the great masterpieces of the ancient cities. Whenever possible, present-day customs and conditions are projected backwards in an attempt to interpret the past.

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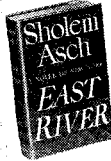
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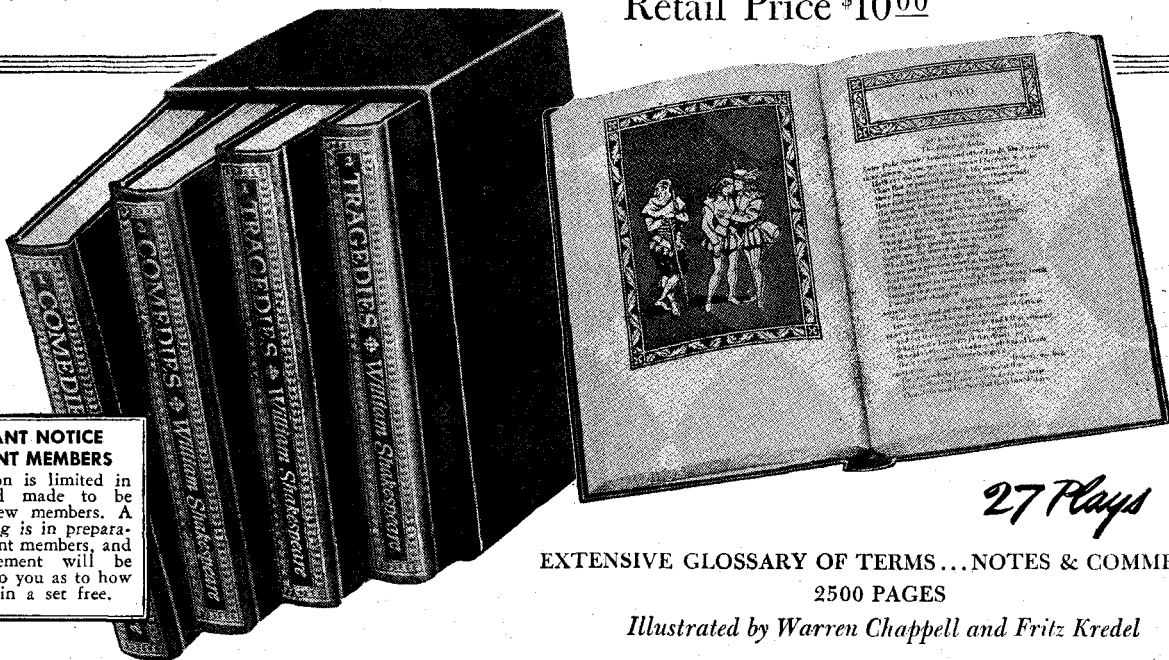
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SCRIBNERS

The Ancient Maya will be widely read and accepted as a source of information by students in all fields of human history and culture. Viewed in this light, I regret that the existence of many controversial issues concerning the reconstruction of Maya history has been largely ignored in this book. For example, while Dr. Morley believes that the cities of the Puuc area arose after the close of the Old Empire, he does not even mention the conflicting and equally well substantiated view maintained by a number of his colleagues, that they were contemporary with the later portion of the Old Empire period. When theories and personal convictions are presented as facts in this way, the general reader has no choice but to accept them as facts. In short, Maya history is in no measure so completely known or so well defined as is implied in this book.

Another tendency to which I must object is that of considering the Maya civilization as something which developed by itself, in isolation, without assistance from the other great centers of cultural progress in Mexico and in South America. Actually it is becoming more and more apparent that the developments in any one area can be properly understood only by viewing them in relation to the growth of the American Indian cultures as a whole, but any indication of this is lacking in *The Ancient Maya*.

Nevertheless, it is our good fortune that Dr. Morley, who is the greatest champion the Maya have ever had, has seen fit to summarize so well and so beautifully the results of his many years of patient research.

GORDON F. EKHOLM

TITIAN THE MAGNIFICENT

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Arthur Stanley Riggs

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This first American biography of Titian and first book in English about him since 1877 treats the human problem as well as the artistic in revitalizing the neglected master who “in many ways was the most fortunate as well as the sanest and most gifted” of Renaissance geniuses.

Aspiring “to do here precisely what Titian so masterfully accomplished: to give as richly colorful, precise, and evocative an impression of my subject as he gave to each theme of his,” Mr. Riggs has not quite succeeded in writing a biography that is to other biographies as a Titian portrait is to other portraits. He has been overwhelmed by his consideration of Titian's art. He has not conveyed the poignant intensity he felt.

That he does realize the drama in Titian's life is seen in the two most vivid, concise sections of the book: the introductory essay evaluating Titian and the Renaissance, and the first chapter, depicting the rise and development of Venice to Titian's birth in 1477.

“Like the mistily perceived pioneers of the mud flats centuries before him, Titian toiled ceaselessly for what he, like them, had the vision to see, the courage and power to grasp and hold. But it was because of the character bred into the city by centuries of daring and struggle that it became a fit matrix for the molding of one of the world's heroic figures and the greatest painter in most respects that Italian art ever produced.”

Behind the detailed descriptions of pictures, prints of which are the volume's illustrations, behind the scholarly art criticism and lectures on art appreciation, behind the pertinent information about inspiration, meanings, and values of Titian masterpieces, behind the portraits of friends and associates and the summaries of political events, is sketched the man whose personal dignity, tremendous vitality and incredible productivity, business sagacity, human qualities and friendships, even if we

make no account of his towering genius, reveal him as an individual complete in himself who stood for Venice and spoke for her in the language of all mankind, untroubled before pope or king or commoner through a century-long life of intense activity.

A leisurely, authoritative analysis of Titian's art and historic position, a sincere, unbiased evaluation of Titian's strengths and weaknesses, failures and successes, a scholarly study that can never quite break away from the books and express unrestrained enthusiasm, this biography is a valuable contribution to our understanding of a master whose influence the greatest of his contemporaries and successors freely acknowledged.

HENRIETTA HARDMAN

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Norman Collins

DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

THIS is a novel about London, not the whole of London, but a fragment of it, a small fragment at that, confined as the scene is to a single street and, more specifically, to a single house. This particular house stands on what they call in London "the Surrey Side," that side of the Thames which holds the Southwark Cathedral but also Elephant and Castle, Old Kent Road, Lambeth Road, Clapham, Sydenham, Kennington. Here tiny houses — "dolls' houses" as Mr. Collins calls them — stretch in the thousands, for mile upon mile. There are no Mayfairs and Piccadillys here to beguile the prosperous tourist; the poor live here, and the "mids" and "lower mids" — particularly the poor. It is these people that Mr. Collins writes about — with knowledge, understanding, and sympathy.

The reader should look for neither Shakespeare's nor Thackeray's London here; the novelist's leanings are decidedly Dickensian. Simple, humble people are his heroes and heroines, and, like the author himself, they are not afraid of the sentimental touch. The leading character, Frederick Josser, is sixty-three when the story begins on Christmas Eve of 1938. He is retiring from a countinghouse job after forty-two years, and it is at this point that Josser's real life begins, a life not without pathos, yet also rich with generosity, sacrifice, and courage. It dominates the story, and is properly interrelated with the lives of his wife, daughter, and all the tenants of No. 10 Dulcimer Street. In Flaubert's phrase, these are individuals who rise to the dignity of types.

Despite the variety of these people, the author has managed to create a common atmosphere which embraces them all in a single coherent pattern. Connie, the superannuated actress who works in a night club; Percy, the garage mechanic who, for a modest ambition, courts crime; Mrs. Boon, his mother, a simple, honest woman who dotes on her son; Squales, the pseudo spiritualist, a sinisterish type; Mrs. Vizzard, the landlady, whose sentiment makes her his easy victim; these and many others fill out an immense picture rich with minute observation. The story ends during Christmas of 1940, after we have had some glimpses of cockney courage under the air blitz.

JOHN COUNROS

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the most significant transitional periods in our country's history, for he began his public life in his middle twenties, on the occasion of the election of Cleveland in 1894, and his last efforts on the public platform were given on behalf of the fourth and final campaign of Franklin D. Roosevelt, half a century later. How the parade of events during that unusually long and crowded span of time struck an alert, courageous Midwesterner, who had a genuine flair for politics and something akin to administrative genius, forms the core of this very readable autobiography.

Journey Through My Years is enlivened with plenty of delectable anecdotes about the great and near great in the nation's life. All this, however, is incidental to the history which unfolded before him, and in which he played so notable a part. Experience as a secretary to one of the members of Congress from the Third Ohio District, and as a Congressman, himself, was merely a prelude. The first great chapter began when Cox came to the governorship of Ohio in 1912, in the midst of the Progressive movement.

Those who despair of liberal democratic policies today will find refreshment for their courage and faith in Governor Cox's fascinating story of the rebuilding of the state he served. It is more than a story of clearly defined objectives and tenacity of purpose. It is a story of a people responding to affirmative leadership and constructive idealism.

Governor Cox writes of the controversies of his times with a pen which is at times unsparing. He is not afraid of the truth, and has no more use for concealing his real opinions now than he had when, as a youthful publisher in Dayton, up to his ears in debt, he ventured to take on the most powerful business giant in his city, with a resulting blizzard of libel suits—which failed to stick. The famous battle between the Smithsonian Institution and the Wright Brothers, over the claims of the "two Dayton mechanics" to be the real inventors of the airplane, is spelled out in this book with a wealth of material hitherto unpublished.

Governor Cox is at his most interesting, as a witness for history, when he delves into the inside story of the conspiracy formed between Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge to destroy Woodrow Wilson's plans for this nation's adherence to the League of Nations. As Democratic Party nominee in the furious election of 1920, he was especially fitted to probe that story to the bottom. His skill as a newspaperman and his rich political experience helped sharpen the tools. The result is one of the most devastating and instructive analyses of the political battle of the early twenties thus far published.

Of almost equal importance is the story of the Ohioan's relations with F.D.R., whom he selected, "sight unseen," as his running mate in 1920, and for whom he cherished a warm and understanding friendship until the war President's death, a generation later.

Journey Through My Years is a book for the winter fireside and a thoughtful mood. It portrays a generous, courageous spirit, an expert grasp of political realities, a liberal faith, and a fine sense of humor.

JAMES H. POWERS

ON THESE I STAND

Countee Cullen

\$2.50

HARPER

COUNTEE CULLEN has been treated by reviewers of the last twenty years in ways he certainly could not control and probably did not invite. In their eagerness to find a poet who could express the tremendous art-force of the American Negro, the reviewers have hailed book after book as a promise of great things to come. Now Cullen's untimely death has put a last period to promise. This

edition of his selected poems is total. And if the total disappoints the large claims that have been made for him, Countee Cullen may yet be remembered in years to come as one of the most engaging early voices of a great body of literature which only recently has begun to emerge.

Though circumstance made it inevitable that Cullen treat racial themes, his natural impulse seems to be toward the literary poem. One feels he is happiest in his sonnets to Keats and in his variations of the "made ballad" (as opposed to the "artless ballad"). At his best ("A Brown Girl Dead," "Incident," and the familiar "Heritage" among others) Cullen shows a real gift for the neat, sensitive, and immediate lyric. When the observation contained in the poem is direct and personal, dealing immediately with people seen and events that really occurred, the poems emerge movingly.

Too often, however, the treatment is marred by a taint of "artiness" that is too obviously derivative. The grand Millay manner studded with "I fain would," "albeit," and "yet do I ponder" is a bit too coyly of the Village and the High Twenties to be carved on the lynching tree. This taint of artiness, an overready reliance on the poetic cliché, a weakness for bookish literary forms, and a regrettable insensitivity to the spoken language flaw too many of the poems. It is for the one poem in ten that emerges whole that Countee Cullen will be remembered.

JOHN CIARDI

ODD MAN OUT
F. L. Green

\$2.75
REYNAL AND HITCHCOCK

AFTER ten years of Fascist spies and counterspies, it comes as a shock to find a psychological thriller revolving around something less than a plot to undermine the whole democratic cause. That is the case, however, with *Odd Man Out*. The central character is an Irish revolutionist, the action an obscure scuffle with the Belfast police. If the story does not measure up to such classics in its field as *The Confidential Agent* or *Journey into Fear*, the failure is due to Mr. Green's inability to fuse his psychology with his thrills, and not to his preoccupation with a purely local brawl.

The story begins with a robbery in which Johnny, chief of staff of the revolutionary group known, tactfully, only as "the Organization," kills a man and is himself seriously wounded. His assistants make off with the loot, while Johnny escapes alone and by blind luck. After this episode, the book falls into two sections: the first detailing the collapse of the revolutionists without Johnny; and the second, the reactions of a number of citizens who encounter him in his delirious flight from the police.

As long as Mr. Green sticks to the outward events of his story, he tells an exciting tale. The robbery scene achieves an almost unbearable suspense, and the characters, from solid householders to minor chiselers, who pick Johnny up as an accident victim and then, realizing who he is, drop him back into the gutter, are sharply drawn, plausible, at once comic and terrifying. But when the author tries to penetrate the minds of his people, he is less successful. When he entangles himself with Johnny's soul, he is flatly defeated, and goes down in a flurry of adjectives.

Although the good writing outweighs the bad here, the book is notable chiefly for proving that we need not mourn the passing of Hitler's agents. Any honest political recalcitrant will more than fill their boots.

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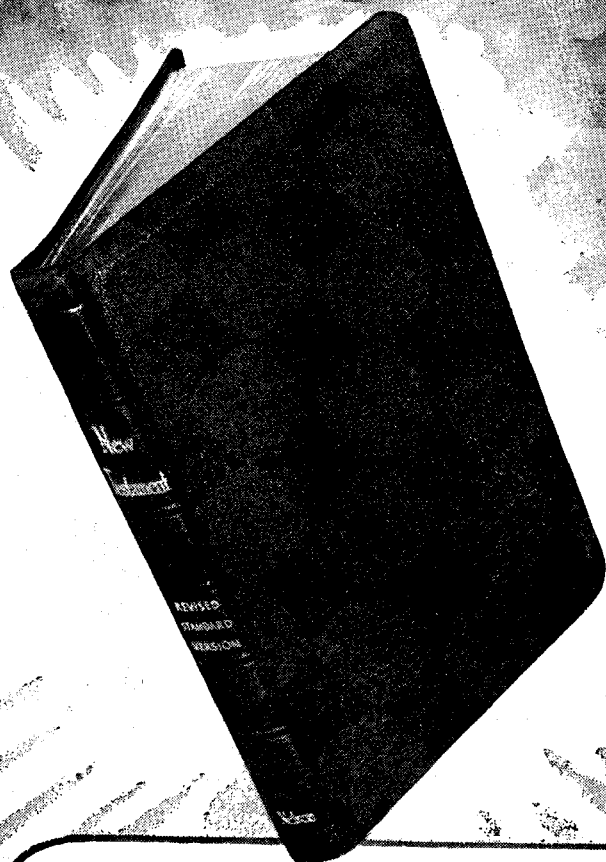
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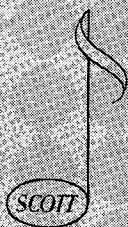
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